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(cont.)

## X Collection

## INDEX

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# THE LITERARY STAR.

#1

WE PRACTICE WHAT WE PREACH.

Vol. 3.

Mitchell, Indiana, August, 1877.

No. 6.

## AUGUST.

J. ROSS LOWE.

The day is purple-shadowed and still.  
The air is filled with falling leaves,  
And the farmer works with right good will,  
Gathering in the golden sheaves.  
The reaper nests in the grass,  
In the pathway of a cool breeze,  
And the zephyr fans them as they pass,  
Through sweeping bunches of crooked trees.  
Now the summer winds sweep softly by,  
Like some sweet Eolian harp;  
Loud and lone with sorrowful cry,  
Now low and clear then quick and sharp;  
And there through a bluish, hazy mist,  
The sun sinks on his golden throne,  
While clouds change from gold to amethyst,  
And the calm summer days have flown.  
Edgewood July 29th.

Written expressly for the Literary Star.  
**Sporting Extraordinary.**

*Showing How a Young Surgeon May  
Increase His Practice.*

BY AXTON STANLEY.

B— was not a town frequented by *huntsmen*. However an examination of the evidence which might be brought forward in the case, a candid investigator would doubtless decide that B— was not a town which a lecturer with a proper consideration for the state of his purse should frequent. Up to the epoch of which we are about to treat, there had not been, outside of political stump-speeches and the sermons of the Rev. Dr. Saporifier, a single discourse delivered within ten miles of B— to which the inhabitants of that famous town might listen. So their lives passed without mental pabulum, and their literary tastes remained unenlightened.

A cavalier might suggest that 'twas just as well as it was; that a knowledge of the household customs of the ancients would not cause Mr. Toe-patch, the cobbler, to drive a peg with more precision; that a fair understanding of the causes and effects of sun-spots and their various accompanying phenomena would not materially assist Mr. Bairraque, the horse-tamer, to conquer a fractious colt; that a clear perception of the composition of the Mexican aerolites, would not enable Mr. Stuffer, the restaurant keeper, to concoct a more palatable hash; that Mr. Hubbard made good wagon wheels, Mr. Biber brewed good ale, and Mr. Alun made beautiful bread, notwithstanding the fact that neither of these gentlemen could tell whether Oliver Cromwell wore six or seven buttons on his waist-coat, or whether he wore a waist-coat at all or not.

At last, however, there came a

change, and the staid course of affairs in B— was revolutionized.

Autumn morning, there appeared upon the various fences and barns in the neighborhood, strutting all the traditions of the past, great sturing posters, which announced to all whom it might concern that Geo. Augustus Webster would lecture, the following Friday evening, on the "Use of Fire-Arms and the Pleasure of the Chase." It is a well-known fact that no inhabitant of B— has been known to discharge any kind of a weapon, relying for its projectile power on the expansive force of ignited gunpowder; since the grandfather of the present Mayor shot a ground-squirrel in the year 1816. Consequently, aside from the novelty of it, a body of peaceful citizens could scarcely be expected to be intensely interested in such a subject; but somehow they unconsciously associated his name with that of the great orator whose eloquence was known even in this secluded hamlet, and the mental process by which they clothed Geo. Augustus with the attributes of his illustrious namesake, Daniel, so decided, that they actually acknowledged the claim former upon their patronage. A— turned out her populace to a man, and the Town Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity with a goodly array of men in "biled shirts" and women in "store clothes."

Geo. Augustus did not disgrace the name he bore. The illustrations Daniel himself could scarcely have discoursed more eloquently upon the theme in hand than he did. His success may be judged by the fact that when his audience gathered, there was not a man in it who would have lifted his hand to shoot a deer, even if the animal had come to his house, helped him hunt up his old revolutionary musket, shown him how to clean and load it and stood quietly at the muzzle while he fired; while, when he had finished, there was not one among his hearers who would not have walked six miles for a shot at a meadow-lark, even were he sure of missing it.

All the next day the enthusiasm of B— on the subject of gunning ran high. Every person who possessed any species of fire-arms whatever, brought it from its long seclusion and cautiously wiped away the dust and rust and cob-webs of half a century. Long and earnest discussions were held as to whether the powder should be poured into the muzzle or at the nipple, Mr. Hooper being in favor of the former method; for, as he said, it would take too long to introduce the powder, grain at a time, through so small an orifice as the nipple afforded;

and he spoke truly. But Mr. Ueber, on the other hand, held it to be dangerous to use the more expeditious way, since the piece might "go off" during the process of loading, and carry away a hand or an arm; and these prudent counsels prevailed. As the lecturer had neglected to explain these minor details, a dispute also arose as to the method of aiming at the game. The parson, Dr. Saporifier, who had read a book on mortar practice, held that the gun should be pointed into the air in such a way that the ball should fall upon the game; and he supported his views with quotations from scripture.

There was considerable doubt as to the correctness of this method, but all united in deprecating the simple plan of pointing the piece directly at the object to be hit. There was a wide difference of opinion as to the utility of the ram-rod, most of the owners of guns having found these necessary appendages attached to their pieces. Many looked upon them in the light of a projectile, to be shot from the gun after the manner of an arrow. Others thought they should be driven into the ground as a test for the barrel in firing. Questions such as these were thoroughly canvassed during the following week, but it is not recorded that at the end of that time any single person had changed his own private views.

Meanwhile a delegation had been sent down to Concord to purchase supplies of ammunition, as nothing of this nature had been sold in B— since the founding of the town. Copious shipments of powder, shot, balls and flints were made. No percussion caps were needed, as there was not a gun of sufficient modern construction to use them, owned in the town. It was noticed that on the same day on which the ammunition arrived, a sign appeared on Main street, which read: "Dr. Sawyer, surgeon," but the fact was not commented upon.

After much experimenting this body of *soi-disant* sportsmen succeeded in getting their pieces loaded. A few insisted on putting the powder in first, and after much difficulty persuaded the majority to follow their example. The most popular method of loading was this: About a pound of powder was poured into the barrel, and firmly driven down with a bar of iron and a sledge hammer, after that the rest of the barrel was filled with shot or balls or a ram-rod, as the taste of the owner might dictate.

All were now prepared for a field day; but what were they to shoot? The oldest inhabitant could not remember of having ever seen a wild-duck or partridge or rabbit or any

## THE LYCOMING ENTERPRISE.

*"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT."*

VOL. I.

Williamsport, Pa., FEBRUARY. 1878.

NO. 7.

## THE

## "MANIAC'S! STORY."

## SELECTED.

"KHODA shefa midched—God gives relief!" cried the pacha, as the divan closed: and, certainly, during its continuance many had been relieved of their worldly goods, and one or two from all future worldly thoughts or wanderings.—  
 "What have we to-day, Mustapha?"

"May your highness's shadow never be less!" replied the vizier, "Have we not the slave who offered to lay his story at your sublime feet, on the same evening that we met those sons of Shitan—Ali and Hussan, who received the punishment merited by their crimes

Have we not also the manuscript of the Spanish slave, now translated by my faithful Greek; who tells me that the words are flowing with honey, and their music is equal to that of the bulbul when singing to his favourite rose?

The slave, who had been detained by the orders of Mustapha, was ordered to appear. During his confinement, Mustapha had been informed by his people that he was "visited by Alla;" or in other words, that he was a madman. Nevertheless, Mustapha—who was afraid to release a mau (or rather a story) without the consent of the pacha, and could not send for the renegade to supply any defalcation—considered, that upon the whole, it was better that he should be admitted to the presence of the pacha

"You asked me to hear your story, observed the pacha. "and I have consent-

ed,—not to please you, but to please myself, because I am fond of a good story: which I take it for granted yours will be, or you would not have presumed to make the request

Now you may go on."

"Pacha," replied the slave, who had seated himself in a corner, working his body backward and forward, "it is the misfortune of those who are not aware —of the excitement which—as I before stated to your highness—exceeds in altitude the lofty and snow-covered peak of Hebrus—and, nevertheless, cannot be worth more than four or five paras!"

"Holy prophet! what is all this!" interrupted the pacha; "I cannot understand a word that you say: Do you laugh at our beard? Speak more intelligibly. Remember!"

"I remember it as if it were now," continued the maniac, "although years have rolled away.

Never will it be effaced from my recollection while this heart, broken as it is continues to beat, or this brain may be permitted to burn. The sun had just disappeared behind the rugged summits of the mountain; which sheltered my abode from the unkind north-east wind: the leaves of the vines that hung in festoons on the trellis before my cottage, which, but a minute before pierced by his glorious rays, had appeared so brilliant and transparent, had now assumed a browner shade, and, as far as the eye could reach, a thin blue vapour was descending the ravine; the distant sea had changed its intense blue for a sombre gray, while the surrilled sullenly to the beach, as if in discontent that it could no longer reflect the colours

(To be Continued.)

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#3



# The LITTLE GEM.



**HOLIDAY & MID-SUMMER SPECIAL.**



"My Country, 'Tis of Thee"

**Vol. 1**

**JULY, 1901.**

**No. 6**





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1910

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#5

# The Little Shop of Dreams

by H. F. Harrington

Director of Medill School of Journalism of  
Northwestern University



THE LITTLE SHOP OF  
DREAMS  
H. F. HARRINGTON

APR 29 1944

Read at Eighth Annual Convention of National Scholastic Press Association, Knickerbocker Hotel, Chicago  
December 6, 1929

# Leisure Hours

Issued occasionally by Vincent B. Haggerty, Editor  
and Publisher, 21 Stegman Court, Jersey City, N. J.

NUMBER 11.

OCTOBER 1932

"THE 11 THAT WERE KILLED"

VINCENT B. HAGGERTY

In the October *Boys' Herald*, Editor Smith takes very much to heart the defeat of eleven of his amendments to the constitution. He forgets that 52 of his 63 amendments were passed; and it never occurs to him that there might have been some reason for the rejection of the other 11, other than Mr. Morton's well known eloquence.

Mr. Smith takes his information from the minutes of the convention and from remarks in LEISURE HOURS, for both of which I am responsible; and I fear that some omission of mine must have been the cause of his misapprehension.

Let it be understood right here that there were grave objections to the 11 amendments which were lost. These objections arose immediately upon their publication, and the case was clearly stated in Morton's *Meliorist*. The opposition to these was no surprise to Mr. Smith. If he had been present at Montpelier, he might have changed a few votes, but I doubt it. He makes much of the preponderance of *yes* votes among the proxies. This is no surprise to those who understand the average voter. Confronted with 63 amendments that would have required hours to digest, it was easy to vote yes for all of them, knowing that most of them were desirable. The average member did not take hours to study the constitution of that time

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#7

## Leisure Hours

Issued occasionally by Vincent B. Haggerty, Editor  
and Publisher, 21 Stegman Court, Jersey City, N. J.

NUMBER 12.

NOVEMBER 1977

### TAPS

*Margaret Nickerson Martin*

APR 29 1944

Youth's wings unfold at reveille  
In life's opalescent dawn;  
Youth's heart beats high with memory  
Of a sleep that was sweet and long.

The refrain grows dim with the years  
The bugle, though sweeter, is low,  
And we've listened at times through our tears  
As taps began softly to blow.

When the time comes to me for "lights out"  
And the bugle sounds muted and slow,  
May my heart be serene . . . . without doubt;  
As taps begin softly to blow.

### New York Amateur Journalists Club

The recently organized New York Amateur Journalists Club is in a flourishing condition. Meetings have been held monthly at the printing plants of various newspapers, who so kindly placed their facilities at our disposal. Each meeting has ended with a tour of the newspaper plant

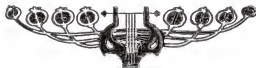
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# Leisure Hours

An Amateur Magazine



DECEMBER, 1932

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APR 29 1944

#9

THE LITTLE AMERICAN

Vol. I. December '33 No. II.

PROSPERITY

By

Winston Merrill

In 1893, stark ruin stalked throughout the land. Four hundred and sixty-seven banks failed in a few months. Factories closed all over the world. Bankruptcy prevailed. America had twice as many unemployed per thousand as she has today, but she put them all back to work.

(Continued on page four)

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#10

The **LITERARY**  
**SCOUT** Monthly

VOL. 1 NO. 5

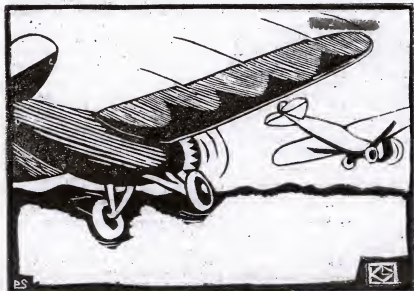
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FEB. 1933

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**LITERARY SCOUT**  
*Monthly*

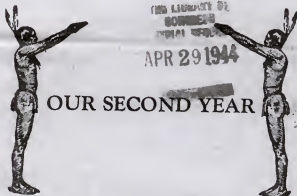
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VOL. 2.      OCTOBER, 1933      NO. 1.

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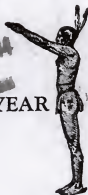
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Monthly

PUBLISHED BY J. L. SCARBROUGH  
UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASS'N.

VOL. 2. OCTOBER, 1933 NO. 1.



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OUR SECOND YEAR

11 4021

#13

# Leisure Hours

Issued occasionally by Vincent B. Haggerty, Editor  
and Publisher, 21 Stegman Court, Jersey City, N. J.

NUMBER 14.

JANUARY, 1933.

## THE CARLSBAD CAVERNS

EUGENE B. KUNTZ

There shadows are like angels, amber-winged,  
That flit through iridescent domes to hide,  
And then to come again to view. And ringed  
By centuries' breath, white colonades abide  
In strength and beauty, holding, as it were,  
The overhanging splendors in their place,  
While numberless spraying beams, reflected, stir  
Imagination exquisite forms to trace.

Beneath the tessellated domes, a mist,  
But not of moisture, floats -- a breathless dream,  
Embodied spirit of pure amethyst,  
That pours on seeing eyes its cryptic gleam.  
Downward, stalactites droop with tints of rose --  
Innumerable, through ages formed, until  
Their lips against stalagmites slowly close,  
While glinting waters down them drip and spill.

Magenta floating in a golden sea,  
And purple bubbling up from pools of blue,  
All blending in their sweeping harmony,  
To fashion many a God-incepted view.  
There on the walls is etched a pastoral scene;

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CONGRESS  
SERIALS REPORT

APR 29 1944

# Leisure Hours

An Amateur Magazine

FEBRUARY, 1933

CONNECTED WITH

NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION  
UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION  
AMATEUR PRINTERS CLUB  
BLUE PENCIL CLUB  
NEW YORK AMATEUR JOURNALISTS CLUB

**Vincent B. Haggerty**  
Editor and Publisher  
21 Stegman Court  
Jersey City, N. J.

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# Leisure Hours

An Amateur Magazine

APRIL, 1933

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NEW YORK AMATEUR JOURNALISTS CLUB

**Vincent B. Haggerty**  
**Editor and Publisher**  
**21 Stegman Court**  
**Jersey City, N. J.**

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# Leisure Hours

An Amateur Magazine

MAY, 1933

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AMATEUR PRINTERS CLUB  
BLUE PENCIL CLUB  
NEW YORK AMATEUR JOURNALISTS CLUB

**Vincent B. Haggerty**  
**Editor and Publisher**  
**21 Stegman Court**  
**Jersey City, N. J.**

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# **Leisure Hours**

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An Amateur Magazine Published  
by Vincent B. Haggerty, at 21  
Stegman Court, Jersey City, N. J.

---

JUNE, 1933

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# LEISURE MOMENTS

AN AMATEUR PASTIME PUBLICATION

VOL. 2. NO. 2.

APRIL 1933 ~~APR 29 1944~~ WHOLE NO. 5.

## THIS AND THAT

If you keep your money you lose your friends and if you lose your money you lose your friends.

Before marriage man yearns for a woman. After marriage the Y is silent.

Personally I do not know the secret of success, but I am afraid it's work.

George Washington once said "The game is still in our hands. To play it well is all we have to do. Individuals may be wrecked, but not the country." I feel confident that this will also hold true to-day. Let us not give up hope but keep on doing our best.

Don't forget the 37th annual convention of the U. A. P. A. which will be held in Chicago on July 29 and 30. Fred Nagel, 2238 N. Knox Ave., Chicago is chairman of the committee on arrangements and reception and will gladly answer all questions.

Don't judge a man by the clothes he wears. God made one and the tailor the other.

I would never forgive myself if I were to forget to mention PRAIRIE WIND that interesting paper edited by Art A. Larson and Harold E. Flint both of Fargo, North Dakota. Harold, your editorial "Is This Sport?" convinced me that you enjoy hunting just as much as I. More power to you.

Whatever you do do not forget our friends the birds. A few bird houses put up around the place will help to attract our song birds. Let me assure you that you will be more than repaid for your efforts.

Matches were invented in 1835 by Janos Irinyi of Hungary.

Business conditions are improving. Let us show our confidence in the present administration by putting our shoulder to the wheel and help to bring back prosperity by doing our little part.

Send in your news notes for our "This and That" column.

## THE SMALLEST ELECTRIC MOTOR

The smallest electric motor of which there is any record was built by D. Goodin, a watchmaker of McKinney, Texas. It runs as regularly as a large motor would, and yet it is so small that its owner wears it as a scarf pin. It does cover a silver dime and weighs only 9-10 of an ounce. The front of the motor is of gold, highly polished, thus having the appearance of a very valuable but curiously designed pin when viewed from a short distance. However, the first thing that attracts ones attention is the buzzing of the motor, which is run from a small battery carried in the vest pocket. It runs at a very great speed and sounds like a small nest of hornets. It must have taken a great deal of patience and care to construct such a small piece of machinery and still have it run as regularly as a larger one.

# LEISURE MOMENTS

AN AMATEUR PASTIME PUBLICATION

VOL. 2.

JUNE 1933

WHOLE NO. 6.

## THIS AND THAT

I wish to assure Brother Hastings, that my statement made in this column in the April issue, that matches were invented in 1835 by James Irinyi of Hungary does NOT annul the statement "that matches are made in Heaven."

Warm summer days are here. How about that bird bath you have been thinking of putting up? Better do it today as it will be appreciated.

Knowledge is useless unless it makes us better and happier.

The ladder of success is the extension kind. When you think you have reached the top, push up another section and keep climbing.

How many fish have you caught this season? Don't be a HOG, remember, there might be others who would like a mess.

Did you know that, "Amateur Journalism is the Prince of Hobbies?" Come on in the water's fine.

## MAKING A GOOD FIGHT

By C. Leslie Grant

Dogs catch and kill him; poison baits are laid for him; traps are set for him; he is hunted with guns from autos, aeroplanes and horses, but he still lives on. His wailing howl may be heard at dusk or dawn from the top of some butte close to a rancher's home.

It has been said to-day, continues; he will be exterminated in time, but he is making a hard and intelligent fight for his life. I hope something is done to stop the war before this little, gray bro. of the big "lobe" wolf becomes extinct. He deserves a place on this earth as much as any of our other game animals.

Coyotes are destructive to sheep and poultry and only the sheepmen and poultry raisers have a case against them. The poultry raisers can protect their flocks by shutting them in pens at night and keeping them in for awhile in the early morning; the sheepmen who hires a good herder has his flock protected from coyotes, so these cases are not strong ones.

In the coyote's favor is the fact that he destroys unnumbered rabbits, mice, prairie dogs and other rodents. The amount of wild game he destroys is so small that it is never noticed, in fact where coyotes are plentiful other game is also plentiful and vice versa.

Many people hunt coyotes for the fur or the bounty placed on them. The biological survey has placed trappers in much of the coyote country to poison and trap them. Hunting coyotes for the fur is perfectly right, but the bounties should be taken off, the government trappers called in and a closed season placed on coyotes from the middle of March until the first of July.

The coyote is making a better fight than the wolf, but he will be beaten if man is not halted in his work of destruction. Man has succeeded in destroying much wild game and it is time he was stopped or it will all be gone.

## LEISURE MOMENTS

*An Amateur Pastime Publication*

Vol. 2. No. 4

August, 1933

Whole No. 7

## THIS 'N' THAT

By C. W. Thimijan

It is not uncommon for people to confess murder or theft, but have you ever tried to get a man or woman to confess that they were living beyond their means.

We can grab a club and drive away a growling dog, but we are forced to listen to growling men and women.

Isn't it true that writers are not supposed to have money—unless they are writers of checks.

When we see a green light we take it as a signal to go ahead. Greenbacks often mean the same thing. (If we can lay our hands on them.)

Let me remind you not to forget to fill that bird bath with fresh water every day. The birds certainly appreciate this little kindness on our part.

Have you ever seen two more loyal and contented pals than a boy and his dog? Always together in all sorts of weather. I ask, Is it right to deprive a boy of this companionship?

It has been estimated that if all birds should be destroyed all life could not exist on this earth for more than nine years, due to the rapid increase in insect pests. Let's protect the birds.

There's a greeneyed monster that has turned many a man or woman yellow, and made them do things no self-respecting person would or should do. This trouble-maker is non other than Jealousy.

A reputation for absolute honesty

has pulled the best of men through tough spots in life.

## Greater Purchasing Power

By C. W. Thimijan

The latest reports and figures received show that there has been a decided increase in the price of commodities the farmer has for sale. This may or may not mean much to some of us. For the laboring man and to those who are still unemployed it may even make matters worse. For it stands to reason that with the increase in the price of farm commodities the prices of foods—everyday necessities for self preservation—will also become higher.

However this increase in the price of farm produce will mean a greater amount of exchange between the merchant and the farmer. It will give the farmer a greater purchasing power and in this way help to bring business back to normal. And certainly anything that will stimulate business will in the end be of benefit to us all.

## The Wild Life

## Conservation Movement

By C. W. Thimijan

This movement is not a new one in the United States that only a few people know anything about. As early as 1839 the government began the protection of our wild game. At this time officers were appointed in the state of Massachusetts to take charge of the protection of deer in that state. (Continued on page 3)

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#21

# LIGATURES



APR 29 1944  
IN THIS ISSUE

Our Aims and Purpose

Mailing Bureau

Something You Need?

Offset Worries

DEC. • PUBLISHED FOR AMATEUR PRINTERS • 1934



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#22

## The Little Wet Hen

*This is only*

The First Squawk

April 1934

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#13

HAPPY NEW YEAR

*The*  
**LITERARY**  
**SCOUT**  
MONTHLY

THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
SERIALS ACQUISITION

VOL. 2.

JANUARY, 1934

NO. 4.

A PRAYER

By Carson Hood

*A New Year has come, a new page clean and white.  
To keep that way or blot the which is my sole right.  
Another lease on life--another interest rate--  
Another course to run--I pray, God keep me straight.  
My feet guide to the path, my mind from all things drear:  
Make happiness my goal, and this a better year!*

--Carson Hood.

AN INSPIRATIONAL PERIODICAL FOR BOYS

#24

5<sup>¢</sup> LONG BEACH 5<sup>¢</sup>  
**FREE MEMBER PRESS**  
U. A. P. A.

LONG BEACH, N. Y. VOL. 1 NO. 1 NOVEMBER, 1934

## BOXING TO START

### - EDITORIAL -

#### INTRODUCTION

Horace Greeley once said that a man's greatest interest is in himself, and, next to that, in his neighbor. If such is the case, this journal will be a success, for we intend to give our readers that which they want, but have not procured because of rigid censorship.

We shall not try to offer any competition to other publications, but rather we wish to help them, and urge our readers' cooperation towards making them a success.

The FREE PRESS intends to give you a concise, well constructed word-picture of current events of interest to you, presented amidst a number of features, perhaps foolish, but of the type that you enjoy. We readily admit that we shall print gossip, for we are not high-brows and are not putting out a paper to be read by high-brows. Your dictionary will tell you that the original gossip comes from "good sip", or good clansman. As far back as the days of Horsa and Hengsit, people enjoyed neighbors bearing news of friends. The scandalous meaning of gossip is a much later outgrowth. Ours shall be entertaining gossip, however, and not intended to bear malice towards those mentioned.

Back in 1733, Peter Zenger, an early publisher, fought against heavy odds to win the freedom of the press — and other newspaper principles that followed Zenger

### Manly Art Invades Long Beach Under Borzelleri

As soon as the soccer varsity has put away its cleated shoes and fancy uniforms for the season, Coach Borzelleri will introduce a long awaited sport into Long Beach, boxing.

Mr. Borzelleri has received permission to bring the local boys into the canvas floored ring. These so-called iron men of Long Beach will now have an opportunity to display their ability in the art of self defense before the eyes of female admirers.

The bouts will probably go on before basketball and wrestling bouts as well as on separate cards. Mr. Borzelleri has had enough experience in amateur slugging to be able to build up a champ team. The contestants will be classed according to weight and no one will fight out of his weight class.

The school has already provided a punching bag, and several of the boys loaned boxing gloves. A few more pairs could be used, so if you would like to let the team use yours, bring them in to Mr. Borzelleri.

Attention! Those of you deeming yourselves physically unfit, come out anyway, as someone will be needed to carry the stretchers.

helped to build up what is now a recognized institution ... Freedom of the Press!

PUBLISHED BY HENRI IVAN KANTER — 52 FLORIDA STREET  
LONG BEACH.

CO-EDITORS: JAY KASHUK — HAROLD OSTERWEIL



# HODGE PODGE

MARION BLODGETT, Editor

## A MONTHLY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE HODGE PODGE GROUP

Vol. 4, No. 8

Copyright 1934 by Marion Blodgett—Published at 100 W. Houston St., N. Y. City

October, 1934



HANDS OF A. DI SESSA

By Richard Barry

### NEWS NOTES

"A Singer Passes" by Ben H. Smith, is a beautiful which appears in the September *Country Home*. It is a memorial to Herbert Rittenberg, late of Virginia, whose work is familiar to all *Hodge Podge* readers.

Merle Dana's entry in the 1934 issue of the *American Short Short Story* is a delightful picture of New York family life called "Oh! Oh! Poor Abie!" This is the author's second appearance in this anthology.

"Just Off Broadway" is the name of a series of boarding house stories scheduled to run in *Hodge Podge*, beginning with an early number. As the title is not entirely satisfactory, the editor intends to offer a prize for a better title.

Anyone knowing the present address of Ann French or Vincent Caccioppa, formerly of the Authors' Exchange, will kindly communicate with Merle Dana, through this paper.

Mrs. Letitia Wing Murphy, of Chicago, is *Hodge Podge's* only paid subscriber. She won the subscription in a prize contest given by the Poetry Practice Club.

Margaret Nickerson Martin's song "Back to The Convention" has been set to music and published by the Republican Women.

C. M. BLODGETT

METAL PRODUCTS

100 W. Houston St. — New York City

### THREE POEMS

By Lillian M. Pierce

#### THRIFT

If you are thrifty through the year,  
Saving for a rainy day,  
Depression's government will tax  
You; for the thriftless you will pay.  
You have had the satisfaction  
Of denying self what self was due  
That another, a thriftless one,  
May eat his cake and have it too.

#### TEARS

I probed to find in inmost soul  
A song of life and love;  
A song of lilting laughter  
From the lips that lightly curled;  
But all I heard was a plaintive note,  
Echoing falling tears;  
Tears dropping away in the dark,  
Deep in my hidden heart.  
Masking curling lips,  
And falling, hidden tears.

#### WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE

"What fools these mortals be."  
Had Shakespeare lived to know how we  
Mishandle justice, bungle the law,  
Condone the papers, stuffing the maw  
Of latent criminals, day by day,—  
What would our Shakespeare have to say  
Than but again, more sorrowfully,  
"What fools these mortals be"?

### INHERITANCE

I think I must have loved the trees  
In long past dim eternities.  
I think they sheltered me and mine  
And tempered the sun's unceasing shine.  
And in dark centuries long ago  
The trees were shields against the snow.  
I think the ages cannot kill  
The memory of trees upon a hill.  
And I must always restless be  
Unless my eyes can see a tree.

Margaret Nickerson Martin

(From *Tryout Magazine*)

# *The* LITERARY MESSENGER

PITTSBURGH, PA.

JENNY D. DU PONT, *Editor and Publisher*

Published five times a year: Sept., Nov., Jan., March, May

Vol. 1, No. 1

September, 1935

## PITTSBURGH

By Mary L. Ferguson

Flows the stream of human ants incessant,—  
 In its wake are structures peaked and domed,  
 Casting on the river evanescent  
 Gleams, as though with blood the waters foamed.  
 Wrathful monsters belch their smoke, and pity  
 Dwells not in the devastating beam.  
 This is Pittsburgh, this the Iron City,—  
 Cold as steel and hard as iron its dream.  
 Where the furnace-throbs unresting hammer,  
 Armoured plate and murderous engines flower,  
 Skeletons against the sky to clamor  
 And entomb the spirits waking hour.  
 God of the Machine in regal station  
 Here has set his throne and here does thrill  
 Through the passive, through the subject nation,  
 To his thralls the menace of his will.  
 Flows the stream and fiery fingers spangle  
 Skies that shout the message One decrees:  
 "This machine shall not enslave not mangle  
 These my children, but this hour it frees  
 From the curse of labor, and my pity  
 On them their surrendered birthright rains.  
 This is Pittsburgh, this the chosen city  
 That shall lead my people from its chains."

X-PN 4827

#27

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*The* LITERARY MESSENGER

PITTSBURGH, PA.

JENNY D. DU PONT, *Editor and Publisher*

Published five times a year: Sept., Nov., Jan., March, May

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Vol. 1, No. 2

November, 1935

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SINGING MOUNTAIN

Wewoke smiled, as golden sun rays gleamed  
To light his pathway, winding through the dusk;  
He stood with raptured gaze, for music streamed  
From Singing Mountain, like perfume-of-musk  
That hovers nightly on this sage-flung land  
Of shining Truckee River, while it sings  
Like unto music, played by angel band  
Poising aloft, on eerie, mystic wings.  
Then he awoke, and hurried back to tell.  
The Piute Tribe of this great "wonder thing"  
That now was theirs, and soon the old chief fell  
To planning on a "strange, new place" to fling  
Their chants of praise unto Almighty God—  
Who rules the desert winds and greening sod.

M. SCHAFFER CONNELLY

X-PN 4827

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# LETTERS

VOLUME ONE

CHRISTMAS, 1935

NUMBER ONE

## CHRIST WUZ BORN TODAY

By C. Orville Thogmartin

John said: "Christ wuz born today."

"Yes," spoke Will, "Christ wuz born today."

He wuz born in a dirty manger."

"Wuz there cows inside with Him?" John asked.

"Everything but an automobile:

Cows and sheep and asses, and none too clean, at that."

"Did He cry, Will?"

Will squinted now.

"You fool, the Baby didn't know His cradle was a manger.

There wuz straw on the floor,

Dust everywhere,

And bad smell in the air.

John. Christ wuz a beautiful Baby.

He had a face that wuz white,

A long, thin nose,

And real black hair."

John said: "King Herod sat up on his throne."

"And he had on a golden crown," supplied Will.

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## *The* LITERARY MESSENGER

GEORGE ANDERSEN, *Publisher*

HELEN DiSESSA, *Editor-in-Chief*

Published at: 115 Armstrong Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Issued Five Times a Year: Jan., Mar., May, Sept., Nov.

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VOL. 1

January, 1936

No. 3

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### PROSODY

By Letitia Wing Murphy

To desire the beautiful in life

Is inborn in the soul of man!

To create the beautiful of life

Is the desire of those who can.

---

### WINTER WIND

By Lillian M. Pierce

I tell myself it matters not—

In our other lives I found you true.

Drying my tears I try to smile,

Conjuring those other worlds with you.

Insidious thought—"Remembrance is false;

No longer warm you with this cloak."—

The heckling by the winter wind

Of the dead leaves on the oak.

X-PN 4827

#30

## *The* LITERARY MESSENGER

GEORGE ANDERSEN, *Publisher*

HELEN DISESSA, *Editor-in-Chief*

Published at: 115 Armstrong Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Issued Five Times a Year: Jan., Mar., May, Sept., Nov.

VOL. 1

March, 1936

No. 4

### THE FAN DANCER

*Like gossamer she spins her web of fate,  
As spiders in their secret, crafty way.  
She snares her victims, while her heart with hate  
Seethes and rebels. She weaves in rhythmic sway  
A spell upon her audience, and yet  
She loathes her dance; she hates the life she lives;  
Yet, gambler-like, she pays her sordid debt  
To destiny, and of herself she gives.*

*But yet in giving never does she fail  
To take her toll, a heavy toll indeed.  
From contact with her, strong hearts often quail,  
Yet, fascinated, driven by their need,  
Young men and old fall victim to her lure,  
and yet . . . before she LOVED she once was pure.*

Olive Scott Stainsby

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#31

## *The* LITERARY MESSENGER

HELEN DISESSA, *Editor-in-Chief*

Published at 115 Armstrong Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Issued Five Times a Year: Jan., Mar., May, Sept., Nov.

Vol. 1

May, 1936

No. 5

### AFTER THE SHOUTING

"The shouting and the tumult dies"  
—Rudyard Kipling

Our King is ill. "God save the King."  
Our Bard is dead! It is past belief . . .  
No hand to rule—No voice to sing . . .  
Have pity, Lord, in our hour of grief . . .  
Our King is dead and our people weep.  
As the watching world stands weary eyed  
Over the flower-strewn biers where sleep  
A King and a Poet, side by side.  
Take back, O earth, thy eternal wage!  
And keep, O death, what to thee belong!  
Leave with us still the heritage—  
A Royal robe and a deathless Song!  
A King is crowned . . . "Long live the King."  
But who shall sit in the Poet's place,  
Where people cry for a voice to sing  
Of England's power and her pride of race?  
"The shouting and the tumult dies."  
The King we cheer though our eyes are wet . . .  
We face the years with tear-dimmed eyes . . .  
Be with us, Lord, "Lest we forget."  
Amen!

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CONGRESS  
SERIALS RECORD  
APR 29 1944



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#001  
32

**T  
H  
E** **Lost Chord**  
... being an unappreciated little publication containing extraordinary but unappreciated thoughts, observations and miscellaneous scribbblings of one JOSEPH J. GUDONIS of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

**FAMOUS CHORDS**

Musical -----  
----- of wood.  
Dis -----  
Poly -----  
Vocal -----  
A ----- uroy trousers.  
----- ian.  
Telephone -----  
Lexington & Con -----  
Spinal -----  
THE LOST -----  
\* \* \*

**Attempts Made to Bribe Me 1934**

Such colossal nerve! How dare anyone ask me, an amateur, to accept money in exchange for THE LOST CHORD! I am shocked!

One minute after he finished reading a recent issue, Herbert Stratton, a successful Philadelphia stamp dealer, sez to me: "What are your advertising rates?" Was I scandalized! And to think that back in 1895, Herb, then an amateur himself, published THE BUDGET and helped the late William Greenfield the same year to found the United Amateur Press Association of America! I am pained!

And horrors! Listen to this mercenary temptation from LBTian Adam Zakutynski of Little Ferry, N. J.: "Please keep me on your mailing list. I'll gladly recompense you of a Tuesday for THE LOST CHORD." I am inwardly upset!

**May-June 1936** **Third Too!**

X-PN 4827

#33

# THE LOST CHORD

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ELBEETIAN  
CONVENTION  
NUMBER

排 34

# THE LOST CHORD

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SERIALS ACQUISITION  
APR 29 1944

First  
Anniversary  
Number

March 1937

## Sixth Shriek

#35

## THE Lost Chord

... being an unappreciated little publication containing extraordinary but unappreciated thoughts, observations and miscellaneous scribblings of one JOSEPH J. GUDONIS of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

### Derned Cats

Derned cats

Keep on meowin'

'Till I lose my temper

Then I know I'm going to lose

My shoe.

(Ben C. Webb)

THE LIBRARY OF  
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1001 N. 17TH ST.  
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20540

APR 29 1944

### Oh Mama! That funny mag is here again!

My six-month retirement from amateur journalism activities gave rise to more rumors than a centipede has corns.

Will Ward and Ray Buckingham, Grave-diggers, boasted I had quit because of their vitriolic attacks on me as a stamp collector. Ulysses Walsh claimed the accounts and detectives he sent to investigate the books I kept for his Walsh Rodent Corporation frightened me into hiding. Worried members of United A.P.A. that I had dropped United because former-secretary Clyde Noel, for some personal reason, refused to send me ballots for the recent United elections and kept me from voting. Yankee Tribe's LBTians sneered I had been intimidated by their hints to duplicate at Boston LBT Convention the lynching handed me last year in Virginia on Mill Mountain for publishing THE LOST CHORD. Some took for granted I had succumbed to the lure of gold, and had finally sold out to evil SAT.EVE.POST

November 1937

Seventh Squawk

# Leisure Hours

NUMBER 21

JUN., 1937

## RETROSPECT

FELICITAS C. HAGGERTY

The Grand Rapids convention last July was the beginning of another year of unexpected gatherings of amateur journalists. I had intended to write my version of that memorable occasion but it has been delayed too long to be of current interest. I was accompanied by my sister Jane and my niece Bernice on a wonderful auto trip to the convention. Vincent had to travel both ways by train, owing to pressure of business. It was the first time I had travelled thus without him, so each night I reported my whereabouts to him by telephone. On our return journey Vincent drove from Grand Rapids to Detroit and put us on the boat to Buffalo, in order that Jane and Bernice might see Niagara Falls for the first time.

The next day was spent sightseeing at Niagara Falls and that evening I telephoned to Mr. Michael F. Boechar, of Buffalo, whom we met at the 1933 New York convention. He invited us to his home and Mrs. Boechar served us a delicious supper. Afterwards Mr. Boechar escorted us to the gorgeous Basilica in Lackawanna, N. Y., and on the way showed us the fine monument erected to the memory of his soldier son. The Legion Post in Buffalo is named after him. Mr. Boechar was defeated for the presidency of the N. A. P. A. by Mr. Louis Kempner, of New York City, in the 1889 election. These two gentlemen are plan-

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# Leisure Hours

NUMBER 23

SEPTEMBER, 1937

## THESE SMEAR LADS

EDWARD H. COLE

"The Pink Chicken" (three cracked shells), "The Bloody Bantam" (one splotch), and "Ol' Meanie" (venoms four and five) have served to convince the amateur world that the heat wave isn't the only instrument to make life burdensome and drear this summer. The smear lads are at it again. Masaka! Masaka!

Of course it was to be expected. There could hardly be Charlie Michaelsons in politics and Walter Winchells in tabloids without imitators in amateur journalism. Smearing has become a fine art, these days. And whereas there may be something a bit degrading about the fact that the Michaelsons and the Winchells get paid for their dirtiness, there is something undoubtedly fine and noble about our Cranes and our Babcocks; they smear for the love of it. Furthermore, they have the lofty motive of inspiring activity. Throw mud, falsify, maliciously distort, seek out the weak spot in the armor of any one you wish to see active. If he's your friend, you undoubtedly know his weakness better than if he's your antagonist, and you can prick him to the quick all the better. Or is there any such thing as friendship to a smear lad? At all events, the game is good clean fun, and if the one you attack yields to the very human impulse to retort in kind, then there's activity. And

## Leisure Hours

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NUMBER 27JANUARY, 1938

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### GUNS OF JUSTICE

STEPHEN TEETS

It may have been a peccadillo, but it loomed infamously and nefariously to Danny Norton as anything he had ever faced . . . and what was more, he was out . . . and armed to the teeth. His broad-brimmed Texas chapeau was cocked erect and adorned with a narrow beaded Indian-band.

Two heavy Colts hung low on his thighs, their ivory butts protruding arrogantly from the holster; these were the masters of law and order; no other procedure was wanted; only the grim rod of justice, dealing death to those who dared it, sparing those who supported it.

Danny Norton swaggered along more like a monarch than an umbrageous westerner; but then, his intimate semblance proved strongly of the latter.

When he neared his destination, he apparently slowed his stride, but kept to the middle of the street. A rickety wagon laden with a cargo of provisions and driven by a dark-skinned man in a big broad sombrero rolled past.

Danny Norton, opaque eyes alert, never faltered but walked on resolutely, stopping at last in front of a red building where lounged two dusty, keen eyed Mexicans. The sudden presence of the other did not seem to arouse them from their laziness. Five or six horses stood haltered to the hitching-rail opposite the ingress to the building.

## Leisure Hours

NUMBER 28

FEBRUARY, 1938

### GUEVAVI MISSION

THOMAS E. McCALL

Guevavi, the last of the three missions to be established in what is now Arizona by the Spanish missionaries, is today a crumbling ruin about seven miles north of Nogales on the banks of the Santa Cruz river.

Built about the year 1702, it never figured prominently in the religious or economic development of the Indians, mostly Papagos, for whom it was built. It was only a short distance from Tumacacori, which was regarded as the largest mission to be built along the coast of the Gulf of Lower California, and was abandoned shortly after the Jesuits were expelled from this country.

Originally named Guevavi, the name was changed to San Miguel, then to San Rafael and later on by the Franciscans to Santo Angeles.

Little is known of the early history of Guevavi except that it was cared for by the Jesuit fathers until their expulsion in 1767. It lay idle for a year or two before the Franciscans who replaced them could send missionaries and during this time it was plundered by the comisarios appointed to care for it.

In addition to being plundered by the Spaniards, Guevavi was raided many times by the fierce Apaches which drove most of the Papagos from the neighborhood and therefore in 1784 the mission was finally abandoned.



## Leisure Hours

NUMBER 29

MARCH, 1938

### OH! GIVE ME MY RAKE AND SHOVEL!

EDYTH R. FARTHING

The general plan of today is for every one to have a college education. The aim is for a good position in the city; life there is easy and no hard work.

Better think twice. The farm is the backbone of the nation. There one gets their feet on the ground and their soul expands. They can turn around without some one else's elbow bumping them under the nose. They can breathe air untainted, stretch out their arms and fill their lungs with God-given pure ozone.

A farmer works hard. Yes. But in that work he tires his body until at night, when he has had time to rest a few minutes in a chair or lounge, and review his day's labor with satisfaction, he can lie down on his bed and lose himself and his cares in the deep slumber nature intends for man.

Why then do men always clamor for the city always looking for a break? To out-do the other fellow before he out-does them. Scheming, matching wits against wits just to make a bare existence. In many cases, not hardly an existence. What satisfaction have they had? What pleasure gained? Life, to them, becomes sour. Hatred rankles in their hearts, and out of this WHAT?

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# Leisure Hours

NUMBER 30

APRIL 1938

APR 23 1938

## MY FIRST HOTEL EXPERIENCE

FRANCIS RICHARDSON

It was in June, 1930 when I left New Jersey with Felicitas and Vincent Haggerty for Bridgeport, Conn.; where we picked up Vincent's sister. Then we took off again, this time for Boston, Mass., and the N. A. P. A. convention. We arrived in Boston without any mishaps and went into the Hotel Statler.

I was what you might call backward about registering, never having been as far as the desk in any hotel. Well, that over with, I was ushered to room 1313. Such service made me feel awkward or silly, but it was a new experience and I got a thrill out of it. I then dressed and had dinner. After dinner I sat around the lobby and felt like a "big shot," but I kept thinking I was in a railroad station waiting for someone to come up and ask me to show my ticket. Well, no one asked me.

Upon retiring that night I phoned down and left a call for the morning. The next thing I knew a bell rang and I woke up with a start, not remembering where I was. I looked around and saw on the floor a newspaper with a yellow sticker, which said in large type "Good Morning." Then I remembered where I was and answered the phone.

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# Leisure Hours

NUMBER 31

MAY, 1938

APR 29 1944

## ANNOUNCEMENT

My nomination for the presidency of the N. A. P. A. by Harold Segal was a great big surprise to me as well as to everyone else, I am sure. I thanked him for the "flowers while we are still living" and dismissed it as a nice compliment. Then folks began asking if I would accept the nomination. Naturally I supposed our present Official Editor, Rheinhart Kleiner, would succeed to the presidency. He happened to call, and I laughingly commented upon the matter to him. Imagine my surprise when he said that he is not a candidate for the presidency, feeling that he could not handle the office in the proper manner at this time.

Editor Kleiner's decision leaves the field open for other candidates and it appears to be perfectly all right for me to accept the nomination.

I have been associated with amateur journalism long enough to fully understand the duties of a president, and I hereby announce that I am a candidate for president of the National Amateur Press Association.

I will be very grateful for your support in the election.

FELICITAS C. HAGGERTY

## Leisure Hours

NUMBER 31

MAY, 1938

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APR 20 1944

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FELICITAS C. HAGGERTY

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44

## Leisure Hours

NUMBER 32

JUNE, 1938

### THUNDER AND LIGHTNING

JOHN I. J. LAWLER

PR 29 1944

While seated on our front porch this afternoon, looking out into a terrific thunder, lightning and rain storm that took on proportions of a cyclonic nature, I mused over all the explanations of its causes. My mind wandered back to the scientific explanations I heard in high school; that lightning was a discharge of atmospheric electricity from one cloud to another, or sometimes from a cloud to the earth; and that thunder is a report due to a sudden disturbance of the air produced by a violent discharge of atmospheric electricity or lightning.

After reminiscing with the scientific side of this phenomenon my recollections drifted back to my childhood days when my dad used to recite the following lines describing thunder and lightning:

Lightning is a yaller gal,

Who lives up in the cloud.

Thunda is a black man,

And he can holla loud.

When the black man kisses the yaller gal

It goes up in a wonda,

He bumps his head against the clouds,

And that's what makes it thunda.

A-PN 4827

# LITERAIRE

FOR QUALITY'S SAKE—FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE—  
PLEASE PRONOUNCE IT LITTER-AIR.

Vol. 1

AUGUST, 1938

No. 1

## AGENDA

BY HOWARD J. PING

This being the first issuance of this periodical, we shall do as other journals do and state our policies and aims.

First, the editor and publisher would like it definitely understood that they will not, by any means or ends, write about or take any political stand whatsoever. We feel that the battlefield of American politics has already shed enough blood-colored ink and ambiguous charges in the form of thousands of printed words which tend only to further entangle the already complicated situation without bringing it aid or restoration to previous position. In final analysis, our little paper shall not be influenced, and, in turn, shall not try to influence.

Second, we shall be glad to accept and publish any manuscript submitted by our readers about any subject that we consider of interest to our readers except the aforementioned American politics. Please do not send manuscripts of more than five hundred words.

By this time you may be wondering why we publish this paper. The answer to this is: This paper is published wholly from the standpoint of a hobby, to receive

(Continued on Page Four.)

LITERAIRE 9-38

4327 #46  
LITERAIRE  
JUN 28 1945

FOR QUALITY'S SAKE--FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE--  
PLEASE PRONOUNCE IT LITTER-AIR.

Vol. 1

SEPTEMBER, 1938

No. 2

*Crossroads*

Good Lord . . Man, he's a bloody mess.  
Dae...you think....don't lie  
He's going....to die!  
Oh, God, he walked right in to me-  
I swerved,  
And then a sickening thud-  
That blood!  
It's mad-mad-  
He was too fine to die....  
I'm too young to die...  
I'll burn.  
I couldn't help it-I couldn't!  
Will someone believe me!  
Look, he's staring, you're all staring  
You think I'm mad;  
Drunk!  
Fools!  
He was my Dad.

—Arthur Ouska

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# LITTERAIRE

FOR QUALITY'S SAKE—FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE—  
PLEASE PRONOUNCE IT LITTER AIR

#47  
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VOL. 1  
JUN 20 1940  
NO. 3  
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## FROM OBSERVATORY HILL

We see, we read, and we write:

that geologists can prove that America was discovered about 10,000 years ago. Just think of all the time we spent studying and reading about a guy named Columbus. Then they found out he never landed in America! He landed on a island near Cuba. After we crammed our head with Columbo, they found out that some Scandinavian came over here in a rowboat. His name was Lief Ericson. If my memory is correct, Lief's brother, his little brother, came over for the trip and also to find out if his big bro knew what he was talking about. Now after that was nestled in a dusty corner of our cerebrum, the geologist find that some caveman was roaming (wonder what he was looking for) our fair land years before the others! I wonder what they will name him? The most humorous thing about it is that history books usually get larger by having history added in the back. In this case they will grow fat by having data added in the front.

that dancing originated with the caveman (he's back) who was so overjoyed at having killed a fine beast for meat, that he grabbed his 'Jane' and jumped up and down with her. This is the first indication of the origin of our modern hop step. They say that history repeats itself. Figure it out, if you will, how many years it took for the old fashion hop step to come back.

(See Page Two)



LITERARY QUARTERLY 1938

X-PN 4827

THE  
LITERARY  
QUARTERLY

VOLUME I, NUMBER III

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Affiliated with the American Amateur Press Association.

SUMMER, 1938

LITERARY QUARTERLY 1938  
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JUN 28 1941

# THE LITERARY QUARTERLY

## SLEEP

By JACK SMITH, Correctionville, Iowa

Hushed sounds in the dusk—  
Breeze murmuring through tired leaves—  
Moon's edges covered with rust—  
Soft music in the dying breeze—  
Sleep—



WINTER  
1938

X-PN 1021

#50

# THE LITERARY QUARTERLY

## SLEEP

By JACK SMITH, Correctionville, Iowa

Hushed sounds in the dusk—

Breeze murmuring through tired leaves—

Moon's edges covered with rust—

Soft music in the dying breeze—

Sleep—



WINTER  
1938

X-1-N 3827

#51

## THE LOST CHORD

THE LIBRARY  
CONGRESS

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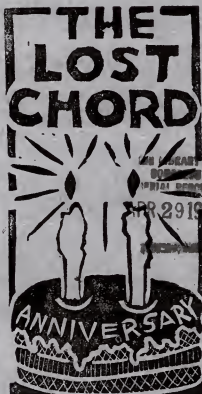
APR 29 1944

... an erratically published publication containing the extraordinary thoughts observations, and miscellaneous clever scribbles of Joseph J. Gudonis, 1014 Melon st., Philadelphia, Pa. \*\*The reading matter for each issue is tediously set by hand and grumbly printed in sparetime, one page at a time, on a temperamental, side-lever 4x6 hand-press. \*\*THE LOST CHORD is mailed to all active amateur journalists, and is Authorized Elbcectian Legion Publication No. 2. \*\*A colophon is usually pinned to the back of a publication, but, to be contumacious, I am putting mine on the front page. Top of this page is set in 14-point Copperplate Gothic No. 158; body in 8-point Sans Serif No. 329; number and date line below in 12-point Sans Serif Bold No. 330. Other three pages are not yet printed so I can't label them. Paper is Security Antique - Ivory, 50 lb basis...I hope! This issue rounds out two years of publishing activity.

EIGHTH ECSTASY - FEBRUARY 1938

X-PN 4827

#52



X-PN 4827

#53

THE

## Lost Chord

... being an unappreciated little publication containing extraordinary but unappreciated thoughts, observations and miscellaneous scribbles of one JOSEPH J. GUDONIS of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

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WASHINGTON, D.C. 20540

## AMATEURS

(A Short Story of Movie-land)

APR 26 1938 That's the word that best describes this wedding scene," thought Director Dalgott, biting deeper into his unlit cigar and squirming in his canvas-backed chair, "and to think that this carbon copy of a beautiful film star is my own daughter.....she who knows how to act before cameras. Look at her.....trembling like an amateur with stage fright." Dalgott shrugged his immensely broad shoulders in disgust.

Nor could Dalgott figure out what could have happened to Roland, the leading man in this mess, today. Roland, too, was nervous and overacting his lines. Dalgott shook his tourled, leonine head from side to side in bewilderment.

But the prize amateur was that awkward minister missing cues. Where in heaven's name had the casting office ever dug up such a cheap imitation of a starved minister? Such mumbling of lines! Such amateurish acting! It was disgusting!

"Maybe the heat has affected me!" sighed the director, brushing sticky palm over sweat-beaded forehead. "Maybe this is good acting! Maybe I'm prejudiced!"

Ah, that was it: Dalgott was prejudiced. Early this morning, Gladycy, his daughter, had told him that Roland had proposed and she had yessed. Dalgott had reminded her of Roland's four divorces and had told Gladycy he

August 1938

Tenth Tinkle

X-PN 4827

T  
H  
E

## Lost Chord

... being an unappreciated little publication containing extraordinary but unappreciated thoughts, observations and miscellaneous scribbles of one JOSEPH J. GUDONIS of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

### AMATEURS

(A Short Story of Movie-land)

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August 1938

Tenth Tinkle

# THE LITTLE GEM

## Onward A.A.P.A.

VOLUME ONE

JAN.-FEB., 1938

NUMBER TWO

### AMATEUR JOURNALISM CHATS

JOHN RUSSELL FOOS

Ed. Note—This column will be a regular feature of this paper, and will contain each issue, helpful (we hope) hints for the amateur journalist. Suggestions and news welcome.

The A. A. P. A. election is all over and results have been announced, with the main office being held by President Robert H. Price

I have received the January A. A. P. A. bundle, the papers contained therein were American Amateur Journalist official organ, Speaking With Speaks, The American Banner, The Mailbox, Mountain Trails, The Amateur Quill, The Wolverine, The Gray Gull, Topix, The American, The Press Clarion, The New Times, The Ink Spot, The American Eagle, La Prensa, The Aylayer's Den. Of this number three papers were first issue. I enjoyed reading all the papers. Let's keep up this fine work, fellows!

We (the other two "guys" and myself) have received many fine comments and suggestions for the improvement of The Little Gem. We wish to acknowledge cards from George H. Kay, A. A. P. A. Sec'y, Edwin H. Smith, Robert E. Runde, James Francis that very active A. A. P. A. editor and publisher, also Official editor elect, Michael Phelan, Francis W. Miller, A. A. P. A. mailer, Wesley Foreman, Editor of the Jitney, L. M. Griffin, editor of National Youth. Thank all.

#### EXCHANGES

The Californian—Hyman Bradofsky, editor, 315 W. Second St., Pomona, California. Your paper is always interesting, one of the best, be sure and send us all future issues.

The Chatter—Published by National Jitney, 3442 N. 16th St., Milwaukee, Wis. Your November issue hit the spot, am expecting another issue soon.

The Jitney—Published by American Jitney, 3333 N. 16th St., Milwaukee, Wis. Your 24 page December issue enjoyed very much.

Amateur publishers, send us your paper, we would be glad to exchange.

### WHAT'S THE NEWS?

By Wallace Prather, Riverview, Ala.

ALABAMA: WELL, if Alabama hasn't held the national spotlight for the past few months I would like for you to show me a state that has. Since Justice Black has admitted his one time membership in the K. K. K. there isn't much left to talk about. The K. K. K. certainly had some good points and it is not in me to condemn them. I might say too that the K. K. K. is not dead.

NATIONAL: People are saying the depression is over, business is booming, or it it?

A Tennessee Federal Court unanimously held the T. V. A. vast power program valid. An appeal will be taken to the U. S. Supreme Court.

INTERNATIONAL: America, take warning, steer clear of the "Yellow Peril." Are we doing it? The conference to be held in Brussels is not likely to succeed. I wish to commend the League of Nations for their stand in this affair. There is still a chance for it to redeem itself. The Spanish War is still going on if you had forgotten it. theatre.

INTERNATIONAL: The sensational History-Making Scoop, the "Bombing of the U. S. Gunboat Panay!" The complete picture of the attack that shocked the world. See it at your



APR 29 1944

THE

## LOUISVILLE AMATEUR

Vol. I. No. II.

Louisville, Kentucky

July 20, 1938.

## UNITED HOLDS CONVENTION

MAY SCAVENGER HUNT BIG  
SUCCESS; 40 PARTICIPATE

Shortly after the May meeting of the press club, a scavenger hunt for the members was staged one Saturday night. Meeting at Miss Eastin's home at nine o'clock, twenty couple, in seven cars, were dispatched into the night in search of goofy and hard-to-get items.

The first car to return to Ziegler's with the most items complete was to be the winner. In this case, it was Harold Smoot, Dorothy Jackson, Ernest Witten and Mary Louise Hendley. The four-dollar cash award was equally distributed.

Bob Smith, Mary Jane Buchhold, Edward Reed and Patricia Timmel returned to Ziegler's only a few minutes after the winners.

It was reported that Jack Mattingly was obliged to climb a tree in order to obtain a red cockroach.

After all the cars had returned to Ziegler's, the group of forty began inserting nickels (and slugs?) in a music box and dancing began in earnest.

## NOTE

The Central States Press Club will hold its 4th annual convention Sept. 3, 4 and 5, in Detroit, Mich. This is an organization of amateur writers residing in several central states.

NO PRESS CLUB MEETING  
HELD DURING MONTH OF JUNE

Due to an inability to obtain the Y. M. C. A. as a meeting place, no press club meeting was held in June. This was the first time a month has been missed since the founding of the club in October, 1937.

LOCAL AMATEURS ATTEND  
CINCINNATI CONVENTION

The National Amateur Press Association, leading rival of the United Amateur Press Association in the hobby of amateur journalism, held their 63rd annual convention in Cincinnati, Ohio July 2, 3 and 4. About 75 amateurs attended the several business and literary sessions.

Edward Reed, president of the Louisville Amateur Press Club, and Margie M. McGrath, of the Sacred Heart Academy's Collegian staff, attended a couple of these sessions, while other members of the party in Cincinnati at the time, went on sight-seeing tours of the city.

Mrs. Felicitas Haggerty of New York City was elected president of the NAPA, and Oakland, Calif. selected as the 1939 convention city. The Ohio Valley Writers' Guild served as hostess for the occasion.

WHITE WINS BY HUGE MARGIN  
AT SEATTLE CONVENTION

At the 42nd annual convention of the United Amateur Press Association held in Seattle, July 2-4, Maurice E. White of Neon, Ky., was re-elected president, and Sidney Cohen, a Brooklyn high school student, elected first vice-president. Seventy members were in attendance at sessions.

Edward Reed, president of the Louisville Amateur Press Club, was elected Publicity Director of the United. The 1939 convention city is to be Jersey City, N. J.

In a bulletin dispatched a few days after the convention is stated: "convention was the most harmonious and enthusiastic in the United history, as a result of the most successful and prosperous year ever experienced by the United."

President White has appointed Miss Marjorie E. Starkey, 216 County-City Bldg., Seattle, Wash., as official mailer for the administrative year.

There are now the limit of 500 members enrolled in the United. A waiting list is being installed, however and any amateur writer desiring membership in the U. A. P. A. may obtain a place on this list by writing the secretary, Roy Erford, 515 Title Insurance Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

MAY 28 1945

THE

## LOUISVILLE AMATEUR

Vol. II - No. I.

Louisville, Kentucky

March 20, 1939

## CLUB HAS HOUSE-TO-HOUSE PARTY

On Saturday evening, Dec. 3, 1938, the Louisville Amateur Press Club sponsored a party quite different from the usual run of social events. It was a Progressive House-to-House Party, with four different courses being served at four different members' homes. Following this, the boys and girls (eleven of each) participating in the event danced and made merry at a local tavern until the wee hours of the morning. A good time was had by all.

## NEWSPAPERMAN ADDRESSES CLUB

Mr. Paul Hughes, staff member of The Louisville Times, made a return visit to the Louisville Amateur Press Club at the January meeting, and gave a very interesting talk on newspaper work.

Following his message, he answered all sorts of newspaper questions which were asked him by many of the club members.

Mr. Hughes, by answering these questions, paved the way for an interesting round-table discussion among the members.

MARCH



## MEMBERSHIP LIST REVISED

The membership list of the Louisville Amateur Press Club has been revised, in accordance with the constitution. There are now twenty-five members in good standing, several having been dropped from the roster due to their failure to attend the meetings or show any desire to remain in the club whatsoever.

Attendance records will be kept for all meetings in the future. When members become careless in attending meetings, or show indication of losing interest in the club, they will be dropped from the club.

This is being done in an effort to establish a better-organized local unit of the United Amateur Press Association; one that the members can justly be proud of, and one in which every member is active.

## PROF. QUIZ CONTESTS HELD AT MEETINGS

Maurice Dutschke entertained members of the L. A. P. C. at the November and January meetings by presenting questionnaires similar to the radio contests conducted by the famous Prof. Quiz.

Attending his first club meeting, Mr. Harold Leachman won the November contest, and Mr. Bill Campbell emerged on top in the January quiz-whiz.

Regular meetings of the Louisville Amateur Press Club were held on the third Wednesday of each month from Oct., 1937, thru Jan., 1939. Commencing with the Feb meeting, however, this has been changed to the third Monday of each month. A majority of the membership agreed to this change.

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#60  
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# LOUISIANA DRIFTWOOD

VOL. II SEPTEMBER 1939 NO. 2

A. A. P. Aers - Let's  
Double Our Membership  
By 1940 - Recruit Now !

BE ACTIVE !

X-PN 4827 #58  
LOUISIANA  
DRIFTWOOD

VOL. I. JUNE 1939. NO. 1.

A new A.A.P.A. Journal



in the future.

X-PN 4827 #61  
THE LIBRARY OF  
THE PRINTERS OF  
Vol. 1 December, 1939 NO. 5

The Obsessed  
By Robert W. Lowndes

Geraldine was signaling me from one corner of the room. That could mean but one thing: She had succeeded in drawing out young Whitehead. What she would have to tell was uncertain, but one thing was definite: The company would be prepared tomorrow when Senator Grayne made his new proposal.

I glided over to the curb of the dance floor, excused myself, and started toward Geraldine when I saw... him. Just a glance, at first. I paused, then started again, when something seemed to impact against my brain. I knew this young man. More than that I knew him well.

#59  
LOUISIANA  
DRIFTWOOD

VOL. I. SEPTEMBER 1939 NO. 2.

X-PN 4827 APR 29 1944

A. A. P. Aers - Let's  
Double Our Membership  
By 1940 - Recruit Now !

BE ACTIVE !

X-PN 4827 #64  
THE LITERARY  
MEDLEY

VOL. 2 JULY, 1939 NO. 3



WORK

ROBERT EDSON

When God gave man the curse of work because  
of Adam's folly,  
His own folly he failed to see,  
For man's greatest blessing is good honest work.  
And the curse falls on the wretches who shirk.

X-PN 4827 #62

THE LITERARY MEDLEY  
SERIAL RECORD

April, 1939 (Number 2)

Chinese

Many people believe that the Chinese are ignorant people, but in reality they are not. Their business men can size up a prospective customer so as to get a maximum profit, yet hold the price in the customer's reach. No other country can back such a claim.

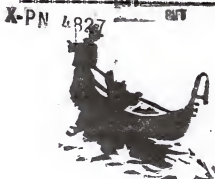
The case of China is not nearly as hopeless as the Japs would have us believe. The Chinese are very foresighted people. They are thinking of the future ten and fifteen years from now, content in giving Japan enough rope to hang THEMSELVES.

MAIL OBJECTIONS OR COMMENTS TO THE  
EDITOR

They used to call it barbarians  
now its Communists, Nazis, or Fascists.

THE LITERARY MEDLEY  
SERIAL RECORD

VOL. 2 JULY, 1939 NO. 3



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X-PN 4827

... The Literary Medley

VOL. 2 - NO. 4  
NOVEMBER, 1939

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THE HOT SEAT

COPY

By HOWARD STONE

Two officers grabbed Tony by the arms and led him up the stairs. Tony was afraid. . . he didn't want the chair.

"No, no! Anything but the chair," cried Tony.

The officers tightened their hold on him and led him through the door where others were looking on.

"Poor fellow," sobbed one.

Tony tried to get away but the officers were too strong for him. His blood boiled when they started down the aisle toward the chair. They led him to the stand and sat him down in the chair. Tony froze, for he was strapped in and was blindfolded. It wouldn't be long before it would all be over. One officer threw the switch and poor Tony got the shock of his life. The "juice" was turned on. A minute later he was turned loose and each officer shook his hand and congratulated him.

"You are now a member of the South Side Alley Rats Club," pronounced the president.

FORK In The Road

By EMIL TENYAK

Throw himself over the rail and into the falls.  
No job, what use to live.

Why should that fish so interest him?

As he tried to leap the falls.

No chance, yet it tried again and again.

Off came the harness of despair.

Somewhere there is a job--I won't give up.

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#66  
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SERIAL RECORD

THE LITTLE BOSS

JUN 28 1945

Vol. I

Call 1234

Page I

Member of the

Site: -

Robert A. Smith, Jr.

11 Andover Place

East Hamstead, N. Y.

Helen said I was shy! But I can prove  
she was wrong by pictures. If you want  
proof I'll send it for a 3 cent stamp.

There were five members at the meet-  
chap meeting. They were, Helen Vivart-  
as, Norman Levine, Bill Groveman, Elliott  
(with two t's) Ruben, and B.L.S.

I would like to have correspondents.  
To all correspondents I will send a pic-  
ture of me and my home.

X-PN 4827

#67

A.C.

21

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CONGRESS  
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1943

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# The Laureate Bulletin

Presenting The Best in The AAPA 28 1947

Volume 1



COPY  
Number 1117

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CONGRESS  
RECORD

#19  
68

## Eastern Amateurs Cop Laureate Awards; Laureate Board Announces Quarterly Winners

The first group of laureate award winners for the first period of 1939 has just been announced by Robert E. Kunde, Laureate Recorder for the AAPA. The members from the East scored the great success of winning thirteen honored places from the list of twenty-five selections. In each of the five fields, the Eastern members came through to cop at least one of the major awards. The members of the Laureate Board wish to doff their hats to all members everywhere who have shown enough talent to win an award of merit for their good and outstanding work.

The Quarterly Award System which was based upon the idea of Laureate Recorder Kunde has already been hailed as a great success throughout the American. Its aim and purpose is to furnish a greater incentive to the writing members of the American and it is hoped that this will be an aid for all time worthy literary contribu-

(Over Please)



X-PN 4827

#69

*The*  
*Lost*  
*Chord*

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CONGRESS  
APR 29 1944

{ THIS ISSUE UNDER  
MANAGEMENT OF  
JOSEPH, Jr. }

TWELFTH  
TWADDLE

✂ MAY 1939 ✂

5-39

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May 1999

CONGRESS

MENTAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

X-PN 4827

**Washburn**

By 1971, the U.S. had a ~~total of~~ total of ~~100,000~~ 100,000 ~~troops~~ troops in Vietnam.

was 16 years old and lives in  
Highland Park. Up until last  
July he was tremendously athletic  
but since then his AMERICAN  
has been missing from AAFA bundles.  
It is hard to blame him for his  
inactivity because he does a lot  
of job work puts out a lot  
of power, and plays the drums  
all night besides regular school  
work. He owns an AMF organ and  
takes his friends his Eagle he also  
publishes a cartoon newspaper.  
The MIDDLE MAN only other  
thing he has is a bicycle.

X-PM 1927

LONG ISLAND

JUN 28 1945

AMATEUR

COPY

UNIT

Volume 1

June 1939

Number 2

THE AAPA CONVENTION

By William Groveman

This summer the AAPA convention will be held and promises to be the best yet. As many as forty members are expected to attend. AAPA'ians from all over America are heading for New York. Albert Rimer, Helen and Bob Kunde, Bruce Smith, and Jim Francis are all expected. The two dozen AAPA'ers in New York and New Jersey are all expected to turn out in full force. While New York City has many members in its vicinity who would attend the convention, the World's Fair will act as an added incentive and bring many more members to the convention. A date convenient to all will have to be set; late June, late July, or early August have all been suggested. These have both their advantages and disadvantages; if late June were chosen many members who were going to a camp for the summer could attend, while if late July or early August were picked the members who work and would be on their vacations could attend. The date will have to be carefully thought over so as to allow as many members as possible to attend. Another thing to be thought over is as to where the convention would be held, though this is not such a hard problem. A reasonably priced hotel room or possibly a room in a "Y" are suggestions.

At any rate I want to let all members know that we in the New York area are beginning to plan the convention now and will promise you a reasonable and enjoyable visit to  
(continued on page four)

THE LONG ISLAND AMATEUR

VOL. I

JULY 1939

NO. 3

4827 PLAIN TORTURE

By

....Morton Millet....

Jim laughed softly to himself. His outer appearance however did not reveal this strange, whimsical laugh. Now he wasn't the back-down kind. Yellow? That was out of the question! Why, as far back as Jim could remember he had stood right up to various boys, nearly twice his size and age, and given them eye for eye. There was not a fraction of a question as to the courage and bravado of this spunky, little lad.

As he rubbed the back of his hand on the knee of his pants leg cold sweat began to appear upon his furrowed brow. James Fairfield, center of many a trying adventure, knew without a doubt that for once in his varied life he finally found himself between the proverbial, "Devil and the deep blue sea", situation. For once Jim was forced to admit he was cornered, cornered like a rat!

Tugging at his pockets he finally pulled forth a dirty, checkered handkerchief. He then blew violently into it and, before putting it back into his pocket, he very slowly wiped the seat of the chair, and also the sweat that appeared upon his furrowed brow. His hand fell upon a black object lying on the table; he fingered it nervously. Across the dimly lighted room, sitting opposite Jim, sat a squat, bald-headed, man, whose appearance displayed by the lamp nearby, showed the features of a very impatient individual. He uttered a low growl beneath his breath and brought his aged hand down upon the table in a domineering gesture.

James Fairfield knew without a doubt that his time was short, very short. It was a slim chance he must take he knew; it came down to this: either he take that chance or just give up without a fight. He knew there was no other way out of this undreamed of predicament.

Because of his never-die nature Jim made his mind up to take that lone chance. He wouldn't give up without a      Continued on page 4.

X-PN 4827

*The* LONG ISLAND AMATEUR

AAPA Charter No. 16

THE LIBRARY OF  
THE AMATEUR  
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

Vol. I

AUGUST, 1939

No. 4

A DISCUSSION OF LOAFING

by Robert Raisbeck

Ah, what fun it is to loaf! Can you think of anything more appealing? Loafing is defined as passing time in idleness or wasting time. I think the lexicographer of that dictionary must have been somewhat like Samuel Johnson, a little prejudiced against certain types of people. Certainly, the editor was too harsh against the great Fraternal Order of Loafers. I believe he was mistaken here; I think he meant the WPA.

Just think of the wonders the world connotes! To lie blissfully under the shade of the old apple tree and let the rest of the world go by! You can gaze at other people laboriously working, hastening their life away, and whatever comes of it? Not much; we frequently live longer than they and have a much better time while we're at it. Another advantage is the opportunity to build castles in the air. Most of us have some secret things we like to dream about; loafing furnishes a good means of doing this. Get a mental view of yourself, reclining on a sofa and dreaming of your best girl. You will have no trouble whatsoever in making her kiss you. Your every command will be instantly obeyed.

(Con't. on page 5)

X-PN 4827

the

LONG ISLAND

AMATEUR

AAPA Charter No. 16

Class A

Vol. I

OCTOBER, 1939

#14  
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THE AMATEUR PRESS  
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

... And Thus Came Autumn

by Michael Phelan

Every morning just at daybreak the leaves awoke. They looked around them in the haziness of the dim morning and wished for the warmth of the sun to brighten their green backs.

The great maples grew high during the summer months. And high on the tip of one tree grew a huge and solitary leaf. It spread big and fun-like. In the light of the sun it shone brilliantly and when the breeze rolled gently along the big leaf danced about so joyously.

All of the other maple leaves admired their big brother. Perhaps because he was more beautiful than they and lived high among the heavens. Some, even, had whispered that he was a god!

"Watch him in the morning," the leaves said softly to one another. "You'll see him dance way up on top of the branch, then he'll shout, 'Let there, be light!' And, mind you, it will be light with the warm sun in about an hour."

And sure enough, in the milky dew of the morning, the big leaf's five fingers opened and twisted around. Soon his whole body was shaking, dancing, shifting about in the gentle wind. Suddenly he shouted out across the wilder-

(Continued on Page 7)

# LITTLE WIT

An Ink Fountain for Practise Teachers  
and Prophets Out on Parole

Vol. I JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1939 No. 1

## By Rule

Boy with black spider  
on hat,  
and four June bugs  
on new sweater,  
parades before student body  
holding bull frog high.

Principal summons boy  
to office,  
begins with rule 173 . . .  
(nor to molest fellow student)  
eye on spider,  
ends with rule 803 . . .  
(becomes property of school)  
hand on bull frog.

KHATCHIK MINASIAN.

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\$1.00 a Year

THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
"READ REPORT"  
APR 29 1944

## LIBRARY NEWS

Official Organ of the Library of Amateur Journalism

No. 4

Arlington, Va.

February, 1939

STOP PRESS  
NEWS

During Librarian Smith's November week at the Franklin Memorial, Librarian Rigling arranged to bind without cost to amateurs the 8,000 papers collected of 1915 to 1938. They are sorted by year and alphabet for cataloging.

Important  
Additions

A tablet, 33 by 22 inches, was put in the City Institute April 24, 1909, to mark the N. A. P. A. founding there in 1876. Having lost its significance when the building was demolished, an effort was made to recover it.

The tablet was found and forwarded to the Library of A. J. at the Franklin Memorial. Librarian Rigling will place next to it a frame showing its history, a photo of the old City Institute, and James M. Beck's story of the N. A. P. A. founding from the June 1909 Fossil.

PHILADELPHIA CITY INSTITUTE  
218 South 19th Street

December 13, 1938.

DEAR MR. SMITH:

The Board of Managers approved the suggestion in your letter of November 19, and we are endeavoring to locate the tablet. It has probably been stored in the attic or the cellar.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE REATH, Secretary.



Card catalog, 1878 boy press, and some of the 300 volumes of 30,000 amateur papers in the Franklin Memorial.

A duplicate tablet marking the N. A. P. A. Presidents' Field at Pine Springs, Mich., presented by ex-President Macaulay, has been placed in the Franklin Memorial. Assistant Librarian Pertuch has framed and hung nearby photos of the field.

To show the background of the Library of A. J., a frame has been hung in the Franklin Memorial containing a photo of the Smith Collection at Pratt Institute Library, Brooklyn, 1908-1913; Director Williams' penned request for its transfer to the School of Journalism, Columbia University, New York; photo of Director Williams; School of Journalism Library; photo of the Collection there, 1913-1916; and a facsimile of the 1931 letter from Director McClenahan accepting it for preservation in the Franklin Memorial.

During Librarian Smith's call on Joseph Dana Miller last April for identification of some faces in Fossil photos, Custodian Miller gave the Silver Cup for the Franklin Memorial, where it is now, which James M. Beck presented to the Fossils in 1928.

Fossil Treasurer Corell has given the Library of A. J. typewritten papers of 1903-04. He wrote: "The process of printing was simple. I made as many carbons as possible, also used the original to print on railroad tissue, using water and copying press." To make ink for



# LIBRARY NEWS

Official Organ of the Library of Amateur Journalism

No. 5

Arlington, Va.

October, 1939

## ELAINE AND HAROLD: YES?

The 1940 conclave will give Philadelphia and Edwin Hadley Smith the opportunity to show the world's largest collection of amateur papers, housed in The Franklin Institute.—Editor Segal, The New Times, August 15.

Passing through Philadelphia in August, Librarian Smith conferred with Librarian Rigling of The Franklin Institute, who has charge of the Library of Amateur Journalism. Many amateurs will attend next July's 65th annual convention of the National Amateur Press Association, so a convenient display was discussed. Mr. Rigling's suggestions, since approved by Director Allen of The Franklin Institute, are submitted for the information of the members, especially President Elaine Jorgensen, who appoints the convention dates in the March National Amateur, and Chairman Harold Segal of the Reception Committee, which selects the convention room and hotel headquarters:

1. The N. A. P. A. is offered free the Patent Room from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m. for the three-day sessions and the week's exhibition of the Library of A. J. It is a beautiful second-floor room, seating over 100 persons, overlooking The Parkway and Public Library.

2. The volumes of amateur papers and professional clippings, amateur books, and catalog cabinets would be moved from their private stack to shelves along the convention room wall, allowing examination on nearby tables. Opportunity would be given to see the exhibits attached to walls and shelves in the private stack.

3. The N. A. P. A. usually meets around July 4th, but The Franklin Memorial is closed that holiday, a Thursday next year. The three-day convention could be Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, July 1, 2, and 3. Delegates usually start the Saturday or Sunday before convention.

4. The banquet, usually the second night, could be Tuesday, 2d. The convention's close on Wednesday, 3rd, would let delegates sightsee Philadelphia the rest of the week, or the New York Fair, to be reopened. Those who stayed in Philadelphia Friday and Saturday, 5th and 6th, could further examine the Library of A. J., which would remain in the convention room until the week-end.

5. The building has a cafeteria, and other restaurants are within three-and-a-half blocks. While away from the business section, moderate-priced hotels for rooms and meals are within four to six blocks—Robert Morris, 17th and Arch streets; Stephen Girard, 20th and Chestnut; Chestnut, 21st and Chestnut; Rittenhouse, 22d and Chestnut; and Belgrave, 18th and Chestnut.

6. The Benjamin Franklin Memorial steps offer a fine background for the convention photo.

When the N. A. P. A. met in New York in 1909, a session—with John Winslow Snyder, first president (1876), presiding—was held in Pratt Institute Public Library, Brooklyn, and the Smith Collection, then on loan there, was moved from a private stack to the convention room for exhibition.

## THE LIBRARY OF AMATEUR JOURNALISM

Available to conventionists are the following exhibits:

### AMATEUR PAPERS

267 volumes of 27,411 American papers, 1841-1914.

32 volumes of 2,283 papers of 17 foreign countries, 1750-1914.

### SEPARATE BOUND VOLUMES

Juvenile Portfolio, by Thomas Condie, Jr., 1812-1816.

Lowell Offering, by mill girls, 1843-1850.

Gleaner, by H. B. and W. C. Hubbard, 1846-1849.

Young Idea, by James M. Whiton, Jr., 1847-48. Richard Gerner's Writings, 11 volumes, 1871-1885.

American Youth, by William Howe Downes, Willis N. Stewart, William F. Miller, and I. Jaroslawski, who took type and press from America to print at the Vienna Exposition, 1873.

Our Gem, by Will A. Fiske, Charles R. Sherlock, and Fred L. Dillaye, 1873-74.

Aeme, by John H. Gibbons and Will M. Crutenden, 1874-75.

Amateur Aspirant, by D. E. Roberts and A. W. Dingwall, 1875.

American Banner, by William H. Siviter, 1876.

## L I T T L E   W I T

No. 2

December 1939

## FUGITIVE

Did you see my happy days  
Running down your street,  
Hurrying away from me,  
Wings upon their feet?

Leaving me, they slipped outside  
(I was fast asleep),  
Soundless on their cushioned toes  
(Lest I wake...and weep).

They wore gowns of rich brocade,  
Gorgeous, amber-hued.  
When you see them, take their hands,  
Tell them they are rude.

Send them home, and I shall lay  
Each upon a shelf.  
Then, when lonely days intrude,  
I shall help myself.

Naomi Margaret Barnes

## THE PHILANTHROPIC RANCHER'S CREED

--variation on a theme from the Biglow Papers

Yes, I believe in human rights  
As far away as Czechia,  
And all my days and half my nights  
Are spent in loving Latvia;  
I'll give a dollar, any day,  
Toward rescuing Jews from Poland--  
But if you don't like the wage I pay,  
Just crank up and start rolling.

Oh, how I hate all Communists,  
Bundists, and Silver Shirts!  
To rid earth of such atheists,  
Tax me until it hurts.  
By law or equity abate  
The alien isms that harm us,  
But do you have to investigate  
The Associated Farmers?

LITTLE WIT is published by Edmund Kolly Jones, Box 506,  
Oakdale, Calif., a member of the National Amateur Press  
Association, who pays no wage at all to contributors.

THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
SERIAL RECORD

LOUISIANA  
DRIFTWOOD

X-PN 4827

#79

COPY

VOL. 1 EXTRA NO. 4

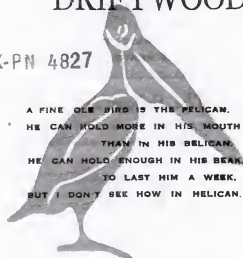


*Extra !*

---

LOUISIANA #80  
DRIFTWOOD

X-PN 4827



A FINE OLD BIRD IS THE PELICAN,  
HE CAN HOLD MORE IN HIS MOUTH  
THAN IN HIS BELICAN,  
HE CAN HOLD ENOUGH IN HIS BEAK,  
TO LAST HIM A WEEK,  
BUT I DON'T SEE HOW IN HELICAN.

VOLUME 1

SPRING

NUMBER 6

#81

THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
SERIAL RECORDS

Louisiana Driftwood

COPY  
GIFT



Autumn, 1940

THE  
A-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
SERIAL RECORD

LITTLE JUN 2 1943

COPY  
BOS. GIFT

Vol. 1

March, 1943

X-PN 4627

THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
SERIAL RECORD

... the JUN 26 1943

**LITTLE BOSS**

Vol. II November, 1940 No. 2

*pencils of peace*

DEAN MEREDITH

Crosseders and writers and poets galore,  
Come pick up your pencils and scribble  
some more.  
A demon of war is unleashed in a com-  
mercial world  
With guns and a sword and a temper  
unfurled;  
Come take up your cudgels and set the  
world free  
By locking the demon of war under  
padlock and key!

X-PN 4827

#54

**The Little Boss**

Vol. II .. June, 1940 .. No. 1

**AAPA Charter A-19**

—Editor—

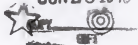
Robert L. Smith, Jr., 11 Andover Pl. e  
West Hempstead, N. Y.



X-PN 4827

THE CITY OF BOSTON  
LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
AAPA CHARTER RECORDS

JUN 28 194



VOL. 1..... APRIL, 1940..... NO. 6

PRINTED & PUBLISHED BY-

Robert L. Smith, Jr.

11 Andover Pl., W. Hempstead, N.Y.



DUD

X-4827

THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
SERIAL RECORDS

#56

The Little Boss JUN 28 1940

Vol. I, No. 4

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~ FEB 1940

CONF

### My Translation

I never expected to publish  
this issue of THE LITTLE BOSS  
soon but I received a ROTARY  
PRINTING PRESS as a Christmas  
gift. Hereafter this journal WILL  
BE ISSUED MONTHLY. PLEASE

Editor

Robert L. Smith, Jr.,  
11 Andover Place  
West Hempstead, N. Y.

AAPA Member

A Boss in every BUNDLE

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS

#87

**THE LYCEUM**

HOUSTON, TEXAS SPRING 1940

**Introduction To The  
Young Men's Lyceum**

BY RALPH BRANDT

The open forum where opinions are freely expressed trains for better citizenship. The youth who has the chance to discuss important problems with others learns to correctly use his American heritage of free thought, speech and expression. He is able to better fulfill his obligation as a voter or public servant.

Not conspiring, but inspiring; not prejudiced, but open minded; not malicious but good-willed are the results of a clean, well conducted exchange of ideas.

The Young Men's Lyceum is dedicated to worthwhile debate and discussion to promote intellect and the power to properly serve in the sacred capacity of citizenship.

Members will freely contribute their essays and thoughts through The Lyceum. Good outside material is also solicited.

**Figures and Figures**

Our national government is in debt at the rate of about 74 cents a second since the birth of Christ! There have been approximately 61,179,840,000 seconds in 1,940 years.

To illustrate the immensity of these figures a business man recently estimated by careful calculation that it would take 13 years to count to just one billion.

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
SERIAL RECORD

#58

JUN 28 1945

## THE LYCEUM

MEMBER A. A. P. A.

SUMMER, 1940

CLASS CHARTER

**They Are Here Again**

BY HUGH CHRISTIANSON

Today, while the big guns boom in an attempt to settle the current European quarrel, America's big guns are booming too. For the politicians, that funny breed who sit around in swivel chairs smoking big cigars, and propping their size fourteens on the taxpayers desks, are around again. Once every four years, there occurs this phenomenon which Americans alone are able to see and hear.

Aroused by the noise of speeches and fanfare, the voter is warned that the high pressure politician has come out of hibernation, prepared to sling his dirt with the best of them. Claims and counter claims fill the air in the warmup for the stretch drive.

Each year it seems that to put in worse officials than are holding sway is humanly impossible. But we reckon without the hardy American voter. Unfalteringly rising to the occasion, with a single flourish he elects a crop that accomplishes more in the wrong direction, than any other has done in preceding years.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

**The Dawn of U.S. Defence**

The first agency to handle American naval matters was the Marine Committee of three members, established by Congress in legislation of 1775. In November, 1776, a Continental Navy Board was established to consist of three competent persons and to be subordinate to the Marine Committee.

Today our Navy is our first line of defense.

**More Than One Way to Destroy a Democracy**

BY DICK FOWLER

America is furiously rearming. She is completely absorbed in carrying out a plan designed to meet invasion from Germany or any other nation. She is trying to make herself impregnable to those enemies who work from within. Yet she plunges into this enormous defense program blissfully unaware of the greatest peril of all. That peril is the destruction of our democracy by the very forces created to defend it. Perhaps it sounds incredible to you; that is the very thing which gives it strength.

As soon as Mister American Citizen realizes that his constitutional and hereditary rights and privileges are in danger then he will have destroyed that danger. When he becomes aware that his government, in order to more quickly and efficiently do the job that faces it, may destroy many of his rights; then his rights are safe.

"But," you say, "if sacrificing some of my rights will enable my government to more quickly prepare itself to defend me, then I am willing to give them up temporarily." This is all very good, but if you sacrifice your rights in order to be able to protect those same rights, then you have lost

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

APR 1921

AUTUMN 1940

THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

# The Lyceum

*The journal of opinion and discussion for better understanding*

## PRESIDENTS AND PRECEDENT

By J. C. Billingslev

A major issue of the current presidential campaign is the third term tradition—a tradition which began in 1797 with Washington's refusal to run for a third term, and strengthened by Grant's lack of success in securing the nomination of the Republican convention for the third time.

In the early years of the republic, the American people were afraid of a government that would become as centralized as the contemporary monarchy of England. Washington's political enemies accused him of endeavoring to centralize the power of the government. Thomas Jefferson describes Washington as stalking the floor in a thunderous fury, swearing in no mild language that instead of seeking to be a dictator, he would rather be on his farm than be emperor

of the world. In declining the request of friends to run, he said he thought it unwise for any man to be president for too long a period.

In 1876 U. S. Grant had his name put before the Republican convention at the request of crooked associates. History attributes his failure in securing the nomination to the feeling of the people against a third term, but Grant's second term was very unsuccessful, politically and financially. A depression followed failure of money speculation in 1873. His mercenary associates created a scandal concerning the administration that left a bad taste in the mouth of the people.

Should a tradition, set and strengthened under such circumstances, influence the people in selecting their leader in the world crisis we face today?

X-PN 4827

COMMUNIST  
INTERNAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

#90

LO'-QUI-TUR

Since coming home from the Philadelphia Convention, Willametta and I have plunged into the task of putting the N. A. P. A. on the map, so far as Springfield is concerned. We round-up our members, gave them a pep talk and the result is LO'-QUI-TUR.

Lo'-qui-tur is going to be the voice of our Club. We plan to conduct our meetings very informally—so far all the meetings we have had have been hurried affairs held between the changing of traffic lights; hasty get-togethers on the way to work. We want to be informal but we do hope soon to find a place to hold regular meetings.

We hope in this first issue to present some of each club member's work. We want your comment and criticism. In fact we are asking for it!

Each issue of the "Lo'-qui-tur" will have a different Editor until each club member has served in that capacity and each issue will reflect his or her personality.

It is our hope that the Voice of our club will never grow weak!

# LIBRARY NEWS

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE LIBRARY OF AMATEUR JOURNALISM

Collected by Edwin Hadley Smith

No. 6

March, 1940

## Library Additions

In 1916 The Fossils received my 4,400 printed relics of Amateur Journalism mounted on 12 by 18 inch sheets. Unbound, their examination was difficult. When The Franklin Institute received my papers, books, and clippings in 1934, the relics were shipped to me to be brought up to date. After 15 years retirement I had resumed activity in 1930, and by 1940 had collected thousands of clippings and relics to be sorted and mounted "some day." Philadelphia, my birth city, having been elected N. A. P. A. 1940 convention, a drive was begun in January for a clean-up to exhibit and preserve the stuff.

Three neighborhood youths—Walter Morgan, Benjamin and Edgar Oliver—were employed to paste the 900 clippings and 1,900 relics collected the past seven years. Excluding my time in sorting, trimming, labeling, and arranging, the boys worked evenings and Saturdays a total of 195 hours, or one month of 8-hour days excluding Sundays. A girl, Miss Akin, was employed to card catalog the clippings. The total cost for help—exclusive of paper, cards, and 7 quarts of paste—was \$60.

To strengthen the 30-year-old relic sheets for binding, 2-inch strips of glazed onion-skin transparent tissue were pasted on. Some photos in this number show it. Likewise were reinforced the sewed edges of the clippings bound in 10 volumes 30 years ago. For the additional relics and clippings, a 90-pound Swede rope tag paper was used.

Another page gives detailed statistics. The books total 1,045 of America and 4 foreign countries; the clippings, on 7 by 10 sheets, from newspapers and magazines about active and oldtime amateurs, total 2,667 of America and 6 foreign countries; and the relics, on 12 by 18 sheets, 6,258 of America and foreign countries. For ready reference, the relics are classified by Advertisements of amateur books and papers, Application blanks for membership in organizations, Cards, Certificates of laureate and membership, Envelopes, Invita-

tions to conventions and clubs (116 different organizations), Letterheads, Menus of banquets, Political matter, Proxies, Subscription blanks to amateur papers and books, and Miscellaneous matter. Badges are pasted in a 10½ by 12 scrapbook. An alphabetical system is used on the relics. The applications of an organization are mounted together; likewise the certificates, invitations, menus, and proxies. The advertisements, cards, envelopes, letterheads, political matter, subscriptions, and miscellaneous matter are mounted by A to Z names, thus H for Charles W. Heins; or by the name of a paper, like L for Lucky Dog. Foreign relics, mounted by country, are the first sheets of every class.

Photos of the 13 relic classes and my typewritten legends appear on other pages. The printing of those 8 pages was by photostat on 24-pound starchless bond paper, the other 4 pages were linotyped.

There remains making-up of the sheets of clippings and relics for volume thickness and appropriate lettering. At a psychological moment—while wondering if The Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, where the Library of A. J. is preserved, would pay for the estimated \$100 binding cost—came the following letter:

"March 9, 1940.

DEAR MR. SMITH:

A little over a week ago our Controller advised me that the Institute was to receive a bequest of \$100 under the will of the late Mulford Tausig for the maintenance, improvement, or benefit of the Fossil Library. The bequest has not yet been received, but we have gone through the formality of signing certain legal documents. I shall advise you when the matter is closed.

Yours very truly,

ALFRED RIGLING, Librarian."

Fossil Tausig attended the N. A. P. A. organization in Philadelphia July 4, 1876. He lived in Harrisburg, Pa.; was an attorney; and died April 13, 1938. The volumes of relics and additional clippings to be bound will be a memorial to his generosity.

SEP 14 1942

## LIBRARY NEWS

#92

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE LIBRARY OF AMATEUR JOURNALISM

Collected by Edwin Hadley Smith and Preserved in  
The Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, Pa.

*"The cost of a thing is the amount of what I call Life which is required in exchange for it, immediately or in the long run."—Thoreau.*

No. 7

MAY 1940

## Some Interesting Papers and Articles in the Library

FOREWORD—Reception Committee Chairman Segal announces the N. A. P. A. conventionists will spend Friday afternoon, July 5, at the Library. To save time, those who go can mark in advance the papers and articles on this list which they wish to see and bring it with them.

Clippings from Newspapers and Magazines (2,667 from 1867 to 1939)

## Volume

1. "Oliver Optic's" encouragement, Our Boys and Girls 1866-1875.  
Nathaniel Hawthorne's boyhood writings, Portland Transcript 1871 and 1873 and New York Tribune 1880.  
News-letter department, Youth and Pleasure 1881.  
"Amateur Newspapers," St. Nicholas July 1882.
2. "Relations of Amateur to Professional Journalism," Journalist 1889.
3. Amateur Journalism department, American Boy 1900.
5. Golden Hours Junior 1902, by J. R. Abarbanell.
6. "Printing for Beginners," Amateur Work 1903.
7. Amateur Journalism department, Star Monthly and Young Americans 1904.
8. Amateur Journalism department by Theodore G. Meyer, Golden Days 1905.
9. "Beginnings of Amateur Journalism," by Helen Beck (James M. Beck's sister), Sun Feb. 28, 1909.  
"Washington Men Who Were Editors in Boyhood" by Henry Litchfield West, Washington Herald May 1, 1910.
11. Robert Louis Stevenson's boyhood book

and papers, Anderson Auction Co. Catalog 1914.

13. "Amateur Journalism in Maine"—Cyrus H. K. Curtis as a boy editor, Sun-Up 1931.
14. William R. Murphy's story of the Library's presentation to The Franklin Institute, Public Ledger 1934.
15. Progress-Bulletin, Pomona, Calif., 1935: History of its founding 50 years ago by Edward E. Stowell, N. A. P. A. president 1884.
16. National Puzzlers' League, American Magazine 1937.  
Edison's Weekly Herald of 1862, printed when 15; by Anthony F. Klinkner, Midwest Antiquarian 1938.  
Henry L. Mencken's story of a boyhood press and paper of 1889, New Yorker Magazine 1939.

Foreign Amateur Papers (2,019 from 1750 to 1914)  
Volume

1. French papers 1898-99.
6. Boys' Folio, Canada 1884, by Finlay Grant and J. H. Ives Munro.
- 9a. Student 1750, by Oxford and Cambridge students.
- 9b. Microcosm 1786-87, by George Canning, age 19, later British prime minister.
14. Ye Quaynt 1883, by Samuel L. Nuzzey.
24. Northern Circle 1903, by Frank C. Thornborough. British "passaround" circulated among a dozen readers.

The National Amateur, 1878 to 1938

## Volume

1. Original minutes of Philadelphia 1876 organization convention. Pasted in front of volume.



## LIBRARY NEWS

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE LIBRARY OF AMATEUR JOURNALISM

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## Volume

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MAY 1940

X-PN 4821

# THE LOUISVILLE AMATEUR

29 1944



## THE L.A.P.C. IS STILL ACTIVE

### MARCH MEETING

by Dud Johnson

SUNNY SKIES AND A TYPICAL Kentucky Irish atmosphere prevailed as the Louisville Amateur Press Club met for its March meeting at the home of Prexy Edward Frank Reed on Saint Patrick's Day, Sunday March 17. And sure, if it wasn't as fair a crowd of colleens and laddies as you ever hope to see gather

under the banners of amateur journalism.

15 members were present at the meeting where plans were made for the Louisville Amateur Press Club Party, which was held in Kapfhammer's Rathskellar on Thursday evening, March 28th, with 14 LAPC members and their dates attending. (see page 3.)

Two new members were welcomed into the LAPC at the March meeting, namely Dolores Moellman and Pearl Martin, editorial directors

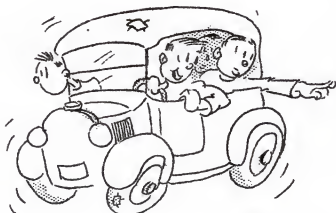
### CLUB GIVES PARTY

of the High School Record, student publication of Louisville Girls' High School.

Plans were furthered at the March meeting for the Kentucky - Central States' gathering of amateur journalists to be held on the Richmond, Ky. campus of Eastern State Teachers College on Sunday, Apr. 14.

Manuscripts of various members and the new Smoot-Campbellian publication, "The Mint Julep" were read at the meeting.

AMATEURS  
TAKE  
RICHMOND!



Ba Campbell

### POOR CHICAGO!

On Friday, April 26, five LAPC boys board Reed's Roundabout, push the ol' prexy's Henry across the Ohio River, nose her towards the north and from there on let nature take her course --- but they hope to reach Chicago, where they plan to spend the week - end in the company of Chicago's a.j.'s.

### HELLO RICHMOND! THE LAPC says hello!

Details of the Richmond a.j. gathering have been carried in a special circular issued by the Louisville promoters and in the "Eastern Progress", publication of Eastern State Teachers College.

A report of the meeting will appear in Ky. journals soon.

# THE LOUISVILLE AMATEUR

NOVEMBER 1940

PREXY  RATER

-BUD JOHNSON-

For better or worse, the Louisville Amateur Press Club has elected me president for the coming year, and for this honor I am indeed grateful to all members.

But to succeed Edward F. Reed in this office is a difficult task and the work he has performed during his term as president will be harder yet to duplicate. Indeed, I think it is to him more than to any other one person that this club owes its existence, a fact which should not be forgotten.

. . . .

My personal program in the coming year can best be summed up in one word: "Progress". In my mind, the club has not yet attained the limit of its activities, membership, help to amateur journalists, or recognition.

The details of the convention, as will be noted in another part of this journal, have been turned over to Mr. Reed, who has been appointed chairman of the National Convention Committee. In this way we feel that with one group concentrating on the convention, it will be much more of a success in July.

See You Next July? ? ?

## L.A.P.C. CELEBRATES THIRD BIRTHDAY

### JOHNSON SUCCEEDS REED AS PRESIDENT

On October 15, 1940, the Louisville Amateur Press Club had its third anniversary banquet at the French Village Restaurant in downtown Louisville.

A welcome to the twelve members and three guests present was extended by the president, Edward Frank Reed.

The first guest speaker of the evening was James Tandy Ellis, who is famous for his newspaper feature, "The Tang of the South". Mr. Ellis delighted the banqueters with his stories of Kentucky and her native sons.

### HITCHED

#### MCGRATH-NORTON WED

Bright and early on the morning of Saturday, Oct. 19, 1940, at St. Helen's Roman Catholic Church in suburban Shively, L.A.P.C.ian Margie McGrath became the wife of L.A.P.C.ian Bud Norton. Miss McGrath's sister, Mary Lou, was bridesmaid, and Joseph Schneider, faithful Norton friend, took care of best-man duties.

The newly-weds are living at 639 So. 37th Street. Mr. Norton's position is that of a clothing salesman for Rhodes-Rapier Company.

This event marks one of the most important functions in the history of the L.A.P.C. We believe it is one of the few inter-club marriages in United chapters.

We believe that this marriage and future ones will not decrease our membership, but will increase the spirit of co-operation and bonds of friendship now flourishing in our club.

John H. Hoagland, the Trade Relations Manager of The Courier-Journal and Louisville Times, spoke on promotion and publicity as put to use in his work. From his speech, the club members learned how these factors could be used in the '41 convention activities.

The literary awards for the best articles submitted by the members were presented by Miss Marie B. Hansen, staff writer for the Courier-Journal. These awards were won by Charles Johnson, Mary Timmel, Mary Lou Holden and Helen Gardner. Miss Hansen then drew the winning ticket in the radio raffle conducted by the club. The winner was George D. Smith, 1340 Earl Avenue, Louisville.

The reports of the secretary-treasurer, the official editor, historian and librarian were then presented and approved.

-contd. on page 4-

## L I T T L E   W I T

an ink-fountain  
for practise teachers  
and prophets out on parole

---

No. 3March 1940

---

## Spring Cleaning

I gave away dear Edward's hat.  
After he had it blocked  
It never seemed to fit at all.  
His shelf was overstocked  
With things he'd had around for  
years. The shoes were undersized;  
So out they went. I thought he'd  
cheer, but my, was I surprised!  
At first I thought he must be mean,  
or just a little queer,  
But he's a normal husband, I conclude  
from what I hear.  
Just give away a garment he's  
discarded long ago  
And a man becomes a tyrant, while  
his wife's a so-and-so.

CECIL BONHAM

Mrs. Weeps: I always feel lots better after a  
good cry.

Mrs. Ditto: So do I. It sort of gets things  
out of your system.

Mrs. Weeps: No, it doesn't get anything out of  
my system, but it does get things out of my husband.

Christian Advocate

Arabel: I generally have an argument with my  
husband once a week. I suppose it's the same way  
with you.

Claribel: Oh, no. My husband gets paid by  
the month.

Pacific Rural Press

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Published irregularly by Edmund Kelly Janes, P. O.  
Box 506, Oakdale, Stanislaus co., Calif. Gratis to  
members of the National Amateur Press association.  
Subscription price \$1 for 13 issues. Contributors  
are paid \$1 per mimeo page.

Copyright 1940 by Edmund Kelly Janes

#97

THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
SERIAL RECORD  
JUN 28 1945

L I T T L E   W I T

No. 5      August 1940

COPY \_\_\_\_\_  
GIFT

Which is I?

This body I'm wearing  
Just couldn't be small,  
There are so many I's  
Down inside of it all.

CECIL BONHAM

And there would be more I's in LITTLE WIT this time if I had not limited all of us to six pages so that there would be some chance of getting the issue out three months if not two months after the preceding issue. Also, a ream of mimeo paper costs \$1.50. Copyright is another thing that costs money. And I must see Treasure Island once more before the fair ends.

Having exchanged pomes with my rival at mimeography and put off putting hers in until now, I'll have to crowd it in here on the first page, done last.

Black Ride

When I have grown so old and spent, my heart no longer speeds  
At stirring sight of open range and waiting saddled steeds,  
When memories are growing dim and seldom I recall  
The golden scenes of sandhills and the warm, brown days of fall,  
When I forget the gripping knees, the mud slide down and dune,  
The masculine kiss of the wind in my face, and the sting of  
sand on my cheeks,  
And the sudden slash of a cut in the banks loading down to  
hidden creeks,  
The sleepy scent of hay in stacks where sun has camped all day,  
And the sharp, sweet rush of a ride by night, and the pearl-  
flushed Milky Way,  
When even the rolling, crashing storms are powerless to thrill,  
And the siren voice of the strong north wind has dropped to a  
dying chill,  
From somewhere deep within my soul will swell to a dying roar  
The symphony of thundering hooves I have heard but will hear  
no more,  
And lips will tremble at ghosts of shouts, and hands strain at  
the rein,  
On the black horse, Death, I'll be off and away, astride on  
the range again.

WILLAMETTA

Mimeoed by Edmund Kelly Janos, P.O.Box 506, Oakdale, California  
Gratis to NAPA members::Others pay 10¢ an issue, \$1 for 13

1027

#98

# THE LITERARY HERALD



THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
JENIAL REPOS  
APR 29 1944

AUTUMN, 1941

# The LITERARY HERALD

All contents entered for the U. A. P. A. Laureate Awards.

VOL. I

— WINTER 1941 —

NO. 2



## CHRISTMAS PRAYER

By BESSIE BARNES

*Oh, give us stars for Christmas  
And upon the hills the snow . . .  
And plant within our hearts  
Hope, like fir trees in a row.*

*Oh, paint us a picture of  
peace . . .  
Of Wise Men riding in the night,  
Bend our knees, and lift our  
eyes,  
That we may treasure the sight.*

*Oh, let us have a soft green tree  
Aglow with lights and silver  
bells,  
And a warm house, and chil-  
dren's eyes  
Where brimming happiness  
dwells.*

*Then, when winter twilight  
deepens  
And the day is softly ending,  
Grant us an hour of quietness  
Beside the hearth, remembering!*

## Editorial

In United circles for a long time, there has been a deprecating cry about the inability of non-publishers to get their literary efforts into printed form for circulation through the mailing bureau. We editors of this journal decided to give everyone the opportunity to appear in print, to be eligible for the laureate awards. We put out the initial issue of THE LITERARY HERALD in September, with a call to all non-publishers to join us. We received nice congratulatory letters, but not one person took advantage of our invitation to join this venture in cooperative publication. We found that those who had made the loudest cries were the ones who were the quietest and evasive when approached on the subject of cooperative editing. We believe we have a constructive plan. Perhaps you are hesitating because you think we are going to make a profit on your cooperation. This is a strictly non-profit deal. This journal is printed at cost, on good quality paper. We have to pay a higher price for the printing, because it is done on a professional press, due to the present dearth of U.A.P.A. printers. Naturally, as more amateurs cooperate, the cost each person will bear will become less. Besides being represented in a good-sized, neatly arranged literary journal, mailed to all United members, each contributing editor will receive extra copies for his private distribution.

## LIBRARY NEWS

#100

*Official Organ of the Library of Amateur Journalism*

Collected by Edwin Hadley Smith and Preserved in

The Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, Pa.

*Awarded Certificate of Merit by Salt Lake City Amateur Press Club in 1939.**Awarded Certificate of Distinguished Service by Hudson County (N. J.) Amateur Press Club in 1940.*

No. 8

ARLINGTON, VA.

MARCH 1941

**"NOW IT CAN BE TOLD"**

About 7,000 papers, 98 volumes, and 2,500 catalog cards of 1915 to 1940 have been added to the Library.

LIBRARY NEWS 1935 listed 13 N. A. P. A. librarians from 1914 to Smith's appointment in 1934. He recovered only 500 papers and from only 3 of the 13. To build-up 1915 to 1934, several old timers donated collections. About 800 papers came from the want list in LIBRARY NEWS November 1936.

The 7,000 papers were sorted by (1) foreign country and America, (2) year, (3) alphabetical name of paper, and (4) volume, number, and month of each year, to continue the arrangement to 1914 and discard duplicates.

Through a neighbor, secretary of Arlington Chamber of Commerce, Margaret Lundy, a blonde, and Ellen Waulters, a brunette, were engaged to catalog the papers, an extra typewriter and stand being rented. The girls typed four hours a day, four days a week from November 11 to December 17, Mrs. Smith acting as chaperon. They were paid \$28. While typing 1937 papers, Miss Lundy received a Government appointment, so Mrs. S. catalogued 1937 to 1940 and the instructions to binder on 98 volumes, and with the librarian checked the girls' typing. The total cataloging hours were 150.

When cataloging was done, the 7,000 papers were rehanded one by one for arrangement in volumes of uniform thickness. Each was tied-up between cardboard, and on the outside were these "Instructions to Binder: Keep in order as arranged; do not remove covers, or fold-in any papers; do not trim edges; bind in green Holliston Linen; reinforce the binding edge inside the front and back covers; gold lettering on the back as follows: (given for each volume)." The foreign will be bound in light blue Holliston Buckram. These colors continue previous binding.

Finally, the 98 packages were packed in cartons and shipped to The Franklin Institute the last week in February.

LIBRARY NEWS February 1939 announced Librarian Rigling's assurance that the Institute would pay the binding cost. Acting Librarian Pertuch confirmed this in January when Smith placed the 2,500 cards of 1915 to 1939 papers in the drawers. Amateurs, irrespective of association affiliation, much appreciate the Institute's cooperation.

The Library's growth required an additional 6-drawer 4 by 6 cabinet and a 3 by 5 cabinet, which the Alumni Association of A. J. supplied in January. The 16,500 catalog cards were rearranged with new drawer labels, printed by George W. Trainer, and protected from dust by celluloid.

Do not send any papers BEFORE 1940, as they cannot be added to bound volumes.

Before calling to see 1915 to 1940 papers, inquire if they have been bound, addressing Mr. Walter A. R. Pertuch, Acting Librarian, The Franklin Institute, The Parkway at 29th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



JUN 23 1945 #101

## LIBRARY NEWS

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## LIBRARY NEWS

JUL 28 1945

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE LIBRARY OF AMATEUR JOURNALISM

No. 9

POINT PLEASANT, N. J.

December 1941

## REMINISCENCES OF ROMANCES

Paul J. Campbell, National official editor in 1905 and United president in 1916, publishes a bimonthly magazine, *Courage*, for the Fraternity of the Wooden Leg, which he incorporated last year.

The July and August 1940 numbers reminisce of romances with St. Louis and Chicago amateurs. His reactions to defeatism were suicidal, but he had a clean excuse for not jumping into Lake Michigan.

University, and Gaither, 19, who is waiting for his brother to finish the university before he starts."

Paul continues in *Courage* "In 1906 I felt that life was not worth while. I hadn't been able to sleep, amusement parks failed to distract me, and I couldn't eat ham and eggs in Thompson's. The bottom had dropped out of everything because a girl had declined to go on a honeymoon trip around the world.



The St. Louis Actress in 1904



Paul, the Pursuer, in 1904



The Chicago Actress in 1906

July 4 was Amateur Journalists' Day at the St. Louis 1904 Exposition. A. M. Adams financed an exhibit and some immortal reimbursed him \$2.

"That was the day," recalls Paul, "I met the girl in the yellow dress, 'Tommy' Thomas, a leader in the local club. I took her to the theater, dined at her home, and passed letters with her." Alas for Paul, she married another amateur. But 36 years later he recalls "I can still see her, the girl in the yellow dress, with dark hair, and dreamy brown eyes that gaze longingly into the windows of the future—I hope that some of her dreams came true."

Let Tommy herself, now Almedia Thomas Bretholl, answer him in this letter of 10 years ago when joining the Alumni Association:

"Route 1, Pores Knob, N. C.  
March 5, 1931.

"Fred and I have a beautiful place of 140 acres, the Sunnyside Apple Orchards. We have two boys, C. F. Jr., 22, a senior at Duke

This was a very special girl, she wrote dramatic stories and quoted Byron, had played in a stock company with Henry Woodruff, and was the Queen of the Chicago Amateur Press Club. Losing her to the president of the National Amateur Press Association was a hard blow, the hardest I had ever received. Without the girl I didn't care a hang about circling the globe, and I seriously considered drowning my miseries in the lake. But I was a fastidious suicide. I wanted clean water to drown in." So mud saved his life!

Paul was attracted to actresses, for Tommy of St. Louis 1904 was on a concert program when 4 years old, and toured in 1898 with the Flora DeVoss Repertoire Company

That other actress, that Chicago 1906 "very special girl," was—hold on tight, everybody—Amanda Eunice Frees (the beloved "Freezette"), now Mrs. Tim Thrift, of Winchester, Mass., associate editor of *The Lucky Dog*. Believe-it-or-not!

## LITERARY NEWSLETTER

NO. 084

NOV. 10 1944

## PILGRIMAGE TO MICHIGAN

Memorial Services are an exquisite form of torture, yet we find consolation in paying honor to our beloved one. For two weeks I dreaded the day, and it was all the agony I had feared, yet I came home with my heart strangely comforted by the reverence that was paid the memory of our hero.

I took the midnight train for Wyandotte, arrived at dawn and was taken in charge by Bee-Jay's best friend, Al Green. The services were held at the High School at 3:00 p.m. The auditorium was filled with students and teachers as well as his friends.

The four-page program bore a symbolic drawing and the poem "Burton" by Al Green; a message from his good friend and principal, Miss Besse Davis, on a theme drawn from LN 169 "Hold the Course. We Must Go Thru There;" the program was on page three while the final page contained a brief biography. Now Al continues:

"I shall pass this way but once; any good thing, therefore, that I can do or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it, nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again." Such was Burton's philosophy, and love for him was expressed by the many who attended the Memorial. Thru it we felt his spirit.

We heard a far off chant of bugles in

"To the Colors" as four of His Scouts advanced to the stage with the flag he had given his life to preserve. The "Star Spangled Banner"

sung by the audience was a tribute from all. A march "True to Our Flag" and the "Army Air Corps Song" were appropriate numbers to be played by the High School Orchestra and sung by students of his school.

## BURTON

He climbed the mountain  
'till he reached the height  
He saw the sunset and  
He felt the light;  
Stark duty called Him and  
He gave his best.  
God grant Him fulfillment  
of dreams and rest.

So now in death, I know  
He'll find  
That Peace and Love, He  
held Divine.  
He's yours, Oh, God,  
And You've been kind to  
share  
That radiating beauty,  
from a Jewel so rare.

Al Green

like to recall what was said, but my heart was too full of sadness. But rest assured, friends, every word was true.

His portrait was presented by one of his students to his beloved principal, Miss Davis, to be hung in her office as a permanent memorial in Lincoln School. The baritone voice of one of our teachers touched our heartstrings with "There is no Death."

At the close, a moment of silent prayer, followed by offstage "taps" and "Retiring of the Colors" ended all that we could do for Him.

\*\*\*\*\*

THIS issue of "The Louisville Amateur" honors the father of amateur journalism, Benjamin Franklin, and in pausing to pay tribute to this doughty old pioneer of the American press, American amateur journalists take notice of one of the fundamental theories of American government--the press must be free.

In a Democratic country, in a land where people call themselves free, it is essential that the carriers of information be unbiased, that the people receive their news uncensored and uncolored, and it is just as important that all groups be given an equal opportunity to express their views without fear of suppression or penalty.

WHILE the American press has served this country faithfully for years and has been one of the bulwarks of our democratic system, yet it is not entirely free. No editor can give full vent to his views, because of various restraints that have been put on him.

But the amateur press is free.

IT is only here in the works of men and women who are their own authors and publishers that one can find a true freedom of expression unobtainable in any other medium. There is nothing for an amateur editor to fear from his

-continued on page 2.-

MEET YOUR A.J. FRIENDS  
IN LOUISVILLE IN JULY.

# THE LOUISVILLE AMATEUR

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE LOUISVILLE, KY A.J.'S

VOL. 4

FEBRUARY, 1941

NO. 2

## AP MAN SPEAKER AT SPECIAL L.A.P.C. MEETING: BEN FRANKLIN HONORED

Glenn Ramsey, chief of the Louisville Bureau of the Associated Press, is scheduled as the chief speaker at a special meeting of the Louisville Amateur Press Club to be held in the local Y.H.C.A. building Wednesday evening, January 15th.

Guests of the club at the meeting are high school editors of the city who are interested in amateur journalism.

The meeting is being held in conjunction with the Ben Franklin Day program of the club.

The meeting is being held in conjunction with the Ben Franklin Day program of the club.

Letters sent out by the club to the editors in viting them to the meeting explained the purpose and function of the club, and all members will be invited to join the L.A.P.C., which is launching a membership drive at the present time.

## CHERRY TREE DANCE SCHEDULED BY CLUB

Well, chop, chop, chop -- a "Cherry Tree Dance".

In an effort to raise further funds for the U.A.P.A. Convention to be held in Louisville this July, the L.A.P.C. is sponsoring a "Cherry Tree Dance" at Snyder's Iroquois Garden on Friday, February 21st.

Jimmy Skaggs and his orchestra will furnish the accompaniment to the shuffling of the feet of the L.A.P.Cers and their friends.

Admission will be \$1.10 per couple.

The club last sponsored a dance in June when approximately fifty couples turned out to hear Mike Reilly's pixilated piccolaters.

#104

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS

#105

**LIA**

• Founded May, 1939  
AAPA Charter A-16

## **Bats in Your Hats!**

*by Michael Phelan*

Hollywood thrillers a la Karloff have developed in the American public so dreadful a dislike for bats that the mere swooping about of one causes a frenzy of fright on par with the fear that accompanies the escape of a lion in a circus tent! In reality, the little "black birds" don't fancy a tangle with you any more than you with them.

Leaving bats to fly about in a room hung with wires, two Harvard professors made sound films of the procedure. On the record's they found sharp, staccato sounds too high for the human ear to hear being uttered by the bats themselves; the reverberations of the sounds from the walls

*(Cont. on page 8)*

X-PM 1-7

#106

THE  
LAZARETTE

NAUTICAL. BUT NOT NAUGHTY

*The Cocktail Hour*  
EUNICE MCKEE FONTENOT

"TWO marshmallows for my chocolate," John laughingly requested. He tried to believe that two white squares floating in the steaming drink would make him supremely happy.

It was five o'clock of a Sunday afternoon in the sleepy little town of Carville,—population by the latest census less than 5,000. This was the quietest hour of the day.

New York and Elaine. . . . Whenever John had a moment's relaxation they pushed everything else from his mind. Elaine was probably floating into a bar at five o'clock with some man-about-town. Sipping cocktails, munching popcorn and peanuts, and feeling quite ultra, as Elaine always wanted to feel. And John Anderson was drinking hot chocolate with Bessie Turner, least exciting thing he could do in Carville.

Elaine had been in New York six months now. John would never forget the night she made her decision to go. Elaine had won first prize in a designing contest, and a job in one New York's largest stores was her reward.

Continued on page 2



### *Oh, Definitely!*

"Helen . . . definitely isn't the intellectual type." Says the NAPrexy. Well, George, maybe I aren't, but amn't I better off this way? Although I don't know whether I'd care to be categoried with women who

. . . cannot read and so do not lisp in criticism;  
Nor write, and so they don't affect the muse;  
Were never caught in epigram or witticism,  
Have no romances . . .

still, I shouldn't like to be the intellectual type, pre-occupied with abstract theoretical problems rather than double entries, Sullmanco Job Red and that run in my last pair of sheers. 'Tis more satisfying to typeset a jingle than to dream an ottova rima--even though the latter is easier on my manicure.

I'm wondering--are there any subtler shades to

#108  
THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

## *Leisure Hours*

NUMBER 36

FEBRUARY, 1942

### Committee Selects Hotel Abbey for Convention Headquarters

The committee appointed by President Trainer to entertain the next convention of the National Amateur Press Association in New York City held a meeting on February 15th with Chairman A. M. Adams presiding.

The Hotel Abbey was selected as the convention headquarters. The convention dates were set officially by President Trainer as Friday, Saturday and Sunday, July 3rd, 4th and 5th.

The Hotel Abbey is one of the newest hotels in New York City and is modern in every respect. All sleeping rooms are outside and airy, and every room is equipped with private bath and shower, radio with choice of three programs, circulating ice water, full length mirror, servitor and Simmons Beauty-rest mattress. The dining room and bar are air-conditioned and both are very attractive rooms. While there is no coffee shop or cafeteria, there are plenty of these in the immediate neighborhood.

The hotel is located on 51st Street, just east of Broadway and is the nearest modern hotel to Rockefeller Center and Radio City. It is near Madison Square Garden and Times Square and is in the heart of the theatre district.



# FOR PEACE OF OUR WORLD

## The Lamplighter

ENLIGHT

KNOWLEDGE

HOPE

Mankind, Life & World

Number Published by Eleuterio J. Tropo, Member, United

Four National and American Amateur Press Associations.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.

Spring 1942

### FROM CORNERS OF THE EARTH SHAKING :

Rumors of war everywhere are warning bells that we daily feel like bugles calling from everywhere. Either from the deep hills somewhere, in the vast cities or from the remote jungles, all of Mankind takes the share that goes on and what are to be expected. Uncertainties and fears vibrate in each individual in every corner of the earth. Shaking rigidly into a tension of nervousness, every one feels the emotion that are carried on along everywhere. Without anyone to escape away from, all in a turbulent of heat and agitation. It is either to boil down into nothingness, or the one to be expected will be calmness and peace, into a temperature fitting enough for all to live;

thus comes the harmony and order in a glorious world where everyone will love one another through the guidance of faith and understanding. There is nothing to fear in our world when we have such faith, and the belief that our fellowman has what we need today, Peace and love. Not one wants war nor any kind of conflict. The faith that we have would conquer any kind of appraisals or conflict that may befall on us. In our daily life, it is there that we belong and where our duty abhors us to do, to share the good and love for which we have of our life and our fellowmen.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### The ONLY CREED

To just forgive the unkind acts that some may do to you  
Forget that those you thought were friends,  
Have proved themselves untrue.

To ask a blessing on those souls,  
Who failed you in your need,  
And still have faith in ALL MANKIND\*.

This is the only CREED:

Ada Mae Haffreck

REAL EDUCATION is to know ourselves; to know all that we do and say. To know who, what and why we are here; the purpose of our being in life. To know the reason of all things. It is to know how to face life and guide ourselves better. In all, it is to know the Truth.

#### OF A SUCCESSFUL "MARRIAGE"

It is love that everyone looks for (which is good and lasting); marriage seems only the solution. Those who see marriage as only the way... are mostly in desperate need for it, while those aware of the many varying results of marriage life, lays off and waits. Unlike our forefathers life - when there wasn't so much rush, and our world not as small as now (through transportation), marriage life was a practical. Today, everyone sees one another through the ventures we have come and the natural courses of life coming along with it. Freedom for ones being into the world he lives and belongs, is what everyone principle. In marriage - both the husband and wife wants freedom for each life belongs not to each other alone but for life, a love for the world he lives in. For such successful marriage it is love of all and understanding, which would make it possible

#### BOUNDING EVENTS TO COME

Everywhere strikes and all kinds of revolts will arise; this is to ask for more. When the rise of wages is granted, prices of commodities also will rise, when it does, again strikes will arise, without satisfaction on either side. Final results will be chaos and corruption.

#### WE ARE DOING TO OURSELVES WHAT WE DO TO THE OTHERS

WHEN we try to pass the time away, we'll have passed yet and time will still be here. Time is indefinite, it has no beginning nor end. It is measureless. While in life it's for us to make its worth, to do our purpose.

LOVE IS LIFE ITSELF; IT'S PEACE, GOOD AND HARMONY OF OUR LIFE.

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# The LITERARY HERALD

All contents entered for the U. A. P. A. Laureate Awards.

VOL 1

SPRING 1942

NO. 3



## *Vagabond*

By BESSIE BARNES

I am one with the sky and the dawn  
And a friend to those I chance upon.  
My heart is light in the hallowed hush  
That heralds the song of the trembling thrush.

I'm happy as the winds that blow carefree  
Over this world that belongs to me.  
I carry my treasures in a leather pack  
On a hickory sapling over my back.

I bid my troubles goodbye and go  
Out where the western rivers flow . . .  
My spirit finds peace and perfect calm  
Where silence moves like a sacred psalm.

Great cedars greet me with arms outspread  
To the benevolent sky above my head.  
I'll tramp along till the end of time  
Around the hills that my brothers climb.

X-PW 4827

#111

# *The* Literary Herald

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF AMATEUR JOURNALISM  
VOLUME 1. SUMMER NUMBER 4



## Summer Serenade

BY BESSIE BARNES

Spin me a song of summertime,  
Of evening dusk and sunset fire.  
Hum it softly, sing it gaily,  
Lend it wings to waft it higher.

Make us a song of fragrant lace,  
When life was sweet in yesteryear.  
And touch a chord for happiness  
Which hems us in when we are here.

Summer song is a blithesome air;  
It is the spinet's fragile soul.  
It lives within this peaceful place  
Like ivy twining in a bowl.

Give us a tune of mellowed theme,  
Of bygone days when we were young,  
Let shadows melt in candle light  
Upon the hearth where it is sung.

# The Literary Herald

Volume 2.

—Autumn (1942)—

Number 1.

## AUTUMN

By Bessie Barnes

Autumn came to the hills today  
And brought with her the harvest moon.  
The west wind has become restless  
And plays for her a gypsy tune.

The orchards bend with apples ripe,  
The fields are bound with pumpkin vines;  
But crisp blue air and sighing wind  
Are still the truest autumn signs.

By dusty roads the apples flame  
And oak leaves paint a chequered screen.  
Only the pines across the lane  
Remain faithful in cloaks of green.

From fallen leaves and gnarled old stumps  
Bonfires glow and smoke clouds rise  
To blend into the evening haze  
Where it meets the September skies.

## SHORE LEAVE IN FASCISTIA

By Antinous

(The following article is written by a seaman, who is greatly interested in amateur journalism. He prefers to be known by his pen-name, "Antinous." This writer has sailed in and out of famous ports, and little landings not shown on the maps, in the course of his voyages. This article is about one of his shore leaves, and should be the beginning of a colorful series of writings. — The Publishers.)

The latest report about a food shortage in Fascistia makes us feel a bit concerned for the people of that country. We had visited their land some years ago; stopped for three days at Genoa and Naples; four interesting hours in Livorno where we visited the famous alabaster shops and had our meeting with Alta. We were impressed with Vesuvius and Stromboli and enjoyed our picturesque voyage through the Straits of Messina. In fact, wherever we went, we found nothing that could overshadow the culture, history and affability of the people of Fascistia.

We were deeply impressed with the fiery splendor of Vesuvius as it reddened the sky, upon our entrance into the harbor of Naples. When we arrived there, Mussolini was chesty about his

continued successes in Abyssinia. Some of his troops were on leave and as they strolled through the streets with their women, we felt that here were men who were entirely out of character. Even the taste of victory could not make them half the warriors that history tells us about of ancient Rome.

The people are deeply emotional and are very religious, thus Masses go on from sunrise until Angelus time. As lovers, they have a great deal of finesse and are begetters of large families. To see a Fascist sitting at a table with his ten children and a robust wife, enjoying his spaghetti and vino with exclamations of joy, with his brood nodding in admiration; there we felt (and now know) is the true character of the people.

Sugar is an unknown luxury. They make fine pastries and find goats' milk appetizing. Your coffee in their shops is handed to you in a demitasse fashion. We know that their coffee is stronger than any liquor we ever drank, including corn liquor. We found it to be the most excellent coffee we ever had in any place in the world. We were amused to see latrines along the streets of Naples, which both men and women used, never giving a thought that someone might be

# Literary Newsette

No. 99      Springfield, Ohio      Oct 31, 1942

## ANOTHER OCTOBER AJAY

Mrs. David Russell Countryman, whom most of you know better as Lorraine Lindblad, is the mother of a baby girl born October 10th. She weighed nearly eight pounds, and was named Carol Eileen.

- \* - \*

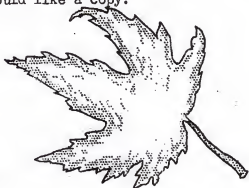
EDWIN B. HILL REQUESTS . .

If anyone has copies of the Kelsey "Printers' Helper" numbers 1 to 35 inclusive, and 93 to 96 with which he'd be willing to part, please get in touch with Mr. Hill at Ysleta, Texas. His file lacks those numbers and Grover Snow of Kelsey Press has none on hand.

- \* - \*

## HAVE YOU A MISHAP?

James Guinane has plenty extra copies of his Mishap and says he'd be glad to send one to any NAPA member who didn't receive it and for some strange reason would like a copy.



#113

## FROM THE MAIL, AND RANDOM REMARKS

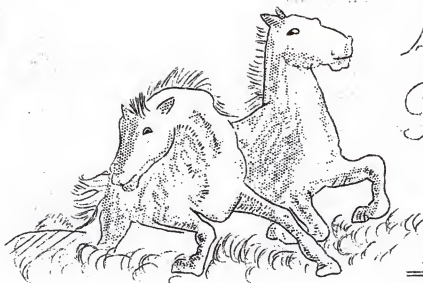
Bob Northup has started his freshman year at Denver University, but as soon as she shakes down into a routine he plans to resume activity.

Patson Harris has moved to Dalhart, Texas and it is hoped that he took the Rocky Mountain Press along. Personally we miss the dulcet tones of the Canary; if ever a journal breathed the true ajay spirit it is that publication which in three issues was the recipient of more comment than Walk One Flight (or Literary Newsette) achieved in a dozen.

It's not too soon to think about your laureate entries for the coming year. Maybe you, as we, agree with Mr. Edkins' opinions of the laureate-ships but if we are going to be active members we'll have to accept the present set-up until it's changed, as it will be, no doubt, in the new Constitution.

Roland Haase is one of those people who subscribe to the ill-wind school of thought; he believes with us that this should be a good year for activity; with the restrictions on travel, he says, people ought to stay home more -- well maybe! Since we've learned that there really isn't a paper shortage we hope for the best.

F. Earl Bonnell is planning to publish despit his load of work; however instead of doing the  
-over-



# Literary Newsette

No. 101

November 14, 1942

Springfield — Wyandotte  
Ohio Mich

## NEWS NOTES AND RANDOM QUOTATIONS

Ethel May Johnson-Myers formerly of Cambridge, Mass. Has moved to Washington D. C. She has sold her home in Cambridge. (Wash. Correspondent and T.T.I. please copy.)

Funice Fontenot reports she recently received a cable from her husband (a naval officer) "sans origin".

Ray A. Albert sends a picture of his twin sons; the cutest youngsters with wide-open questioning eyes. He said his wife took them in their new snow suits to a parade on the campus. And do they show off!

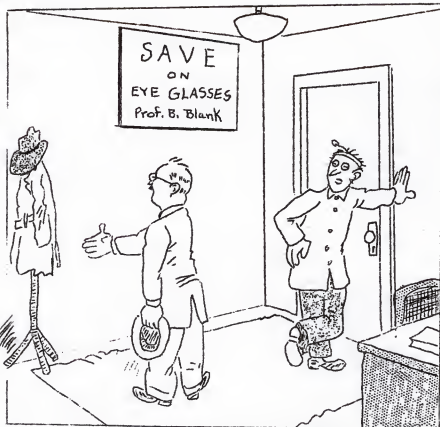
Elaine Jorgensen is back in Salt Lake City and we hear her press is getting a real workout. We hear they plan to have a reorganization meeting of the club, so we can expect news from SLC.

After the war we hope to help revive (along with our fellow-conspirator, E. J. Sharbatz) the once active Michigan club, therefore we have to take ourself in hand to keep from concentrating all our attention on the Michigan members. One of our prospects is Irvin H. Gady, particular pal of Mabel Forrer, who says his vocation is Agent for the Railway Express; his avocation, amateur photography. He has been Agent in Alameda for over 20 years. Bebe Matilda Gady of Grand Rapids is his daughter.

Mrs. Jennie K. Plaisier (NAPA President in 1913, and known to earlier aunts as J. Irene Maloney and Mrs. Frank Austin Kendall) sends us an interesting item illustrative of LitNews influence.

You will recall an article by Bill Croft of the B.A.P.A. in LitNews 77, relating his pilgrimage to Pepys' tomb. Mrs. Plaisier sent it to Charles Collins of the Chicago Tribune, since he conducts a column called "A Line 'O Type or Two" and writes part of it in the style of Mr. Pepys Diary. As a result his column in the Sept. 10th issue he mentions having read the article -- and he credit Bill Croft but not us, however we don't mind, since he evolved an interesting column from our article; so who says the professional press owes us nothing?

We have a faint recollection of having mentioned elsewhere the confusion in our mind as to Ralph Babcock's present whereabouts; we have a postal from him dated Oct. 23rd and supplying a new OCS address at Camp Hood, Texas, immediately followed by a letter from Mrs. Moitoret dated October 27th saying that Ralph and Ruth came up to stay Saturday night so they could leave early for Victoria . . . Ralph is being moved next week to candidate's school in San Francisco. . . Dora M. says her son, Felix now sports the blue uniform of the naval ROTC.



"Goodbye, doctor. I'm sure these glasses are just what I need to read . . .

## LITERARY NEWSETTE"

No. 102

Nov. 21, 1942

Published at Springfield, O.  
and Wyandotte, Mich.

### NOTHING BUT NEWS

The news items pour in on us, which makes editing Lit-News so much fun, but my filing system whereby I segregate letters containing news items until used has been complicated by the 'helpful' service of a small cousin who straightened everything up for me while I was away. So we'll confine ourselves to what we think is NEWS.

Viola Payne's husband has enlisted and for the time being her address is the same as her sister's, Rowena Autry.

Sunday, November 15th, A. H. Pedrick drove to Greenville to visit Irwin Brandt; his passengers were Rusty, NAPA Secretary, Bill Groveman and Dick Adams. Willametta, who was scheduled to be a passenger, had to drop out at the last moment because she took a spare-time job (temporary; working evenings in a defense plant. When her doctor hears this she (the doc) will probably return to the hospital with a relapse.

### SALUTE TO OLD TIMERS By E. A. Edkins

With a ring dang doodle and a Marry Come Up,  
Let's pass the tobacco and fill the cup;

With a fol-de-rol diddle and a loud Bung-Ho,  
Give a cheer for the dodoes of long ago.

They were born too soon, and how they rued it,-  
But they seen their dooty, and bigosh they dooded it.

Make room on the bench for the old A-Jayers  
Who kicked the goals when they were players,

( And now, oh, wouldn't it make you sick?  
All the galoots can do is kick! )

Fossils and crabs, -a pain in the neck,-  
But still pretty good in a pinch, by Heck!

Trough some are drips and some are hams,  
They average up with the modern "Ams,"

Who often feel they'd like to clout 'em,  
But wonder what they'd do without 'em.

So fill the beaker and drink this toast,  
"We think you're nuts and we hope you roast,  
But still, we're happy to have you here,  
God bless you all, and mud in your ear!"





#103

New York City

Nov. 28, 1942

# A P C MINUTIAE

By Albert Lee

OLLA PODRIDA

Jersey City, Nov. 15---The APC is on a wartime basis now. With the war making serious inroads on the members who play host to the Club, it has been decided that henceforth meetings will be held bimonthly instead of monthly. This is going to be hard on those who never get the opportunity to print except at meetings.

After dinner tonight, Vincent amused us with a recitation of the oddities of Hague politics. It seems that Mr. Hague has a wondrous way of turning in a large Democratic majority for his district, come h. or high Republicans. This year the Hudson county Democratic vote was as large as ever, despite much of the citizenry being away in the Army. As usual, it was the last county in the State to report its results. (Ho-hum, Vincent, comes the revolution . . .)

Not content with the success of his Japanese Lingo game, Burton Crane is presently working on German & French Lingoes. Moreover---he's teaching a class in Japanese at the Stock Exchange. What a man!

There's the feeling here that the last of the craftsmen is gone---hallelujah! But look out for Alf Babcock! That fellow's rapidly approaching the par excellence of his absent brother. And he can be stubborn, too, when he wants to be.

Frank Roe Batchelder came down from Conn. for the meeting. Anxious to make the 10:25 train returning, he left in such haste that even the youngsters (in age) couldn't even keep up with him. One moment

-over-

WILLARD THOMPSON, as you know, is back in Los Angeles and trying to reorganize the Amateur Press Club there. They plan a three-party association, and with those lively sub-debs Lois Harp and Karren Perk, and old-timer Mr. Walter Mellinger, and new Member Valmah Price we'd say they have good prospects. . . . Mrs. Moitoret says Lorraine Lindblad (Mrs. David Countryman) has an adorable little girl baby, pretty and good and cunning and lovable. Lorraine is, as she says, "so inordinately fond of the child." . . . Some people like applause for their efforts but we're most thrilled when we publish something which makes a reader comment, as does Clement F. Robinson referring to our review of the biography of his father: "almost you inspire me to try to write again something else than briefs and reports." . . . The one remark you are sure to read in nearly every letter from the younger members these days concerns being called up for a physical. And the word has such a definite meaning in itself that no one bothers to add "examination."



#117



REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR! — and remember, too:

EVERY BOND YOU BUY SHORTENS "THE DURATION"

#104

Terrell, Texas

12/5/42

# Literary Newsette

## NEWS NOTES . . . . .

Viola Payne is caught in the whirlpool of War these days; her husband, as you may know, enlisted several months ago and he was assured of being stationed for some time in Albuquerque; Viola set up housekeeping in a cute stucco house in a sort of tourist-camp. It's a far cry from the inspiring mountains of Mountainair but her letters are full of the interest she finds in these alien surroundings. She asks that mail be sent to her home (R#1, Box 1, Cuthbert, Texas, c/o B. L. Autry) from whence it will be forwarded promptly to wherever she may be.

May M. Duffee has been having a busy time, too. She says October "was a real exciting month for me. On the 11th, two poems were broadcast over WLW by "Uncle Ralph" (Ralph Moody)" This brought 35 letters from various sources asking for copies of the poem. Then on the 24th she was an honor guest at the "Ohioana Library" luncheon held at the Deshler-Wallick hotel in Columbus. There were about 400 in attendance with 35 authors present. Each author was introduced & given two minutes to tell of their book.

Then she prepared and read a paper at their Browning club on Louis Bromfield on the 27th. She enclosed a poem titled "Thanksgiving - 1942" beginning: "Look deep within and see what you Can offer thanks for on this day;"

Unfortunately it arrived too late to be included in a Thanksgiving issue.

## NIGHT OF SEPTEMBER FIFTEENTH

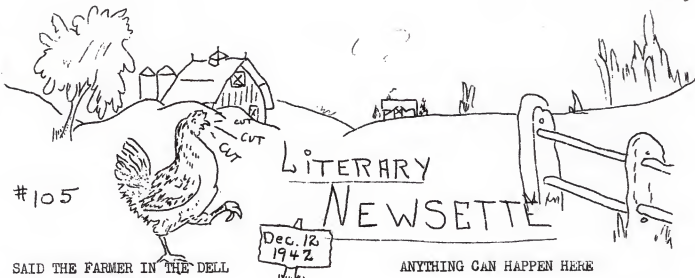
By Dorothy Laura Payne

I am aware my feeble efforts may be termed "poor poetry", but it is earnest, and the cry of an anguished heart--praying for PEACE. And were I an artist, I would sketch, to accompany my prayer, this picture: In the foreground--a silvery haired mother, kneeling at a grave--upon her face that indescribable something that only another could comprehend who had watched her own flesh and blood laid beneath the sod while he was yet in the bloom of life.

In the background I would paint--not the glittering array of uniformed lads that fires our youth to go headlong into the fray without thought of the future, but what all strifes and wars lead to--youth going away with high hope in his heart to return broken--without work, to drag about with whatever means of livelihood they find to keep soul and body together--crippled, maimed and blind, and not with only their bodies broken, but the hearts of their mothers, sisters and sweethearts--leading to but one end, the degradation of a great nation.

A wretched picture--ah! yes, but what lies at the end of the road unless we find that something that will lead US to higher living and the plane upon which our Maker would have us live?

How tragic that man, the most perfect of God's making should so disappoint him. The birds, the bees, the animals, all Nature are working in the way in which He planned, but man, to whom He gave the greatest gifts: knowledge, an ability to



SAID THE FARMER IN THE DELL  
By Robert McNee

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN HERE

In the Spring I've a feeling  
I cannot explain . .  
A wild yearning  
To till the plain --  
To plow the hills  
And the valleys between;  
To prepare and to plant  
'Til a Hand Unseen  
Will guide the plants upward  
As they grope for the light  
And oceans of emerald  
Spring out of the night.  
And Something there is  
That compels me to care  
For each plant as it's build-  
ing  
Green castles in air.  
And nothing there is I can  
Use as a shield  
From my conscience  
When crops lie ungathered  
afield.  
So from Dawn unto Darkness  
And Spring unto Spring  
I labor unceasing  
While the meadow larks sing  
From the Depths of my heart  
Where my memories dwell  
In that beautiful land  
Where the rose petals fell.

-----  
ALTHOUGH --

The character is cut and dried  
Of every man and creature,  
Don't be too sure of anything,  
Especially human nature.

-- Larry R. Giles.

Because we're just rambling through our mail and notebooks: Recently we received an interesting item: copy of a song "On a Starry Night in Ireland" by J. Bernard Lynch. We tried it and found it to be very singable. By reading the back page we discovered that Mr. Lynch had also written a book called "Props" -- Tales of the Pawnshop.

Lois Harp wrote us late in November relating the devious travels of our welcoming postal to her dated July 25th, but which had just reached her. It went first to a neighbor's box, then followed her to Oregon and back landing at 1432 1/2 South then to the same number North, and finally, after five months to 1532 1/2 N. Commonwealth. You can't discourage our Post Office Department, can you?

We are all of us curious to know how we impress our unmet correspondents. Personally I have met so many NAPA members that I am seldom conscious of writing to an "unknown" after the first letter or two; accordingly one of our new members accused me of being deliberately reticent about myself. Fancy! But I thought you might be interested in two impressions in recent letters:

"Bob Holman is one of my favorites, perhaps for humane and general reasons, just one of the run of folks that seems to be likeable; I imagine I would like him particularly well on personal acquaintance." That's right; he's folksy.

"Parker has impressed me as possessing some special qualifications; for the principal item, that he is subtly literary. There is something about most everything he writes that impresses me as genuine literature."

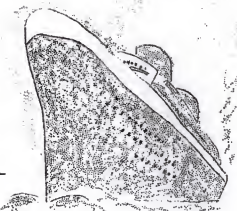
John B. Schlarb is now pastor of the Buffalo Parish of Congregational Churches, at Buffalo, S. D. He is another to add to my growing list of October natives.

LITERARY

NEWSETTE

THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
SERIALS ACQUISITION

APR 29 1944



No. 107

Springfield, Ohio

12/26/42

# Moitoret Visits Roseland Xmas (and we don't mean the Dime-a-Dance one!)

## SPRINGFIELDERS TO MEET

A letter from E. A. Edkins asking "what's become of the Springfielders?" prompted us to call a meeting for January 16th, from which you may expect results. On schedule is a discussion of plans for the coming Convention, some CSPC business; off schedule, but certain to occupy the major part of the evening will be the exchange of news. We're planning as if we knew there would be a big affair, but we have our fingers crossed. But there Will Be a Convention, though War may curtail. We think of those promises, like that of Willard Wylie's "Shall hope to meet you next July", and hope hard. 1883 to 1943 would make that his 60th anniversary since his election as President; it is likewise the 50th since Alson Brubaker's and postals have expressed his hope of attending.

Our Vondy has promised to be with us, as has Clyde Townsend, Anne Bright Knapp, and a goodly groups from Cleveland. Ah! if only the War were over by then we'd show you a real celebration! Even so, we think you will not be disappointed if you plan to attend.

Christmas Day was made memorable for the Vice-President this year when Vic Moitoret, whom she visualized as out on the blue Pacific, stopped at 202 Roseland on his way east, accompanied by his sister, Carol, to report in Washington, D.C.

If Anthony Moitoret's Seattle Sun had arrived a day sooner with its tidings of Vic's furlough it might not have been so surprising. For the benefit of those who have not seen Vic we'll mention that he's very tall, with blue eyes, marvelous teeth and a devastating smile. We were a bit surprised to see him in khaki, however. He's been promoted to Lieutenant which compares to a Captain's rating in the Army. When his promotion is certified he'll wear two gold stripes on his shoulder and two silver bars on his shirt collar. Carol is planning to find work in the East, being a serious-minded and very attractive girl who is eager to do her part in the War Effort instead of staying tucked away in college.

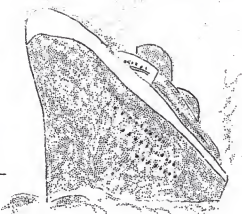
# Christmas greetings

LITERARY  
NEWSETTE

No. 107

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# Christmas greetings

X-PN 4527

#121

THE  
Lucky Dog

1943



A Hobby Magazine Published By  
Tim Thrift and "Freezette" Thrift at  
64 Salisbury St., Winchester, Mass.

# Literary Huckster

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Fall Issue

NOVEMBER 1943

Vol. I - No. I

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## The Watchman's Dream

HELLO, FOLKS!

I'd like to tell you about a dream I had last night. My only stipulation is that you promise to write to tell what you think it means to me. You do promise? That's fine. Now listen:

I am a watchman in a factory that makes wooden animals for merry-go-rounds. When they are finished they are placed in a large yard, row on rows of them; very straight, very long, and right next to the very building that gives them birth.

Quite near this building and between the second and third rows of wooden horses, is a cash register. Ten rows away, between a row of wooden lions and a row of wooden giraffes, there is a telephone booth.

I had gone up to the fifth floor, or maybe it was the seventh floor, to begin punching the clock. On every floor I look from a window into the yard of wooden animals to see that no one is prowling around. There's no fence around the grounds and the wooden animals are unprotected except by me.

All is well until I look from the window on the second floor. I become excited when I see two men making their way to the cash register. I yell and wave my five-celled Eveready, and the two men hear me.

Then they see me coming at them—really charging them. One of them walks over to the telephone booth while the other keeps right on toward the cash register. I go for the one at the cash register. He's pouring silver coins from the till into his pocket. Just as I reach him he runs away. I chase him, and the man in the telephone booth comes out and chases me. I can see him over my shoulder as the three of us run from the yard.

I'm chasing the one and the other is chasing me, and we remain like this until we reach Broadway and Forty-second street. There the damn nut I'm chasing stops for traffic and I hit him so hard on his head with the Eveready that he goes bowlegged from the blow, and the flashlight bends into a perfect curve.

I yell for the traffic cop, and

# Literary Huckster

Xmas Issue

DECEMBER 1943

Vol. I - No. 2

## Letter To Santa

DEAR OLD ST. NICK:

Bring to my two sons--and to the sons and to the daughters of all parents who are poor--as many toys as you can spare.

Bring to my wife the many gifts that a true girl so well deserves, but which a poor husband cannot buy.

Bring to our soldiers and our sailors the spirit that was our forefathers; bring to them the courage that is needed by soldiers and sailors who do not fight because they want to fight--but only because it has now become the single way to keep the peace and the freedom that they, our forefathers, established over one hundred and sixty years ago on battlefields here in our own glorious land.

Bring to all workers the stamina to maintain a level of production that will place in the hands of the men who defend us the equipment necessary to engage in a winning war on any field.

Bring to the President of these United States the resolution not to lead us into temptation; and the power to resist meddling in the affairs of other nations after the war has been won. (For St. Nick, won't it be a big job to keep freedom within our own borders without expanding those borders to cover the entire world?)

Bring to all Congressmen the knowledge that they are the ser-

vants of the people, not the lords of our sweet land; and bring to them the wish to use their time for our problems and not for their own personal gain.

Bring to all poor peoples a comfortable living.

Bring to the well-to-do contentment with what they now have.

Bring to every millionaire the desire to give away all his millions, but one, to a fund that will be honestly used to give adequate clothing, feeding, and schooling to every poor child in America.

Bring to all peoples everywhere, whether friend or foe, the peace and good will that is the right of every human being; no matter what his color or his creed.

Bring relief to all who suffer. Bring care to the sick. Bring help to the maimed. Bring a Seeing-Eye to every person who is blind.

Bring to the unclean a year's supply of Lifebuoy soap, Cannon washcloths and towels.

And to make my Christmas the happiest I've ever had, bring for me a world at peace, contentment among my fellowmen, a true brotherhood of nations, and a free world for all peoples.

And Dear Old St. Nick: If this letter arrives too late for you to bring all this generosity for the Holidays this year, then bring it for sure on Christmas Day, 1944.

Sincerely,  
CLIVE RALSTON



X-PN 4827 #124

Number 201

January 2, 1943



FOR LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS

APR 29 1944

Literary Newsette



# Literary Newsette

SO SEGAL HAS A STATE?  
Doubts by Lou Kleinschmidt

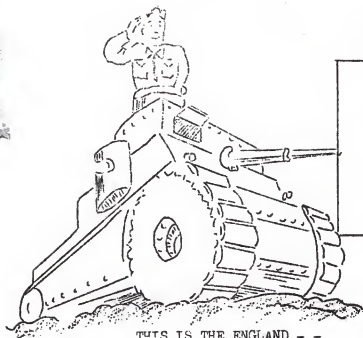
It happened about August 15—last year. Almost an entire issue of LitNews devoted to the state in which Segal finds himself. But it didn't find its way to this *lucky* dell until a short time ago. Such is the way the Army Postal Service works. And now we all know Segal has a state, and wishes to report it.

I shouldn't look down on the poor blighter, I know. But he really doesn't have too much to worry about. How about the state of Kleinschmidt? After all, Ireland's just a summer resort in this war. He even admits it's possible to get a real, honest-to-goodness egg. Way even air crews here sometimes wonder when they last saw such a thing. He should try a station in England if he wants to have a state to report on. I know—I've been to his part of this theater.

I'll grant that the Infantry is famed for its meticulous attention to the state of socks and toothpaste. And we fly-boys have a reputation for having not a worry in the world. But the only difference is in the braid on the cap, bud. March? Drill? Caliswhoopics, and commando-courses? Say, we own the patents on all of them! You ain't seen nuttin' yet, kid.

I imagine there's some sort of leprechan curse that keeps gremlins out of Ireland. There must be, for all the gremlins got away, long ago, with the products of the Messrs. Bushmill, Jameson, et al. And the barmaid has to be in love with you ere you can pry anything but bitter away from her. Guinness ("Sold the world over") isn't for us. Those potables Segal keeps talking about are more on the minus side than the plus.

And let me tell you about air-raids!  
(over).



THIS IS THE ENGLAND - -

This is the England that was "weak."  
These are the people who would "break."

Their armies have lost battles.  
Their ships have gone down at sea.  
Their men have died.

Those children have yet to see night  
lights.

Their lullaby has been the siren,  
Their nursery has been the shelters.

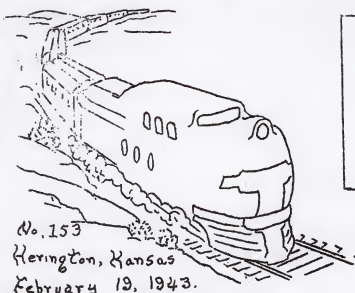
Look at the people --- all of them;  
Peer, bobby, miner, baker, shopgirl.  
Examine them for weakness.  
See whether they will break.  
The "Duce" is gone, and the "Führer"  
totters.

But England's ships sail again, and her  
armies fight.  
This is a "decadent" land? You tell me.

--- Lou Kleinschmidt

## THIS WEEK - -

Cpl. Lou Kleinschmidt was inducted into the Army March 9, 1942 while he was trying to convince the Navy that they needed him. In civilian life he was beginning to make a name for himself writing radio and moving picture scripts. Has been overseas more than a year and is attached to a Troop Carrier Group. A.S. Rosco Wright is undergoing his boot training at Farragut, Idaho. Rosco, 18 was a Junior in High School. Lt. Burton Jay Smith now at Wendover, Utah leaves for overseas, any day.



No. 153  
 Herington, Kansas  
 February 19, 1943.

# Literary Newsette

FEBRUARY EIGHT  
 of Willametta

ODE (but not much) to PX Pillows

Have you known the cheerful charm of small squares of gay colors? Has your heart been enlivened by painted phrases? Has the touch of sleazy rayon sent shivers down your spine? In short, has your home been brightened by a PX pillow top? If not, accept our assurance that "you don't know what you're missing."

PX, as you probably know, is the G.I. term for Post Exchange where soldiers buy everything from gum to luggage but where a large proportion of the space is devoted to payday eye catchers. And among these garish gewgaws and ostentatious nothings, the PX pillows provide a bright burst of rainbow pyrotechnics.

"Remember Pearl Harbor" in a passionate purple is a consistent favorite in this cacophony of color; closely followed by a washed-out blue which urges someone to "Keep 'em Flying." That indecent pink flaunting green fringe proudly proclaims, "To My Sweetheart (or "wife" or "mother" or even "dog", as the case may be) from Herington Army Air Base." One reads "When I am Far Across the Sea, Here Rest your Head and Dream of Me." I can think of only one more horrible thought than resting on that thing, and that is the contemplation of the fringed monstrosity bearing this tender sentiment. For they're always fringed. I can imagine the sadistic glee with which the designer adds that final touch of horror. I can imagine, too, the homes whose color schemes are wrecked by these thoughtful tributes of soldier sons. Truly, war is what Sherman proclaimed it, and PX pillows do not smother the flames.

— Willametta

Sudden and unexpected trips seem fated to come our way in February and, as last year, this one took us to Kansas. We'd worked hard and for the first time in many months beat the chickens to bed. The telephone's not-to-be-denied summons broke into a dreamless sleep; I was so certain that it was four o'clock in the morning that I was equally convinced it would be no one but Burton (who'd last written that when I next heard from him he might be overseas.) Despite the fact that acutely it was only 10:45 it was him, calling from near my hometown. The combined opportunity of bidding him goodbye and my relatives hello was irresistible. Three hours later, assisted by my parents, I was at the railroad station.

Herington Air Base is raw, big and new; the Group was just passing on its way through, for this is a staging area, and mail is censored. It makes you feel as if war is only two plane hops away, not half a world distant. A staging area is a hotbed of rumors and while I doubt if I learned a single item of more than morbid interest to the enemy I'll only report that the chief concern of the crews seemed to be to get ten men to agree on a name for their Liberator. Burton and the pilot favored "Big Enough" but everyone else (including me) had a dozen other more-or-less corny suggestions.

National Amateur did not suffer too much by this unplanned-for vacation. All material was in the printer's hand, but even so it will be later than I wished.

In the periods of waiting for passing glimpses of Burton at the Officers' Club I was able to complete a long-designed project of a Handbook of A.J. so that he could add and re-write. In its first form (over)

ONCE THEY SPOKE IN SMOKE

NOW IT'S

#127

LITERARY

NEWSETTE

#117

Springfield, Ohio

Mar. 6, 1943

ALL-NEWS-ISSUE



A letter from Mrs. Jean Connell Hayes dated February 1st brings bad news: "Our good friend and one of NAPA's past-president -- David L. Hollub -- passed away last week, the 27th of January, I think it was. He has never been well since his operation and a card received from him since Christmas said he was growing weaker daily so Edgar went to see him at the earliest possible moment he could, only to find that he had been buried the day before. He had suffered so much, but we will miss him at future a.j. gatherings in our home. He was so full of fun and the life of any group."

She also writes that Mr. Hayes "is with the War Dept., Div. of Engineers, Real Estate division; with office in San Francisco. It's a full time job, 10 or 12 hours daily, 6 days a week." They had hoped to publish another Whim but with war activities and a V garden to take up every minute, it seems unlikely.

Carol Moitorot is working in Washington, D. C. where she is a stenographer in the office of Congressman Leroy Johnson of California. She has joined her mother's sorority, Beta Sigma Phi, a non-academic; and we also heard she was planning to join NAPA; that's what attendance at an APC meet does to you.

Anied Malkasian, whose credential appeared in KAT 24, is a younger sister of member Nellie Malkasian who recently joined the publishing fraternity with her mimeographed Tulipa. Little Rhode Island is making a good showing for itself with five members now, including Alma Browning who has belonged for nearly 6 years, & Mrs. Wm. B. Kelley and her young daughter, Patricia, both of whom have joined this year.

Albert H. Pedrick isn't "lost in the wilds of Ohio" as several Eastern members recently surmised; he's happily lost in military matters, and in January spent ten days or two weeks in Florida on matters connected with his job. He lived in a barracks and enjoyed the novelty of military routine.

We hear that Ex-president Robert Telschow is issuing a Reverie in March and has another planned for June. Seems ajayitis is a recurrent fever.

Ted Payer was still in Cleveland at last writing, and working on another "Hobo" while awaiting a call to Service.



# Literary Newsette



No. 118

March 13, 1943

## ADDENDA TO

## NOTES IN BLUE --- & KHAKI

Charles A. Austin, PFC, writes that he is still safe and well in Australia; 64th Bomb. Squadron (H), APC #922, C/o Postmaster, San Francisco will reach him.

Lieut. Ralph W. Babcock seems to be taking even more training because after graduation from OCS at Camp Hood he was sent to The Infantry School (5th. Co. 1st Student Training Regt.) at Fort Benning, Ga. Address good until May 13th.

Sgt. Russell Bohr has been at Camp Young, Indio, Calif. since the first of December. He is in the G-3 Section of a Corps Headquarters.

Jack Bond is reportedly an Aviation Cadet, and if so that explains his silence because we know how busy they are kept.

Lieut. Hyman Bradofsky is still at Will Rogers Field but would like mail to come to him in care of his mother.

Jerry Chmelicek is with the 681st Squadron, A.A.F. Basic Flying School at Bainbridge, Ga. He was sent there late in January so the address should hold good through March, at least.

Sgt. Robert Dunlap is still in London, and since the proscription against sending journals will have to depend on letters from members for news.

Herman Eisenlohr is taking his training in a violent red Mohammedan monstrosity. His address appears to be: 18th C T D (Aircrew) Univ. of Tampa, Fla.

William H. Groveman is still at Antioch College but by the time this is in your hands he will be on the verge of starting his training. We'll give you details as received.

-cont'd on back page-



These addenda are offered to supplement the Notes in the March National Amateur which the military authorities thoughtlessly rendered obsolete almost before they were set in type. This list is offered in the hope all of you will unselfishly write our fighters long newsy notes without demanding regular replies. Additions and changes will be welcomed by the Editors who are:

Aviation Cadet Burton Jay Smith and  
Willmetta Turnepseed,

Editorial Address:  
202 Roseland East, Springfield, Ohio.

# Literary Newsette



#121

April 7, 1943

## CONVENTION ISSUE

# JULY

The 68th ANNUAL CONVENTION of the National Amateur Press Association will be held in Springfield, Ohio July 3rd, 4th & 5th, 1943.

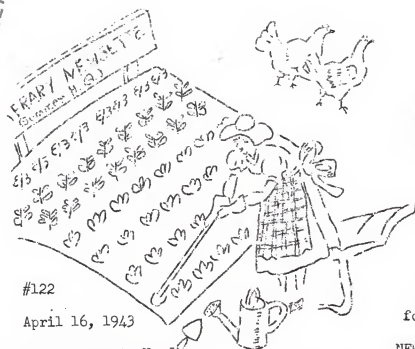
Sixty-seven times before this announcement-- with minor variations of dates and place has been offered to amateur journalists and by this time is old stuff. But like a proud father with his first offspring: there was never another like this. We in Springfield are beginning to think, live --yes, and dream Convention. It must be admitted that last year we suffered recurring attacks of sub-zero extremities because we began to realize what a task is before us in this year of war, priorities and restrictions.

But so many members have expressed their intention of attending --especially with the exciting and important matter of the Constitution to be voted upon-- that we are filled with new enthusiasm. We've mentioned, in earlier issues, many who have promised to be with us; just lately we have had word that we can also expect to see Walter Goff from Jackson, Michigan; Burt Foote of Anna, Ohio; new member, 11-year-old Earl Bierman of Bellevue, Kentucky; and Bob Kunde says if he's within 500 miles he'll ask for a three-day pass. (He recently was shifted to Des Moines, Iowa.)

The BANCROFT HOTEL has been selected as headquarters, and due to the fact that this is a War Production area it is suggested that you send in reservations as soon as convenient; the hotel is cooperating with us by promising to honor reservations (a concession we could not obtain from other hotels) but they do not have meeting rooms available so headquarters will probably be in the room reserved at the Bancroft for Rusty and Willametta (neither of whom are noted for extensive sleeping during conventions) while meetings and business sessions are to be held at the YMCA. More details later; meantime PLAN TO ATTEND!



X-PW 4827



#122

April 16, 1943

Point Pleasant, N. J.

### "BRIEF HISTORY" WINS AWARD FOR B. J. SMITH

According to a letter from the Secretary of the Alumni Association of Amateur Journalism, Edwin Halley Smith, Co-editor Smith has been selected for a signal honor for his work for amateur journalism in 1942. The letter reads "The Alumni Association of Amateur Journalism, organized 1930, has initiated an annual award of \$5.00 to the amateur who has done the most outstanding, constructive work for Amateur Journalism."

"The award for 1942 has been given to you for the 32 page and cover "Brief History of the National Amateur Press Association", in Literary Newsette No. 57, March 7, 1942."

Note to New Members: when B. J. Smith wrote and distributed "A Brief History" he published extra copies to be available for newcomers interested in our exciting and historic past. A copy is yours upon request. Send a postal to the Editors of LitNews.

ABOUT THAT CONVENTION . . . someone should work on ex-president Telschow who expects to take his vacation July 5-19 to persuade him of not only what he'll miss, but that we'll miss him. . . Dora H. Moitoret has taken a job at the University of Washington Campus which is only 5 minutes from her home so that she and Felix can go together and come home to lunch. We heard that Carol was planning to join NAPA.

### EXTRA! GRANS TO PRINT TRUMAN'S HISTORY

The headline is a bit optimistic; the way we hear it is that Burton Crane is acquiring a fine new press and has decided to offer to print Truman's History.

This will be good news to the many hobbyists who have been looking forward to owning a copy of it. Today's mail, for instance, brings word from Clement Robinson and John L. Bradley to be added to the list of advance orders. Let LitNews know and the list will be forwarded to the proper person.

### NEWS NOTES FROM EVERYWHERE

New member Francis T. Laney plans to publish a mimeographed sheet called Acolyte, Junior for NAPA --he is co-editor of a fine fantasy journal named The Acolyte-- and after reading of his equipment, "My mimeograph is a battered, 1906 model whose only reliable feature is its complete unpredictability" we feel much better about getting out LitNews on a small but very new, machine. . . Walter E. Mellinger isn't the only one who has remarked that to him LitNews accomplishes what we intend, but we liked the way he said "Your Newsettes are always like a personal letter to me, and I appreciate them as such". Some times when we are assailed with the knowledge that LitNews isn't very literary we console ourselves with the knowledge that letters frequently aren't. . . The B.A.P.A. 1942 Easter Annual is going the rounds of a few lucky amateurs in this country. It is a typed pass-around, nicely illustrated by Harold Gibbons Moore and offering a variety of excellent poems, several articles and some creditable stories; but our favorite item was an article by R. K. Southey on artillery in the various wars. We are represented by a timely poem by Margaret Nickerson Martin whose brochure "Ceiling Unlimited" recently provided us with examples of this poet's versatility.

# Literary Newsette



No. 125      Camp Wheeler, Ga.      May 7, 1943

## "TILL IT'S OVER, OVER THERE"

By William H. Groveman

The war has already pulled down the curtain on the amateur activity of many and now that it also is about to take me I cannot help reflecting over the recent years of my life and wonder at the part that amateur journalism has played in them. In the period in which my mind was beginning to be capable of serious thought I believe that amateur journalism played a greater part in my development than did my formal education in high school.

Six years is not long compared to the time that some men and women have been connected with our hobby, but in my life it is a sizable period of time. I look back now to my first knowledge of amateur journalism in 1936 when I sent postal cards to many members of the United and National asking them for sample copies of the amateur papers which I had seen mentioned in boys' magazines. In 1938 I finally entered amateur journalism by way of the American Amateur Press Association, and after a few months of silence the memories of activity begin to pile up. I remember my correspondence in voluminous amounts; my first press and the day it came; Byron David Mack, the first amateur I met; the Metchaps; the 1939 New York convention of the AAPA; my co-editorship with Bob Smith; my candidacy for office in the 1940 AAPA election and the sound beating I got from George Henry Kay, founder of the association. About this time I became aware of the National & realized that amateur journalism was not necessarily junior journalism. My interest in old time amateur journalism was re-actuated by attendance at a Fossil dinner, a few ALC meetings, and introduction to

## AND ABOUT POLITICS . .

The old gray ballot box ain't what she used to be. Time was, the Fossils tell me, when an election was a time of skullduggery and d-a-r-k practices. What with war taking our printers, and absorbing our time there's no contest for offices; the problem this year is lining up candidates who will accept the nomination and turn in a good year of activity; it is no secret that if a good official editor came along little Willametta would resign in a flash even though she really would like to be Official Editor; on the other hand if the candidate were unlikely to do a conscientious job there would be a contest. Therefore our Official Ticket--monotonously like similar tickets in other papers--represents good actives who are sacrificing their time unselfishly for the good of the association --and even putting on a good show of eagerness:

Bob Holman for President  
Alf Babcock for Vice-President  
Willametta for Official Editor  
C. A. A. Parker  
John Schlarb and  
Burton Jay Smith for

Executive Judges

Eleanor Thomas for Recorder  
Boston for Convention City

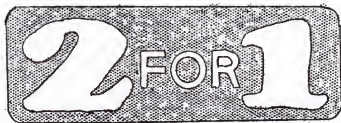
And vote YES on the new Constitution

\*\*\*                      \*\*\*                      \*\*\*                      \*\*\*

## RANDOM NEWS ITEMS

Metropolitan amateurs who were wont to gather at Vincent Haggerty's 42nd st office have been deprived of a rendezvous with its removal to 220 Broadway.

New member, Benjamin "Mike" Chesney, writes that he may be in the Army by



LITERARY #132  
INTWETTER

No. 126

May 14, 1943

Desert Training Center, Calif. and Camp Edwards, Mass.

## WESSON AND HALVARSON DISCUS THE PROPOSED CONSTITUTION

PVT. SHELDON WESSON SAYS . .

Study of the new constitution proposed by Ed Cole leads me to believe that it will cure many of the ills that the NAPA is heir to. I am certain that \$2 dues--the obvious remedy for many of those ills--will not kill the patient, as so many members predicted at the New York convention last year.

A membership of only 200 should yield enough revenue--especially since the Official Editor is entitled to half that income--to support a National Amateur of satisfactory size. Few numbers of the official organ cost more than \$50 to publish. Thus, the most embarrassing problem of recent administrations is solved.

It was my privilege--should I say privilege?--to head the committee which battled all comers at New York over the question of financing the mailing bureau. The new constitution neatly sidesteps that question and lays it in the lap of the convention.

I should like to see Ed Cole's constitution adopted at Springfield in its present form and then have the mailing bureau question thrashed out good and proper, for once and for all. The convention's decision would be law for 1943-44, and, granting success of the rules it lays down, regulations for the operation of the bureau could be added to the constitution by amendment in 1944.

Cole very wisely removes the provision of the old constitution requiring that copies of all papers be sent to all members. It is urged, however, that the convention, in setting up regulations for the bureau, make it plain that the mailer is not to accept for mailing, small batches of 50 and 100 papers that some

-over-

SGT. CARL HALVARSON ASKS

## PRESERVATION OR ELIMINATION

"Despite the fact that more and more members are going into active service and all the rest of us are busy and concerned, everyone seems to realize the value of a relaxing hobby, and particularly of a hobby like ours in which we can feel that the journals we publish help to entertain our boys in training or in combat." Thus wrote our Vice-President in the December NA, and I believe here is an answer to questions regarding disunity or inactivity in NAPA this year or for the duration. There is no doubt in my mind that the threat of inactivity is rapidly coming into focus and is a threat we must not pass off too lightly. For with so many members entering the Armed Forces, engaging in defense work and other war activity, is it not logical to assume that such members will become more inactive and that our Esprit de Corps will be greatly weakened?

The dread of inactivity is answered by our Vice-President in saying that despite members going into active service, "and all of us, being busy in war work everyone seems to realize the VALUE OF A RELAXING HOBBY". Her message, then, is twofold: (1) NAPA is important as a RELAXING HOBBY (2) Our Journals help entertain the Boys in the Service. The purposes of our association have been set forth and stated many times, but ALL MEMBERS should heed these two purposes. . . they should be our watchword for the duration. As I write this, individual interest in our association seems even stronger than usual. This is very important! for as soon as each and every member rea-

-over-





### GROWTH OF SPRINGFIELD AS A WAR AREA IN PAST YEAR

#### SHOVES CONVENTION RIGHT OUT OF TOWN; NEIL HOUSE ELECTED

President Charles A. A. Parker, acting upon recommendation of the Springfield amateurs, has transferred the 1943 Convention to Columbus, Ohio.

Since the date of the successful Spring (1942) Meeting of the CSPC in Springfield the town has mushroomed in population without much increase of building activity; as a result every available room is usually occupied. Nevertheless the Bancroft Hotel had promised to honor reservations when other hotels refused even to consider them, yet when the Committee called upon them to arrange other details the contact man told us that to avoid the hotel's being taken over by the government they would not refuse to take army men, or families of the Cadets training at Wittenberg even though this meant failure to fulfill reservations previously sent in by NAPA members.

Luckily we were able to make perfect arrangements with the NEIL HOUSE in Columbus, Ohio, and we believe this centrally located city --only forty miles east of Springfield-- will please the members.

Convention dates are JULY 3, 4, and 5, although Alma and Willametta will be at the Neil House no later than Friday afternoon and with others of the Springfield group will be on hand to welcome early arrivals throughout the evening.

All meetings will be held in the Neil House, with the banquet on Sunday evening. Columbus is noted for its fine eating places, so we should fare better there than we would have in Springfield. The hotel is sending us rate cards which will be sent to every member who we think might be planning to attend, but there will not be enough to send to everyone, so if you live at a distance and have not indicated your intention of attending you might drop us a line. PLAN TO BE WITH US AT THE NEIL HOUSE, COLUMBUS, JULY 3, 4 and 5th.

# Literary Newsette

X-PN 4827

#134

*Larry-ettes*

II

1944



X-PN 4827

#135

## THE LAZARETTE

### NIGHT MUSIC

"And the night shall be filled with music."

LONGFELLOW

The night is dark. There is no moon. And through the trees the  
wind sighs disconsolately.

Then, in the far distance, the air begins to pulse.  
And the pulsing becomes a throb, and then a drone.  
It is the music of the "heavies"—the bombers for Berlin.

At first there are just a few, and then more. A hundred? More like  
a thousand in the night.

These planes fly high, and fast, and far.  
To us their music is inescapable, surrounding us.  
It seems to beat us down in a thundering cadence.

Soon this tune, in another key, will be heard in another sky.  
The tempo will be faster, and the thunder louder.  
Against a counter-melody from below the climax will come.  
And then? Then the dirge of a lonely wind, and nothing more.

The drone fades into a throb, and the trobbing becomes a pulsing  
in the night.

Here's luck to you, boys! Tomorrow night I'll buy the drinks!

—BY SGT. LOU E. KLEINSCHMIDT

Secured from the N. A. P. A. Manuscript Bureau

#136

THE

LOST CHORD

... being an unappreciated little publication containing extraordinary but unappreciated thoughts, observations and miscellaneous scribbles of one JOSEPH J. GUDONIS of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

X-PN 4827

NATIONAL  
Amateur Press Association

DOES NOT WANT

3x6 and 4x6 Hand-press Owners

WITHIN ITS RANKS!

Of all the prejudiced, intolerant, narrow-minded tricks ever pulled off by NATIONAL's childish clique of high-hats, the grandest is the puerile amendment pushed through last year in Columbus which demands as a credential for admission into NAPA "a paper of four or more pages 5x7 inches or larger."

That snobby amendment bars membership in NAPA to all publishers who print their publications on 3x6 and 4x6 handpresses. That inconsiderate amendment shouts to our little amateur journalism world that hobbyists with such handpresses need not apply for membership in the National Amateur Press Association.

MAY 1944

Sixteenth Shout

X-PN 4827

#137

### Little Joe Springs His First Pun!

★It happened on last April 27th, a Thursday! My Anne, Little Joe, and I were enjoying our usual brilliant banter of small talk at the supper table with Spareribs and Salt and Beer than which I consider there is no finer combination for uplifting one's jaded spirits after a day's hard work. Somehow we began discussing the various brands of wines now on the market; then, we tried to name as many brands as we could think of. We did right fine until we tried to recollect the brand advertised on the Sherlock Holmes radio series; and, we could not! Here was a program we had been enjoying for months and we could not name the brand Doctor Watson sipped and praised during the broadcast!

During all this discussion, Little Joe listened on in silence, looking at my Anne when she spoke, then at me as I replied.

"Hm!" I hmd out loud, turning to Little Joe.

"Maybe you can remember what the name of that wine is, eh, Joey? Do you?"

## THE LOST CHORD

... being an unappreciated little publication containing extraordinary but unappreciated thoughts, observations and miscellaneous scribblings of one  
JOSEPH J. GUDONIS of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Seventeenth Seventh

JUNE 1944

# The LINCOLNETTE

★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★

Vol. 1, No. 1.

Harrogate,



Tennessee

Fall, 1944.

## A LIVING MEMORIAL

In the autumn of 1863, Lincoln, while speaking of the military operations around Cumberland Gap, said to General O. O. Howard: "Howard, if you come out of all this horror and misery alive, I want you to do something for these people who have been shut out from the world all these years." The college which Howard helped to found is thus not only a memorial to Lincoln, but a college founded at his direct request for the people in whom he was especially interested—the people of the Southern Highlands.

The land which is now the site of the University was formerly a plantation owned at the time of the Civil War by Captain Huff. In 1888 Colonel A. A. Arthur, organizer of an English company which laid out Middlesborough, Kentucky, purchased the land for use as a health and recreation center. The company built a hotel of seven hundred rooms called "The Four Seasons," a smaller hotel in Cumberland Gap, a hospital, an inn, a sanatorium, and a president's house, and laid out grounds with a variety of choice shrubs and trees. After Baring Brothers of Lon-

don failed in 1892, this company was forced to abandon the project in 1895.

The Rev. A. A. Myers, a Congregationalist clergyman who had come to Cumberland Gap in 1890 under the auspices of the American Missionary Association, purchased a hotel at Cumberland Gap. Here he opened a school called Harrow Hall. He soon conceived the idea of purchasing the Four Seasons property as a site for a university, and met with M. F. Overton, C. F. Eager, A. B. Kesterson, and M. Arthur to discuss this possibility. General Howard, who had been invited to Cumberland Gap to deliver a lecture on Lincoln, realized that here was an opportunity to fulfill Lincoln's request, and joined the group interested in founding a university. With Colonel R. F. Patterson, a Confederate veteran, as a seventh member, they organized as a board of directors and purchased the Four Seasons property. On February 12, 1897, the institution was chartered by the State of Tennessee as Lincoln Memorial University.

The town of Cumberland Gap tak-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

# The LINCOLNETTE



Vol. 1. No. 2

Harrogate,



Tennessee

Winter, 1944

## Interesting Facts About L. M. U.

The Autumn number of THE LINCOLNETTE gave in "A Living Memorial" the story of the founding of Lincoln Memorial University. Further miscellaneous data are given in the following paragraphs.

The University owns about 3300 acres of land in Tennessee and Virginia. The Seiberling forest tract on the south side of the Cumberland Mountain range in Virginia consists of some 2000 acres. The University farm contains 1230 acres, while the campus proper consists of about 70 acres. Buildings include D. A. R. Hall and Grant-Lee Hall for men; Norton Hall and Lafrentz-Poole Hall for women; Deke Hall of Citizenship, which contains administrative offices, classroom, and auditorium; Carnegie Library; Avery Hall, which has science rooms, a museum of historical miscellanea, the University bookstore and post office; gymnasium; Commerce Hall; the Blue Bird (the Economics department); the Munson House of Home Management; the Arthur House used as a Music Conservatory; the Faculty Apartment House; the Seiberling Dairy barn; the Matthias D. A. R. Creamery; and various other buildings and faculty homes.

One of the largest collections of Lincolniana in the United States is housed in the Lincoln Room of Duke Hall. The Civil War Memorial room in Carnegie Library is an excellent supplement to this collection.

Also located in the Library is the Madigan Hall of Holography, which is a collection of over one thousand autographed photographs and original letters.

The University, which is non-denominational, is proud of its splendid faculty and administrative staff, each a specialist in his field. Space forbids listing all of them. Dr. Stewart W. McClelland, the president, is also the new national president of the Exchange Club, a chaplain in the First World War, and has won a national reputation as a speaker and as an authority on Abraham Lincoln. Several of his addresses have appeared in VITAL SPEECHES.

Doctors McClelland, Wise, Kincaid, McCordock, and Professor McMurry are included in WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA. Doctors McClelland and Wise, together with Dr. T. A. Fick, Dean of College and head of Department of Natural Sciences, Dr. Jess H. Edds, head of Department of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1

X-PN 4827

#740

# Literary Huckster

Issue 4

MARCH 1944

Vol. 2 - No. 3

## Taken From An M. D. \*

Have you heard the one about the woman who gave birth to a pup?

I was told about the impossibility of that kind of birth by my mother, who also said that while the mating of the human being and the animal is known to sexual science, conception from such matings can never happen. However, I wondered if they had any basis in fact, and it wasn't until I thumbed my way through my mother's medical dictionary that I discovered a reason for such reports.

The word "montrosity" (which is the condition of a monster) started it all, for on seeing it I thought: Are monsters born in the human race? And are they! I found one hundred and eleven of them defined in the medical dictionary, although many of them were just a play on medical words—a repetition of the same monster in different sounds.

What are these monsters like? They are without heads, and without hearts. Some have two heads or two lower jaws. There's one with three heads—and the one with a triangular face. Even one with two faces. There are the tetra (or poker) monsters, born with four of a kind: arms, hands, legs, or feet.

\* Medical Dictionary

There's the monster with the cyclopean eye; and the one-eyed monster having no nose or mouth but whose ears are joined together. One has its brain outside the cranium; another has limbs on its belly. There's the double monster, joined from the pelvis down; and the one without hands or feet, having an extremity ending in a point. There's the somatotritydymus, having three trunks—or the one with a single body and eight limbs!

I learned that some of these bodies (for rarely are they born alive or continue to live after birth) bear a close resemblance to animals. And I could see, then, the indiscreet nurse telling her friend about a monster's birth. That friend had a friend, and vice versa until the fact became the one about the woman who gave birth to an animal.

Now whenever you are told about these impossible births, you will have the proper information to give the person who tells you about them. And should this item interest you in the subject of monsters, there is only one thing I can suggest: see your nearest teratologist. (He's the man who knows all about monsters!)

NAOMI MICHAEL



JUN 28 1945

# Literary *Huckster*

Issue 6

APRIL 1944

Vol. 2 - No. 4

## Spring, Spreckles, Love

1

Dear John. Many days have passed since we parted. Days that make four months of fighting with myself, my pride; and of wishing you would write to me. But neither of us has unbent to help the other.

Surely there must be an answer to our problem. We parted to find what, John? Four months without a word between us? How lonely they were without you; long nightmares of torture that only a fearful heart can see.

But now it is spring. In the city, one only feels it; but in the country the change can be seen. Two weeks ago the trees were still bare; today I found them covered with tiny green leaves. Beautiful little flowers were growing where only dead leaves laid two weeks ago. Spring is such a delightful change from winter. It always reminds me of a maiden's entrance into matrimony.

On my walk today I noticed many things that brought me thoughts of you, our love, our marriage and me. Thoughts that seemed connected to memories of what has been, and wishes of what might be. I won't tell you all my thoughts. Instead, I'll tell you what I saw.

In a distant field a tractor was noisily crossing it, preparing the soil for a fall harvest of oats or wheat. In another field a team of horses, pulling a wagon, was moving slowly while two men scattered fertilizer over the earth that had been plowed last fall.

Some fields were decorated with furrows, while others looked abandoned with the stumps of last year's crop of corn.

John: I think love is like a field! At first it is beautifully and lovingly furrowed; and then it is planted. Soon after it becomes green with life (pleasure and happiness). But before the wonder of it, the magnificence of it is harvested (realized) the drought comes along (pettiness, discord, and other disagreeables of marriage).

I noticed that many of the farmers have surrounded their fields with new wire; and they should, for in the spring the aroma from the fields gives promise of barns and stacks piled high with oats and wheat and corn and hay. Green shoots give life to fields that died last year—a new world coming over the world that passed away. That is spring!

A country road is so charming. Walking along it one sees not the road itself but all that grows on both sides of it.

From the road I could see the hills. They were patched with purple, and the green of fir trees dotted them. The blue sky was clear except for a single cloud that hung low over a purple patched hill. I stood still to watch the cloud, and it slowly evaporated and disappeared from my view. The day was so glorious that even the air was lusty with its shouts of Spring! Spring!

# Literary Huckster

Poetry Issue

JUNE 1944

Vol. 2 - No. 6

## Poetry Number

### I'm In Love With You

(Song)

Lovely eyes, lovely lips,  
 You're very lovely to your finger-  
 tips  
 ---Darling, I'm in love with you.  
 Precious hair, precious face.  
 You're very precious with your  
 charm and grace  
 ---Darling, I'm in love with you.  
 Any one can see that you're  
 pretty;  
 Every one can see that you  
 rate.  
 Everybody knows how dear you  
 are---  
 Don't all the fellows ask for a  
 date?  
 Gorgeous form, Gorgeous miss:  
 I long to hold you close and kiss  
 and kiss;  
 For, Darling, I'm in love with  
 you!

GERDA MORTIMER

— + —

### Love's Edison

Behold!  
 The day is done!  
 The shade of night is drawn.  
 The shining stars above are  
 bright;  
 The moon will be our light  
 Until the dawn.

NEDRA GAIL

### a woman's leg

sly nature carves  
 of a woman's leg  
 the bewitching lure  
 of a harmony  
 that makes a man's heart  
 do a sensual dance  
 and his mind sees art  
 in the elegance  
 that so wantonly  
 brings to her amour  
 while his feelings beg  
 and his passion starves.

JACK HOWARD

— + —

### Danger: Girl Passing

The eye desired  
 in glances that were often sly.  
 The mind perspired  
 with admiration of another kind.  
 The heart enquired:  
 Is the candle worth the wick,  
 apart?  
 While this transpired  
 the beauties of the passing miss  
 Were well admired  
 by this trio of the male's  
 personnel.

RON REYNOLDS

# Literary Huckster

Issue 9

JULY 1944

Vol. 2 - No. 7

## Alice Haskins, Horseshoer

She has lovely rust-red hair, deep-set blue eyes that sparkle with humor, and a lithe form that would put to shame any Powers model. She was mentioned in Walter Winchell's column (good publicity) as a "horseshoer." And she does shoe horses when the occasion arises at the Hauter Riding Academy in West 66th street, New York City.

When I first saw Alice Haskins, I had a mind-picture of the "winning of the west" days. But Alice is no cowgirl. She was born in Greenwich Village in old Manhattan.

Alice chose scenic designing as her career, and attended art school assiduously. Following graduation from art school she worked for various musical comedy producers, including Florenz Ziegfeld, designing and building scenery and back-drops until the theatrical business took a slide down depression.

While cantering in Central Park one morning, Alice reviewed her past and began to think about her future. "Horses," she thought, "are as good as any other business." And before you could say the words that come before Silver, she was among the

ponies as a working girl. And Alice was no stranger in the field, for she was then, as might be expected, an exceedingly fine horsewoman. She had the experience of riding in Horse Shows, and made an attractive figure astride a horse. (She makes a cute figure feeding, washing and currying them.)

Alice's partner, Oscar Hauter, is the typical Swiss-French riding master. A tall, lean, silver-haired man with that unmistakable mien that tells of weaning on a riding crop. He appears to be ageless, and is an excellent equestrian and teacher, beating time with his riding crop when showing a beginner how to absorb the horse's action.

The Hauter Riding Academy is one of the oldest in the city, and one can see why it is a successful enterprise. The stalls are kept clean. The horses are well attended. And the odor usually associated with stables is not at all repugnant.

But the best attraction about the Academy is Alice Haskins, whom I could not imagine as being able to do horseshoeing. When I asked her about it, she said, quite simply, that "it's a

# THE EDITORIAL PAGE

## THE LOUISVILLE AMATEUR

Official Publication

THE WATTERSON CLUB

Volume 5      Number 1

Editor

Harold Smoot

Contents entered  
for Laureate Awards.

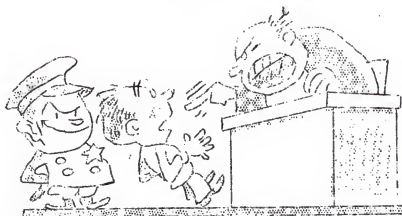
Stepping into the editorial shoes of such illustrious predecessors as Clem Campbell, Bud Johnson, Robert Smith and Ed Reed is a job that would fill many a soul with misgiving. Not me. I'm not worried a bit on that score because I'm starting right in by doing something that none of them ever accomplished. I'm putting out two issues in one. This is to be the first and last issue under my editorship.

Like a host of young men before me, and undoubtedly like many that are to follow, this shrinking violet has been classified as "1A" by his Uncle and informed that around the next corner awaits, not prosperity, but induction into the Army.

Which leads us to the observation that just about the time we begin to recover from the effects of one "H" (Hoover) another "H" of a mess faces us, brought about by still another "H" ... (Hitler).

The recent UAPA Convention has been berated for four months by an element within the organization. That is if you can call three disgruntled old men an element. The local members decided the best way to maintain a "united" United would be to ignore these attacks until the ill feeling passed. Not so the gentlemen from the West. Our silence, which we intended as a peace move, was misinterpreted as the admission of our guilt to the wide variety of charges they made against us. With unparalleled bad grace, the attacks against the "minority" (43 out of the 45 at the convention) were pressed. If they think no more of the United than to make charges that can do nothing but disrupt it, we feel we might as well have the satisfaction of answering. If, in the interest of unity, the old men see the light and desire a truce to this bickering, we gladly will meet them half-way. But the fight is on if they want it.

The size of The Louisville Amateur has been reduced this issue for 2 reasons. One is the current shortage of mimeograph paper. The second, and most important is the shortage of time facing the mimeograph operators in the club. The next issue, we hope, will return to normal size.



The touching illustration above represents the situation existing from the time the "lame, lamented Louisville convention" ended until today, when Judge Erford presided monthly at the trial of the Louisville traitors, represented by the abashed figure--too guilty to reply--standing before him. Looking on are: (top) Dr. Noel and on the left side--Chief Stoggo Maurice Whitto, ex-Kentuckian.



Jackson, Michigan

# Literary Newsette

MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS  
By Walter Squire Goff

## TUNE IN

## PROLOGUE

Wake up early from your sleep,  
and before the shadows creep,  
While your mind is fresh and clear,  
get right still and you can hear  
Something deep within you say,  
"What's the program for today?"  
Is your life so full of things,  
you can't hear what nature sings?  
Listen close, the song's still there,  
God is in it everywhere,  
All that you must do to hear,  
—is to tune your spirit ear.  
We listen, and we talk the same,  
no mortal sense is there to strain  
At words, to frame the truth we get,  
God patterned us, and he's there yet  
His voice is known in every tongue.  
We feel the spirit, when it's sung.

— Al G. Sharp

## MEET: LAUFA M. LOCKWOOD

This new member, a friend and recruit of Her Grace, may properly be considered a member of the young Columbus Group as she is a former resident and a member of the Verse Writers' Guild. She was born in Francisco, Indiana on March 9, 1896; and graduated from Lockyear's Business College at Evansville, Indiana to become a legal stenographer. She is the mother of two daughters, and has a grandson, aged 12. Is "the other mother" (as she likes to be known) of two sons—one killed in the battle of the Solomon Islands, Nov. 13, 1942, while serving aboard the U. S. S. San Francisco—and a daughter.

—OVER—

Amateur journalism as an institution was organized in 1869 or in 1876 when the National Amateur Press Association took form as presently organized. Or one can go back to Cundie's time and Nathaniel Hawthorne and other lights of early American literature. For myself, I prefer to accept the period immediately following the War Between the States, for it was really then and then only that amateur journalism as we conceive it today made its appearance among the youth of that time. The small printing press was developed about that time and as the present day diversions for young people were not even thought of, bright young men and boys gravitated to this new pastime as insects to a lighted candle in the dark of the night. Boys learned with avidity the case and the click of type in the composing stick was heard the length and breadth of the land.

Various histories have come down to date but the present crop of amateurs finds it hard to visualize the pioneers of our hobby and the conditions under which it carried on. The present day amateur finds it difficult to get first hand data such as we oldsters had. John T. Nixon's "History of the National Amateur Press Association" dealing with the founding and early days carried history to the present century; a comparable history to the present is direly needed.

Issued in 1885 was Thomas G. Harrison's "Career". Very few of these books are in existence today and most of these have been lost track of. (Parenthetically: someone, say Edwin Hadley Smith for instance, should conduct a hunt for (OVER)



# LITERARY NEWSLETTE

Vol 151 - Columbus, Ohio Jan 29, 1944

## AT JUNE'S IN JANUARY

June Wynters-Watson and Grace Phillips were hostesses for the bi-monthly meeting of the Central Ohio Amateur Journalists when they met at June's studio Saturday night, Jan. 29, 1944 in Columbus, Ohio.

The round trip for the Springfielders consumed just twice as much time as the party but it was worth it. We came directly from the bus station and were greeted by Grace and June, attended by a choir of evening-gowned lovelies who later entertained us with a couple of amusing monologs, and served us refreshments which carried out a Valentine motif. An unusual touch was in the decoration of the small cakes on which our first name was lettered in red icing. (They were all the same size, so this is once when having a long name produced no dividend.)

After a short business meeting conducted by Her Grace (who is President) and our secretary Ora Ogle McCann (whose distinctive white hair brings thoughts of a sundae topped with luscious whipped cream) Raymond Jeffreys introduced—over—

## RAIN ON THE DUST

by Ora O. McCann

Was there ever a scent more pleasing than just  
The smell of the rain as it first hits the dust?  
Of course there is incense from sweet buds and flowers  
Ascending from earth, which seems thanks, same as ours  
But one special delight, not often discussed  
That wonderful smell when the rain strikes the dust.

It may be the kinship with man "In the bud"  
That brings forth that scent when raindrops go 'thud'  
And stirs something up that get into the blood  
When rain meets the dust and falls short of JUST MUD.

For in the beginning God made us from dust.  
A return date to fill, then, with Nature we must;  
Lest we be forgetting, a reminder is given  
Each time the floodgates are opened from Heaven  
Our humble origin home to us thrust  
By the smell of the rain as it first hits the dust.

RUSTY SAYS - - -

MEET: ORA OGLE McCANN

If you've paid your dues and have had no acknowledgment it's because Rusty had a touch of eye trouble and was practically blind for the greater part of a week. There has been such a rush of dues-paying that she has over 100 acknowledgements to make.

Eye trouble must be contagious, because the printer of the National Amateur had ulcers of the eyes, they are clearing up now, but it may mean that the NA will be delayed again as he has been unable to find help, but we are working to prevent too much delay.

A native Ohioan, she was born Jan. 6, 1873 in Bell-air, and graduated from high school into marriage, at the age of 18, with Eugene McCann who died 20 years ago this month. Her early married life was spent in Indiana where her two daughters were born. Both are married, one living in Houston, Texas, the other in Columbus, Ohio.

Her first writings were jingles to accompany gifts; friends suggested submitting them to newspapers who accepted some. After returning to Ohio she was—over, column two—





# CANADIAN ISSUE Literary Newssheete

#154

British Columbia --- Ontario

Feb. 29, 1944

## NO IDLE RUMOURS By Robin Denton

Some members of the NAPA have become curious about rumours to the effect that there exists a Canadian Amateur Press Association. The rumours are true.

The Canadian counterpart of the staid old National is so informal and easy-going that even its President has only a faint idea when it was founded. It is so small that its Secretary can list the names of all nine members in a twinkling. Only about twenty-five people can positively state that it exists at all.

Yet it does exist. It was founded in a letter. Few organizations can claim that distinction. The letter was written by myself to Derek Pugsley formerly of Montreal in February 1943. In it I expressed the wish that we found CAPA with Derek and the members of the old Vancouver Newspaper Alliance forming the initial roster. The V.N.A. had been organized a year earlier by a group of Vancouver boys including Jimmy Mains, John Greery, Lionel Hodgson, and myself. It got a big write-up in the Vancouver News-Herald and five stories over Canadian Press wires but folded after two meets.

Lionel Hodgson dropped his little paper Family and the remaining three joined Derek to become the Canadian Amateur Press Association. Five others have joined the ranks: Joe Boissonot, Sgt. Norman V. Lamb, William H. Gander, Robert Reid and Pat Denton. Elections were held; Derek Pugsley is Secretary-Treasurer, John Greery is Vice-President and I am President.

Plans for the future: a Constitution, and Official Organ, annual awards. I'm busy writing the Constitution which will be democratic and informal, just like CAPA itself. The job is tedious, boring, and difficult. Lately I've become a(over)

## CANADIAN DIRECTORY Compiled by Derek Pugsley

### ROBIN DENTON

At 18, publishes Freedom with a circulation of 1000 and 200 correspondents all over the world from New Zealand to West Africa. He likes playwriting, and writing in general. He's written four plays, the first published when he was ten, the second a success in '42, the third staged in his school Principal's living room, and the fourth, just finished, the greatest success yet with a cast of over 60 plus choirs. He has written two newspaper columns, and has been connected with a number of school newspapers. Although he's been on the radio eleven times, and mentioned many times in newspapers Robin's very modest.

### PAT DENTON

Robin's brother; at 11 is the youngest member of CAPA but already has written one issue of Error. In it he says "When I made an ERROR, I made an error." Nevertheless, he has written two newspaper columns as guest columnist in the Vancouver News-Herald, and recently has written a play. In athletics he is a football fan, and is Captain of a school boy highway patrol. I'd say he hasn't made an error yet!

### JIMMY MAINS

Jimmy, 14, is publisher of the Sentinel with the aim "to promote better reading for the democratic countries of the world." An honorary member of British United Press, he has raised the circulation of his paper in Vancouver to 350 since December 1939. Short, Irish Jimmy is definitely a go-getter, and his paper is a financial success from page one. The Sentinel is mimeo'd and comes out on time every month, selling for two cents. Jimmy has a brother in the Royal Canadian Air (over)



# Literary News

#149

No. 158

Washington, D. C. April 4, 1944

## Boston — 1900!

By Ethel May Johnston Myers

Boys!! And I was almost the only girl there. Naturally I played the field and flirted till my very eyelashes were weary from being raised and lowered cutely. eighteen years old, wearing shirtwaist and skirt, long sleeves and four starched petticoats, —and not knowing the day would come when even dowagers would don shorts and go bare legged! (But not me, God wot! I still wear petticoats, starch and all, my hair is NOT bobbed and I loathe cigarettes.)

Timidly I asked Sam DeHayn if he really were an actor, —and he graciously gave me his card, —Mr. Samuel DeHayn (I am not sure of the spelling) and in the lower corner "With the Gaiety Girl." I nearly died from the excitement of meeting a real actor face to face. The thrill didn't last, of course, and had I known about the peccadillos so lushly described in recent numbers of Charley Heins' paper —well, I wonder.

The New York gang were furiously vociferous and not too well mannered but they were, as always, hospitable. They invited the delegates to a luncheon in their club parlor and we all went and had a nice time and enjoyed the sandwiches and soft drinks, —just let them try to serve anything else in our town! — and cakes. It was a merry feast and everybody was as chummy as anything and then, —oh woe! — came a dispute when the convention reassembled and what did young J. Wm. Townsend do but rise and fling a bitter reproach to the Boston folks, "You go to our luncheon and eat our sandwiches and then treat us like ——" That was as far as he got. A wild chorus of "SHUT UP!!" was bellowed by his own colleagues and the lad subsided and, later, apologized for

## THE POET — HOW RATED

The poet, as a human being,  
Brings this thought to mind:  
Just how are poets rated . . .  
By the balance of mankind?

Some say folks who write poetry  
Are just a bit insane—  
With wild hallucinations . . .  
Causing fever to the brain!  
Some say a poet is endowed  
With super-human mind . . .  
Within which are celestial thoughts  
Immortally inclined!

Thus do opinions differ . . .  
As the poets come and go,  
With normal or eccentric brains —  
Just which, none seems to know;  
It's true: no two express the same,  
In voicing thoughts sublime;  
Yet each portrays life's beauty-bits  
In words of rhythmic rhyme.

The poet, as a human being,  
Seeks not to deny  
Life's clouds, but looks beyond  
Into the blueness of the sky.  
— Katharine Neal Smith

## NOCTURNE

Oh, sometimes Life is a night that's fair  
And lit with moon and stars;  
I stand enthralled in the beauty there  
And see beyond the bars . . .

But sometimes Life is a night that's dark  
And deep and fogged with woe;  
I moon unheard and my lantern dim  
Will light no path to go.

\*over\*

— Larry Giles



# LITERARY NEWSLETTE

No. 160

Springfield, Ohio

April 20, 1944

## LITNEWS BECOMES THE OFFICIAL ORGAN FOR THE OFFICIAL ORGAN

Every genuine amateur understands -- because he shares-- our bereavement in the death of perhaps the most famous amateur journalist, Edwin Hadley Smith. The stunning announcement came in a telegram from Tim Thrift who said if we would hold the National Amateur he would pay for a two-page insert (later Burton Jay Smith matched the offer to increase the space) and suggested Burton Crane to write it. The finished obituary is, to our mind, so much of a masterpiece that to accommodate its full length (it ran to more than five pages) we were obliged to further delay publication and pull material already set up, however we know the members will approve when they read it, and we publish here the material planned for the March National Amateur.

From the EDITORIAL, the section known as PURELY PERSONAL MILESTONES:

The Central Ohio A. J. held a special meeting at the Studios of June Wynters-Watson's School of Expression, Columbus (January); thirty-one guests and members attended. Mabel Forrer, Alma Weixelbaum and Willametta Turnepseed came over from Springfield. . . Mabel had several poems accepted by the Kansas City Poetry Magazine; one was in the January issue. Her latest song is "Just Through My Love For You" and when it is in its final form is to be featured by the Shawnee Hotel orchestra which has been performing the same service for her previous one, "How Am I to Know?"

Albert H. Pedrick wrote the words and his brother the music for a song which was sung in January at the First Church of Christ Scientist in Springfield, Ohio.

"Tryout" Smith writes that a half-page review of H. P. Lovecraft's books, by Winfield T. Scott, appeared recently in

the Princeton (Mass.) Daily Journal.

The first week in February was marked by a furlough for Sheldon Wesson, so he and Helen spent it in New York, and took in the first of the two-day festivities at Alfred Babcock's on Feb. 5th & 6th, which combined an APG meeting with Alf's birthday. Bill Groveman had a week-end pass for the occasion, we hear; and Lt. Ralph Babcock's leave enabled him to arrive the second day after, however, most of the guests had departed.

Walter E. Mellinger, veteran of 17 NAPA conventions since 1888, is preparing a serial article Vivid Remembrances at the request of the editors of Literary Newslette, it is planned to run for a year or more in monthly installments. Several other old-timers including Walter S. Goff and Ethel May Johnston Myers are contributing reminiscences to encourage LitNews' and its readers' deep interest in the past of the glorious NAPA.

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From a companion article to one on new members, "---AND SOME NOT SO NEW"

Bob Kunde of the Army Enlisted Reserve works seven days a week at Douglas Aircraft, goes to school for an advanced communications course coupled with electrical engineering and still finds time to get out the Banner and GI Ad. He says it is quite an ordeal adjusting oneself to civilian life after nearly two years in the army and he has come to the conclusion that civilian life these days is a lot tougher than army life even though the cash handout is more satisfactory.

The Childs' Restaurants put out a small printed paper called "Footnotes to Childs" in which is often quoted the work of famous writers. In the February 3rd issue was a poem by our own (over)

# Literary NEWSETTE

No. 182

May  
4  
1944

#151

## ABOUT THOSE PRIVATE MAILINGS

Sheldon Wesson, whose initials must mean Storm Warning, tried to stir up one in The Spigot and Griddle in an article which sounded as if written in the white heat of impish glee. Edw. Cole's reply in Opinions was masterly, but there is even more to be said in explanation.

A new member belongs for several months before publishers know it. The NAPA is a hobby organization. We may have a complete staff of officers but, with a few exceptions, we don't operate on business lines. So even when an Amateur appears with a list of new members that doesn't guarantee that publishers will sit down and address a copy of their journal to all, even though this would be a wonderful reception to the new member. No, publishers wait until the spirit moves them.

A second point is that we publish with extreme deliberation and a reviewed journal might have been published six months before; a member of three-months' affiliation, not knowing our idiosyncracies, jumps to the conclusion that he has been ignored.

My final point --though not the final one that could be made-- is that belonging for years, nor being an active publisher, nor even being an officer guarantees that you will get every paper published. In looking through the Historian's Report I run across papers that never came my way, and this despite the fact that in addition to qualifying under all three of these classifications I am also serving as duration librarian of the MidWest Library and attempting to obtain complete files of all papers for permanent preservation.

So long as this is a hobby organization it is to be expected that the circulation of papers will be spasmodic and uneven, so there's little point in getting worked up about it, and far less in trying to make the new member feel that he is an interloper.

## MY TWO CENTS' WORTH ON POLITICS

Although I have been proposed for the Presidency and am not at all backward about saying that I'd love it and would feel honored I have no intention of campaigning; I do not ask you to vote for me; vote for officers you feel will do the best job.

BUT this doesn't prevent me from campaigning against! I don't like to do this because I like the guy personally, but my conscience will not let me support Alfred Babcock for Official Editor.

To be completely fair I must admit that Alf himself has vacillated about running; he admits he hasn't the time, and that with the arrival of a new daughter he can use the money he would make from commercial printing. But I'm against him because he is not whole-heartedly NAPA. In February he resigned as Vice-President (but later withdrew it) and flirted with the same office in the American. He embraces what have been referred to as "crack-brained ideas", and drops them when discouraged. But none of that would influence me to much -- we need originality, and a man is entitled to split his personality among as many associations as he wishes. But he states that if he is elected the official organ will consist only of 8 pages of reports. If Amendment Fourteen goes through--as I think it should-- that will be unfair to the Limited members, besides being inordinately dull reading.

Michael White has been suggested; he writes that he works 12 hours a day--yet he was able to devote much time to the Bureau of Critics and the Bavardage. However another has been mentioned who would be ideal if he will serve: Frank Roe Batchelder. He is retired so has the time; he absorbed the ajay spirit fifty years ago; and his Go-Ahead proves he would offer an Official Organ we could be proud to display. If he will accept I urge you to vote for him. In fact, we might be smart if we draft Batchelder:

# Literary Newsette

No. 163

May 9, 1944  
Lynwood, California

April 28, 1944

Through the Editors' kindness the pages of Literary Newsette have been opened to me to send a message to its readers.

To all Hadley's friends, whose letters and cards of sympathy have been heart-warming in the weary days I am endeavoring to live through, my sincere gratitude. The tributes have been many and wonderful. Eventually I will acknowledge them all.

In the meantime I am collecting your papers for permanent preservation, as Hadley would have wished it done. Please do not let him down, and keep your papers coming to my address.

Nita Gerner Smith

## WHILE YOU'RE AWAY

My heart's complaint will not be sad  
As winds in Autumn leaves;  
My soul shall not be one that roams  
Through dark of Time, and grieves,  
For I shall be remembering  
The ecstasy, divine,  
Of moments when your fingers, warm  
And brown had clung to mine.

-- Pearl Adoree Franklin

## 1945 - WHERE??

Glyde Townsend is already casting out hints about having the 1945 Convention in Detroit; this is one subject on which we haven't heard any comment yet. LitNews isn't nominating anyplace; this time we are waiting to be invited.



## VIVID REMEMBRANCES (cont'd from 153)

By Walter E. Mellinger

During 1886-7 Chicago was a hotbed of amateur politics, the membership grew and many papers were published. I assisted "Tommy" with his Commentator and many other local papers, and I blush now when I look back on the many articles I wrote in other papers, as editorials for the real editors. In 1886 the Western A.P.A. of which I was secretary at the time, met at Davenport, Iowa. It was a funny convention. The Chicago boys had put me up as a candidate for the Presidency (naturally?) while the Cincinnati boys had nominated Norbert Heinsheimer, of that city. Our delegation arrived early, --the meeting was to be called at 10 a.m. but the Cincinnati delegation had not arrived. In justice we waited and waited, until at 2 o'clock it was decided to go ahead as no one knew when or whether the others would arrive. The election was held and I was elected with a full Board of officers. At 5 o'clock the others did arrive, and I will never forget the look of surprise and disgust of Norman and the others; but nothing could be done about it and we held the banquet with all present. Poor Norman never forgot and all during the year he needed me with great gusto. Repeating President Cleveland's statement about "innocuous desuetude," he applied those words to all my propaganda and acts. But when I called on him in New York City years later, where he had become a great lawyer, we laughed over it and had lunch together. He was still a bit under five feet in height, but had grown fat with increasing years. I had a photo of (over)

# Literary Newsette

No. 167

6/15/44

PAEAN FOR PLANES

By Sgt. Lou Kleinschmidt

## LIGHTNING

Fast as light! Faster than sound!  
Here he comes! There he goes!  
Twin engines. Twin booms. Twin  
rudders.  
A speck on the sky. A giant in the  
air. Then gone.

\* \* \*

## FORT

Stately, and yet fierce. The fist of  
iron in a velvet glove.  
Her even pace is relentless, ominous,  
foreboding.  
Battle-marked she'll return to drop  
another load another day.

\* \* \*

## CATALINA

"Damned duck," they call it.  
Sits on the water, or the land.  
It rides herd on convoys for long  
hours without complaint.  
And when the tour is done, alone,  
the "duck" comes home."

\* \* \*

## TRANSPORT

The jack-of-all-trades. Mail, and  
people and cargo.  
Paratroops, too, and wounded men.  
"Anywhere, any time, any way," for  
this slow kite.  
Someone must be unglamorous. Some-  
one must do the work.

\* \* \*



## VIVID REMEMBRANCES (cont'd from 163)

By Walter E. Mellinger

And now I come to the most pleasant vivid recollection of my amateur career --the Steinbergs. For the two years prior to 1890 I had frequently visited Indianapolis, and we became fast friends. They were of the strictest Orthodox Jewish faith, and then and many times later we ate with them, but never knew them to violate their faith.

I had by that time become a traveling salesman, hence these frequent visits. But it was at the '90 convention that Mrs. M. and my little girl fell in love with "Rosie." For a number of years afterward my daughter always referred to her as "Papa's Rosie." She was petite, and had a spiritual face --sweet, to you. I never knew her to get angry or say a cross word, although she had many provocations.

I moved to Louisville, December, 1894 to establish my own business, --heating contractor, so had many occasions to visit Indianapolis. It was during these years that I determined that Rosie should have a good husband! I told her of the good qualities of Dave Hollub of San Francisco; to him I wrote of the virtues of Rosie! Naturally they knew of each other in a.j., and started a correspondence resulting in his coming East and plighting their troth. He also was Orthodox, so was acceptable to the elder Steinbergs, and approved by Sam.

At their wedding I was paid one of the greatest compliments of my life. I





# LITERARY NEWSETTE

No. 168

June 20, 1944

## EDWIN HADLEY SMITH -- Australia's Tribute

By Leon S. Stone in cooperation with Hal E. Stone and James F. Guinane

Scores of Smiths have come and gone in A.J. and in the various associations, but only one Edwin Hadley. He strode the field like the colossus he was. His passing, so comparatively soon after that of his distinguished colleague Vincent B. Hagerty, provides almost a double K.O. to the NAPA and A.J. in general.

One felt Edwin Hadley Smith and his work were both ageless and timeless; it would and should have gone on forever. There are not many -- considering the years and numbers involved -- Amateur Journalists who fit easily or fittingly into the category of "great." E.H.S. was one who did without "great argument." His magnificent A.J. library is his most fitting memorial.

### NOVEMBER MOOD from "Pocket Pieces"

There is an autumn silence in my soul,  
A hollow breath that slowly moves and sighs.  
A thin grey veil of smoke, like misty tears,  
Hangs o'er the place where beauty burns and dies.

Yes, all is dying now, my dreams, my hopes,  
My youth. The roses in my cheeks, once fair,  
Are pale, grey flowers of a summer frown,  
Nor could one guess that once was beauty there.

There is an autumn sadness and a sigh  
Like lone winds moving through a dying tree.  
Old memories shake their dust into my eyes  
And blow forgotten fancies back to me.

There is an autumn stillness, and I know  
That winter's near, and death, perhaps, not far

I raise my face towards heaven but to find  
The cold blue radiance of a lonely star.

Ah, dreams of youth, and roses of my June,  
You were so wondrous fair, how could you die?  
All I have loved is gone. This truth remains --  
As they have followed death, so too shall I.

So all-encompassing became the colossal work upon his A.J. library which he built by tremendous determination and a peculiar ability unrivalled in the history of the hobby, that it embraced the globe. The fact that I'm writing this is sufficient evidence!

Edwin Hadley was as well known in Australia (10,000 miles distant from the U.S.A.) Timbuctoo or points west, to Amateur Journalists inhabiting such parts, as he was to rjays in Oshkosh or Baltimore. In A.J. he was truly an international figure, looming as large as President Roosevelt or Winston Churchill. And that is not over-painting the picture.

-- Dora Hepner Moltoret

E.H.S. (so many oldtimers of the

# Literary Newsette



No. 170

En Route

July 1, 1944

## Beginning with New York . . .

Probably few convention reports begin with complaints, but we have several. Why, for instance and the number of minutes per hour and hours per day shortened during conventions? And why do people you plan to visit with, disappear just when you get a breathing spell? Why doesn't some convention committee arrange a period when we are gathered as if for a meeting and then announce this as a grand right-and left of talk; we could visit with our partner the signal sounded move on to the next having exchanged autographs, greetings and plans for future meetings? Cleveland papers please copy.

\*\*\*

I - New York

Our New York and Boston junket nearly came to grief before begun. We thought we'd taken care of everything: baggage forwarded, ticket purchased, successful conference with weatherman, and, on advice of ODT, leaving mid-week. Two things almost wrecked us: the sister of an assistant had scheduled a baby for the same week and when her husband's deferment was cancelled Elsie had to go to Philadelphia. By good teamwork in the office that was overcome, but the second matter . . . We had watched from the office window when the 5:20 train stopped at the depot and joyfully noted that while the train was full, no one ever stood. Rusty had Pullman reservations but I'm too Scotch to pay \$20 additional for a berth on a night when I'd probably be too excited to sleep anyway.

So Wednesday we boarded the 5:20 only to discover the aisles were packed. Two groups of adolescents were headed for summer camps in Maine, and a connecting train into Cincinnati had been late and its passengers (who'd normally have been on the noon train) were

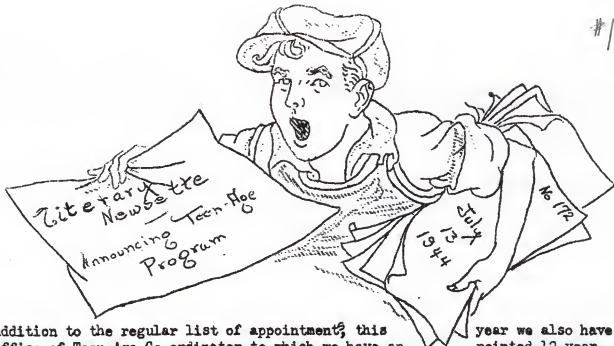
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added to the list. Halfway to Columbus we ruefully ate our words ("I'll go even if I have to stand") and admitted that the pressure of the past two weeks was telling on us.

It looked as if I might have to admit I was licked, and de-train at Columbus but my luck held and I soon found a seat in the day coach, and after Cleveland had a reclining chair in an air-conditioned coach, and just before we pulled into New York I moved back to Rusty's Pullman and we gossiped the last hundred miles. The biggest thrill of the Hudson was seeing the famous Liner Gripsholm travelling down stream.

This trip to Manhattan gave me time to do some things left over from previous trips; touristy things like taking the NBC tour, and re-visiting the American Museum of Natural History and the Metropolitan Art Museum.

Friday evening Rusty, Lois Grimes and I were invited to the Crane home and the occasion is highlighted in my memories. First of all I delighted in their lovely home because of the space and the touches of oriental decorations and furnishings; and Mrs. Crane and Sylvia were so hospitable and de-



In addition to the regular list of appointments, this year we also have an office of Teen-Age Co-ordinator to which we have appointed 12-year old Thomas Bacon Whitbread, with Buddy Sutton as assistant. Our aim is to help you BE ACTIVE; and in addition to the fun you will have by partaking in the affairs of the association you are due for an exciting surprise when you read the September issue of the National Amateur. We don't want to give it away but urge you to make plans for activity now so you can get a start. As for the rest, we will let Tommy tell you.

— Willametta Turnepseed, President NAPA

# Honor Roll

## EDITORIAL

- |                         |      |                      |
|-------------------------|------|----------------------|
| Thomas B. Whitbread     | ---- | The Berkshire Breeze |
| Buddy Sutton            | ---- | The Silhouette       |
| Guy G. Miller           | ---- | The Reviewer         |
| Roy A. Lindberg         | ---- | The Brooklyn Bee     |
| William K. Smith        | ---- | The Ink Blot         |
| Gordon K. Rouze         | ---- | The Prairie Pressman |
| Donald Kergel*          | ---- | The Skipper          |
| Carol Moitoret          | ---- | Two Ems (co-ed)      |
| Anied Malkasian         | ---- | Tulipa (co-ed)       |
| Lois Harp & Kerran Perk | ---- | La Charla            |
| Dorothea Hixon          | ---- | Bavardage (co-ed)    |
| Wm. H. Groveman*        | ---- | Snafu                |

(List includes only journals circulated throughout the National)

**PUBLISH A PAPER FOR THE NAPA  
AND GET YOUR NAME ON THIS LIST!**

\*\*\*\*\*

Probably many of you don't know just what this Teen-Age Group, and the office of Teen-Age Co-ordinator is about. Here is an explanation:

Many of the new members of the NAPA during the past year were teen-age members--boys with Swift-set presses, regular metal presses or mimeographs. These new members need to be oriented and set off on the right track. They should be encouraged to publish and be active in the association as much as possible. They should be trained for taking up leadership in the NAPA, and holding its offices as older and middle-aged

members drop to the sidelines. These are the main purposes of the Teen-Age Group and the Teen-Age Co-ordinator.

In this Teen-Ager issue of Literary Newsette we bring you sketches of many of the teen-age members. If you are a teen-ager and have not sent in information about yourself and activities write me and you will be included in future issues.

We are also publishing an Honor Roll of Teen-Age Publishers. Publish, circulate, and get your name on this list.

— Thomas B. Whitbread, Co-ordinator

(over)



# Literary Newslette

No. 176

Aug. 13, 1944.

## Memories and Portraits - 2

By Walter S. Goff

When I first entered amateur journalism in the closing years of the last century, the influence of the feminine amateurs upon the "fraternity" had been plainly marked for some time, and they had served ably in various offices of the National with the exception of the presidency. I cannot conceive of an all-masculine amateur journalism, but as one reads the history of the early days, the fact that the founding fathers did not contemplate any other development is evident. But the gals (then, as now) had their way, and their influence was marked in the halcyon days of the late 80's. And more so in the following decade.

Turning the pages of memory's book, brings up the name of Kathleen Smith whose lilting verse charmed those who read the poetry of amateur journalism; Leola White who married "Honest" John Nixon; Rose Steinberg who likewise found her lifemate in the person of Dave Holub; and Capitola Harrison (Spencer). I never met Mrs. Nixon or Mrs. Spencer, but forty years ago the Hollubs grandly entertained the Wolverine travelers at their cottage across the bay from San Francisco. Mrs. Smith, we unexpectedly ran into in the railway station at Adrian, Mich., on our returning from the Chicago 1903 convention of the National.

The outstanding representative of amateur journalism, on the distaff side, of my personal acquaintance was Edith Miniter, although she was handicapped by being a Bostonian which meant in those days that you were either very talented or a snob (and you thought you were talented.) (The old Hub Club was like the



Sgt. Lou Kleinschmidt, who is one of the flying members of a Troop Carrier Squadron finds time to analyze their sensations on missions (and commemorates them in verse) and to discuss amateur journalism in

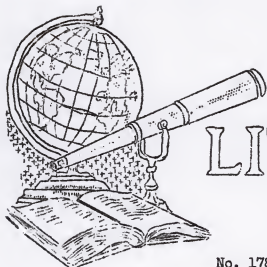
### NAPA, for my Money

I've often felt that NAPA was a politics-ridden outfit, with this one and that squabbling over who should be what. I was a little bothered; my forte was writing and I kept strictly out of politics. I feel the same way, but am no longer troubled by it. For those who would have politics it's there—a fascinating game to play to their heart's content. And for those of us who prefer to write there are opportunities galore. The lucky ones who own presses can take their choice or combine the two.

It's a moot question as to whether NAPA has furthered the cause of belle lettres, but that's unimportant. The big thing is that it has afforded many people, old and young, an opportunity to express themselves — given them pleasure, and friends in widely scattered places.

So I can honestly say that I believe in NAPA. And if anyone wants to take exception to my spoutings, I'd be glad to fight it out via V-mail. \*\*\*\*





# LITERARY NEWSETTE

No. 178

Detroit, Michigan

9/8/44

## REPORT OF THE BUREAU OF CRITICS FOR THE MONTH OF JULY

Some of the material in the July bundle, and in those mailed individually, came very close to my conception of laureate fodder, but somehow it lacked that divine spark. The best of prose, the best of poetry, is always spontaneous, so that it takes on the force of fire and overcomes its vehicle, the writer, with emotion. It is in this moment of emotion, when the writer is heavy with the spark, that the words flow and the paragraph shapes, and a great piece of writing is born.

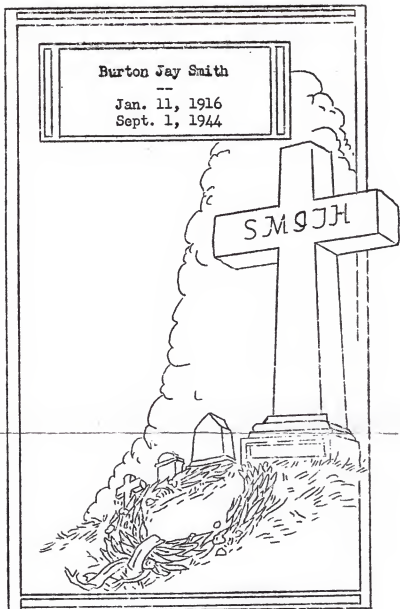
Sometimes the small papers make a deliberate attempt to be clever, but fail. Humor should not be attempted unless the writer is able to handle it well. I can think of nothing that stinks up the place so much as ill-timed, disjointed, slapstick humor. I do not like the witty sayings so often found in amateur papers. I think everything ought to have in it something solid although not necessarily morose. The morose things, the heavy tragic elements are significant, but there is in all writing a happy, wonderful medium which permits the writer to be funny and, at the same time, tragic. For often in the most humorous of pieces there is the note of foreboding, of impending tragedy and there may exist the greatest of humor. The creation of prose ought not to be artificial; it should spring from something honestly and sincerely felt. To achieve this the writer must write constantly. He cannot wait for a moment of grandeur to pounce upon him as such moments do --sometimes once in a lifetime-- but must be there writ-

ing when the inspiration strikes. There is too much editorializing in many of the papers. I could find no prose in the July bundle deserving of attention by the judges, not, alas, even my own!

Except for a few oldtimers who consistently produce beauty of typography and, in some instances, brilliancy in writing, we must look to our youth, to the spirited and wholesome youngsters for our measuring stick. Unfortunately, I have received few of their papers: although I see by the informative Literary Newsette, which announced the Teen-Age Program, that we have on the threshold of our organization, a veritable community of youngsters who print papers.

I received a paper published by Sue Moitoret a while back which excited my fancy and prompted me recently to write her complimenting her on her fine achievement. . . Buddy Sutton is a comer, but I have not recently received a paper from him; I suppose this is because this is summer and he does not have time to print. SPICY TOPIX is always good reading but often there is nothing in it of a creative or imaginative nature, and this time because of the convention in Boston, TOPIX concerns itself with good reporting.

Guy Miller has, I am sure, already endeared himself to us and, for my money, stands out above the newest of the members through his wholehearted support and his particularly spirited mind, and I look forward to seeing good things



"The War Department regrets . . . "

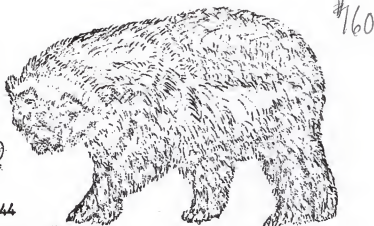
Sometime during the first day of September a B-24 hurtled to the ground from over England, carrying its crew of ten to their deaths. We have no further details; we only know our brave and beloved co-editor was its navigator. All his hopes and dreams and plans lie buried with him. His missions are completed.

He was the noblest man it was our privilege to know.

# Literary Newspette

No. 181

Jackson, Michigan 10/6/44



## MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS

By Walter S. Goff

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### What of Michigan?

Having lived practically all my life in Michigan, the status of amateur journalism in this section of the country, at least during this length of time, is familiar to me. During this time, the National Amateur Press Association has been entertained by the Wolverines three times, and each convention has been a successful and memorable one. We have no apologies to make for the manner in which these conventions were conducted nor the results achieved. During this period Michigan has also given the association three presidents and three official editors.

The United Amateur Press Association has never been very strong with Michigan amateurs, they apparently preferring the older organization. When I first entered the charmed circle of amateurdom, there was a two-state group organized under the name --the Michigan-Indiana Amateur Press Association. The prime mover in this group was a Mongo, Indiana, amateur by the name of A. M. Keefer. After a few years his interest waned and he transferred his activities to the operation and management of a merry-go-round, and the M-I APA died a natural death. The old Western Amateur Press Association had a few members from time to time. I was at one time the official editor and several numbers of the Western Amateur under my tutelage were issued. But this Association was weak at heart and there was never any real enthusiasm. At the Detroit convention of the National in 1925 we attempted to reorganize and elected a board of officers but it was love's labour lost, because nothing came of it.

The Michigan Amateur Press Association was organized about a decade ago and

## Wolverine Cut Courtesy Univ. of Michigan

just prior to and following the Grand Rapids convention of the National in 1936 it functioned most creditably and enthusiastically. This was primarily because its membership was a happy combination of the up and coming so-called young blood and the more, may I call it, reserved and substantial old timer. These two groups worked congenially together with no antagonisms. This demonstrated that in amateur journalism there is no age line and the common denominator is our individual allegiance to the underlying principles of our "mimic world of letters" as some have styled it. We held two conventions a year and published an official organ quarterly. The Central States Press Club is a sectional organization embodying Michigan and contiguous states and has held several conferences, but its efforts have been more or less negligible so far as promoting noticeable activity is concerned. Amateurs attending these conferences, however, have felt well repaid for the time given.

For the fifteen years preceding the Grand Rapids convention in 1913 of the National Michigan amateurs activated their hobby each by himself, as it were. Both Chicago and Milwaukee had large and enthusiastic amateur clubs with monthly and even weekly meetings and we were individually dominated by these groups. In fact, I think we stood in awe of these leaders. And who wouldn't? There was Walter Chiles and Sam Steinberg, Theodore Thiele and Walter Mellinger, Hervey Dorr and Linden Dey, and Albert Barnard and that charming coterie of bright young girls, than whom no finer or sweeter have ever graced the ranks of amateurdom. So Chicago pretty nearly dominated the scene so far as we lone Michiganders were concerned. (over)

# Literary Newsletter

No. 182

October 15, 1944

## PETITION

By Louise Lincoln

God, give me a star to hold tonight --  
The world has forgotten the beauty of light.  
Its darkened cities in silent dread,  
Have snuffed their candles, their hearths are dead;  
Their windows are shuttered and sightless eyes  
That blindly stare at the ominous skies  
Where the only light is the too-bright rain  
Of bursting shells or a burning plane.

The world has forgotten the beauty of light --  
God give me a star to hold tonight.

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BELLETTTE ISSUE --- BeeJay and I always believed in commemorating every occasion with a special issue, so when Vondy came to Springfield for the first time after her trip to Cleveland I had what I regarded as a brilliant idea: we'd have a Bellette Issue. I could just hear BeeJay approving, since he'd always called her his "second best" girl. Idea and intention were excellent, but if they fizzled it is because we suddenly discovered that Vondy's inimitable style is deceptively simple.

However, the substance of our tale is that Eleanor Nelson was married on October 8th to Stewart McCormick and Vondy came from New York to attend and make it legal. Afterwards she and Helm came to the Cleveland where this Springfielder had registered and gone out in search (my eternal search!) of food. Guy Miller had proposed to come up after visiting with a sister in Youngstown and walking in the high domed cavern of the Terminal we unexpectedly came upon each other and we chatted as I ate, then we strolled along Euclid and returned to find Vondy and Helm waiting.

Next day began with an enormous and delicious breakfast after which we checked out and Vondy went to keep a luncheon engagement with friends while I went out to Helm's where Guy had spent the night, and felt the comfort of being surrounded by good friends as we greeted the arrival of the Martins (gentle and friendly), the Diamonds (whom I think must be fashioned in the new King cut,) the Knacks (welcoming and sympathetic); then came Earl Bonnell, big and heartening, from Pennsylvania while shortly after there arrived Bill Blend with sister, fiancée and friend. We signed inevitable postals --leaving space at the top where we trusted Helm would not print something that would undo us. Helm, as a host, followed BeeJay's line ("with me, guests would probably be invited to stir the soup!") and it was homey and happy despite the rain which beat against the window at intervals.

In Springfield Vondy made the acquaintance of Ellen Nappy. (You'll hear more of her in time to come so you might as well be formally introduced. She's a grey tiger kitten, beautifully marked, and she came to me when I was in the depths of desola-





YESTERDAY'S TEEN-AGER

A.J. is probably the only hobby in which it is not inappropriate to have a Teen-Age Issue feature a lead article by a Fossil. For youth and age joint in absorbed interest in this hobby of the many facets, and it is not surprising that Mr. Reum --long a member of the Alumni Association-- should return to active membership because of his interest in the Teen-Age Program. He realizes that the basic tenet of the Program is not merely to make NAPA a children's association, but to recruit these children and train them not only to carry on in the hobby but to learn to express themselves and to become leaders in the hobby as well as in the larger world.

The newspapers these days are full of juvenile delinquency reports, but none of the boys who have found an outlet for their energies in amateur journalism have added their names as case histories to those reports.

# Literary Newsette

No. 183

October 25, 1944  
-- Chicago, Ills. --

LIFE'S MISTY TOMES

By  
Oscar A. Reum

As the years grow apace, it is often well to take a leaf out of the "Misty Tomes" of the past, to review with considered judgement, mellowed by age and experience, some of life's observations and activities that remain with us over the years. Have such actions pursued as pleasant "hobbies" or as more serious objectives of youth been worthwhile? The real answer will often be found in their lasting impressions and their influence upon later life.

As I reopen one of the "Misty Tomes" of the past and consider one of my activities of longer than 50 years ago that of Amateur Journalism and the National Amateur Press Association, it becomes to me more and more apparent that the Dom's objective for education recreation and "Hobby," if you please, far outweighs the present superficial and modern trend for "New Things for Old" and its fallacious quest for the "Blue Bird," with which too many of the younger generation are today imbued. To recruit into the ranks of Amateur Journalism, as many as possible of the youth of today, would seem to be a step in the direction of higher understanding and cleaner thinking so necessary for the welfare of our beloved country. It is a step that is a goal and challenge to those of the active NAPA today, in which the Fossils will do well indeed to aid.

The "Misty Tomes" of yesterday, unfold for me friendships of my (over)

Guest Editor: Oscar A. Reum, 429 Roslyn Pl., Chicago, 14, Ills.

EDITORS:

Lt. Burton Jay Smith and Willametta Turnepseed  
202 Roseland East -- Springfield, Ohio.

X-PN 4827 #165

# Leaves

No. 8 October 1945

## Editorial

**The New Constitution** In the August bundle we received an attractively printed booklet with the title CONSTITUTION. Thus out of much turmoil emerges a sound instrument of policy for the coming era of feverish activity.

Small press owners are relieved that the new document does not exclude them. Thus the valiant defenders of the "postage stamp publishers" have prevailed.

Congratulations to our President and the three members of the special committee, Nelson Morton, George Macauley and Harry Martin, for a difficult job well done.

X-PN 4827 #166

# Leaves

SEVEN DASH  
DEC 28 1945



May your Christmas be  
joyous and the New Year  
bring happiness.

DECEMBER 1945

X-PN 4827 #163

# Leaves



Color the tie on the left  
green & black; on the right  
red with purple dots.

March 1945

X-PN 4827 #16

# Leaves

No. 6 April, 1945

## New Device Spaces Contents Of Bundle

Have you ever wished there was some way to distribute the enjoyment of reading amateur journals over a longer period of time?

What happens? You get the bundle in the mail, read its entire contents in twenty minutes; and then wait 43,180 minutes until the next bundle arrives.

I decided to invent a device to give each paper in the bundle plenty of elbow room to insure a careful and unhurried perusal. I took a notebook and numbered the right pages from one to thirty. When the bundle arrives I shut my eyes and surreptitiously remove the papers, inserting them one by one between the pages of the notebook. (This takes practice but you can do it.)

Then each day remove a journal and let its contents sink in! That way each paper is really appreciated.

6  
A  
B  
I  
B  
P

April  
NO. 3

THE JOURNAL OF  
CONGRESS

4/67

PN 4827

SERIAL RECORD

COPY

UNIT

Dear AAPaians,

Hello there! Here I am again, in the doubtful print of a postcard duplicator. But I am not alone at least.

Out of the last 4 bundles there were 15 papers containing ais. one paper 11x15. Looks like they will have a time abolishing ais from the bundles. (Especially when ais are not unconstitutional???) Please write on this.

Yours,



Edwin Schwenn  
Route 4, Culman, Md.

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
SERIAL RECORDS

#168

**LITERARY  
WHISPERINGS**

JUN 28 1945

—Junior Partner of the Literary American—

VOLUME I      FEBRUARY, 1945      NUMBER I

*A Word of Explanation...*

THE LITERARY AMERICAN is having a tough time. At first I had trouble in obtaining material. Copy for the first issue was finally obtained, though, and sent to the printers. Then, a short time ago, the copy was returned, with the word that the printer was ill and unable to work. Another printer has now been contacted, and it is to be hoped that this paper will appear soon.

*McNamee Seriously Ill...*

Word has been received that Peter Franklin McNamee, AAPA printer, and publisher of the JUNIOR PRESS, is seriously ill. Let's all send him a letter or card, expressing our sympathy. His address is 222 N. Penn, Chrisman, Ill.



X-PW 4827

THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
SERIAL RECORD

#169

*The Lazarette* 1945

Vol. 4

APRIL 1945

COPY

No. 2

COPY



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Patron saint of all ajays

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

COPY

IFT

FREEDOM

#170

Vol. 1 No. 2

THE LITTLE MAGAZINE

X-PN 4827

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CONGRESS  
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

#171

The

# Literary American

Voice of the Manuscript Bureau

AMERICAN AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

Volume I

MARCH, 1945

Number 1

## The Unprinted Article

ED WALL



FEW days ago I wrote to one of AAPA's prominent members — an officer — to ask him to write an article for "Four Freedoms."

The article came by return mail, but don't look for it in "Four Freedoms;" it won't be there.

It had a beginning and an end — but no introduction, no conclusion. It said nothing, because the writer had nothing to say.

Writers, on the whole — and particularly amateur writers — must have at least a vague outline, mental or written, of what they wish to express and how they are going to do it. Obvious as it may seem, it is a rule frequently mangled and raped by inept writers, who have an adequate representation in all a-jay groups.

Although it is generally agreed that talent is a common cause for success among writers, it is not necessary that even amateurs be inept. As a matter of fact, many amateurs, viewing an amateur as a person who does something for the pleasure it gives him rather than for financial profit, become far more accomplished in their work than professionals. Burton Crane, for example, produces printed matter that to much profession-

(Continued on page 4)

X-DN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

The

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(Continued on page 4)

## The LINCOLNETTE

#173

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Vol. 1. No. 3. Harrogate,

Tennessee Spring, 1945.

## LINCOLNIANA AND L. M. U.

"An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man."—Emerson.

One of the largest collections of books, pamphlets, magazines, manuscripts, pictures, prints, sheet music, relics, oil paintings, sculpture and other memorabilia of Abraham Lincoln in the United States is housed in the Lincoln Room of the Duke Hall of Citizenship as the Department of Lincolniiana under the direction of Professor R. Gerald McMurtry.

Professor McMurtry, an outstanding Lincoln scholar himself, is in constant touch with other eminent Lincoln authorities and the new discoveries and important developments in this specialized field of historical research. This department carries out a full program of all phases of Lincoln study, education, publications and speakers. It also provides, in connection with the Department of History, a course on Abraham Lincoln, for advanced students of the University.

The voluminous amount of historical material found in the Lincoln Room provides adequate research facilities for both professional historian and college student, and it is well-catalogued. Especially significant are the manuscript files

which consist of the famous Worden papers and the Cassius M. Clay letters. Supplementing these files are countless miscellaneous manuscripts pertaining to Lincoln and his contemporaries, dating from his life in Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois through his administration as President of the United States.

This collection has made Lincoln Memorial University one of the important centers of Lincoln information in America. Its sphere of influence is the South, and on this frontier of Civil War sectionalism the school is helping the Southern people to understand better the unselfish motives Lincoln exerted during his administration for Union with democracy, for the freedom of a race, and the preservation of a nation. On the other hand, this University also appeals to the Northern people because it honors the statesman they all revere.

Graduate students from such universities as Harvard and Duke and a host of others have delved into its files for historical data. Professional biographers have gleaned historical facts from its archives, and most of these authors in their newly-published books on Lincoln, and the num-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

# The LINCOLNETTE

★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★

Vol. 1. No. 4. Harrogate,

Tennessee Summer, 1945.



## *Lincoln In Holograph Collection*

When the Hall of Holography was begun several years ago by the late Thomas F. Madigan of New York City, Lincoln Memorial University became the seat of one of the most significant and priceless collections of its kind in the United States. Augmented greatly by Dr. John Wesley Hill, Chancellor of the University until 1935, it has grown rapidly under the direction of Dr. Robert Stanley McCordock, head of the department of history and citizenship (now on leave of absence with the government), until it now contains approximately two thousand holographic signatures, all gifts to the University.

Every field of human endeavor is represented in the Holograph Hall. In the realm of diplomacy and statesmanship are Disraeli, Gladstone, Chiang Kai-Shek, Webster, Clay, Jackson, Churchill, Chamberlain, LaFayette, Jefferson, Monroe, Washington, and Lincoln. The field of literature contains Tennyson, Holmes, Kipling, Mark Twain, Irving, Hugo, Longfellow, Masfield, Emerson, and Whitman. Among the musicians are Cadman, Grace Moore, Lawrence Tibbett, Richard Strauss, and Rach-

maninoff. In the military realm there are letters of Generals Napoleon, Sherman, Lee, Pershing, and Wavell. Religion is represented by Beecher, Talmadge, Fosdick, Sunday, and the Archbishop of Canterbury. The journalistic field shows Adolph Ochs, New York Times publisher. Business is represented by John Robert Gregg, founder of Gregg Shorthand. Sculpture is featured by Paulanship and Charles Henry Niehaus.

It is fitting that an exhibit that owes its being indirectly to Lincoln should contain tributes to the great Civil War president. Among these are:

It is a great honor to be associated in any way with the great name of Lincoln.—Pandit Nehru, Indian Nationalist leader.

No citizen who cherishes the memory of Lincoln can doubt the destiny of our nation.—Joseph P. Kennedy, former United States Ambassador to England.

It is eminently fitting and proper that this institution, dedicated to Lincoln's ideal, should have been established in the environment

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

1927

# The LINCOLNETTE

#175

★ ★ ★



★ ★ ★

Vol. 2. No. 1. Harrogate,

Tennessee Fall, 1945

## MUSEUM OF MISCELLANY

Not the least of the museums on the campus of Lincoln Memorial University is that of a large number of miscellaneous items, the pride of Professor Leroy Johnson, Head of the Chemistry Department. This, together with the Lincolniana Museum and the Museum of Holography, will probably be placed in one building, which is now in the blueprint stage.

Among the valuable articles here are:

A part of a machine gun taken from the first Jap plane shot down at Pearl Harbor (donated by Ralph Gregory).

A part of the New Testament translated into the Cherokee language and written in the Cherokee syllabary. This syllabary was invented by George Guess, a half-breed Indian, born near Fort Loudoun in 1860 and died in Mexico in 1942. It was made up of such letters and numbers as he found in an old spelling book. To this he added some of his own invention, a total of eighty-five characters. This work was pronounced by the American Cyclopaedia to be the most nearly perfect alphabet ever devised.

Francis Soerinus manuscript,

an answer to Martin Luther's Doctrine—The Period of Reformation.

Manuscript of a book written in 1250 A. D., in semi-Gothic.

History of the Quakers, the first book printed in Franklin's Printing Office. Franklin set the type, and said, "I worked exceedingly hard."

A chained Bible, 1575.

Des Hoherleanteten Theologi —Herrn Johana Arndts. Printed by Benjamin Franklin, and one of the three copies known to exist.

A Treatise on the Improvement of Canal Navigation, by Robert Fulton, 1796.

### AUTUMN PAINTS

An increasing circle of friends of THE LINCOLNETTE has forced me to reprint the first issue, Fall, 1944. For the same reason, the winter issue will probably reach two thousand readers. The personal setbacks that have delayed this issue will also affect the next one, with its Christmas message.

During September, I visited in Chicago, where I talked with United Amateurs Maurice White, Jules Hirsch, Bernice Treece, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

A-PN 4827

#176

# The LINCOLNETTE

★ ★ ★

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Vol. 2. No. 2. Harrogate,

Tennessee Winter, 1945



## BUILDING A SHRINE

When an old mountain preacher in 1880 began to dig in a vacant lot in the shadow of the famous pass of Cumberland Gap, Tennessee-Kentucky-Virginia, as the first act in building a church and school, he did not realize that within a half century his dream would become crystallized in a great educational shrine of national distinction. That preacher, Reverend A. A. Myers, started a little school which was taken over in 1897 by General Oliver Otis Howard, of Civil War fame, and today Lincoln Memorial University, Harrogate, Tennessee, with its extensive grounds and beautiful buildings is the fruition of the service begun by these two devoted pioneers in education.

Mr. Myers fulfilled his mission by pioneering the way for General Howard. That one-armed Christian soldier, friend and devotee of Abraham Lincoln, saw an opportunity at Cumberland Gap for building a living memorial to the great Emancipator. Although retired from the army, at sixty-five, he plunged into his new work with youthful vigor, and began to raise funds throughout the nation for an institution which would give opportunity to "the humble com-

mon people of America among whom Lincoln was born." For twelve years he went up and down the land telling the story of the need for training the youth of the mountains and reciting the concern of Abraham Lincoln for "doing something for the loyal mountain people" who fought against great odds in 1861-65 for the preservation of the Union. The gallant old soldier passed away in 1909, but happily conscious of having begun an enterprise in his last years which would be of lasting service to humanity in preserving and promulgating the principles and philosophies of the Civil War President.

Lincoln Memorial University stands today as one of the unique educational institutions of America. It has been built by no single benefactor. Its growth has come from the gifts of the common people of America who share their modest means from year to year in its support. Founded for the purpose of providing an opportunity for worthy young people of the Lincoln type, it has been kept going by the small gifts of patriotic men and women of America who believe strongly in its pur-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4



# Lone Indian

INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP FRATERNITY



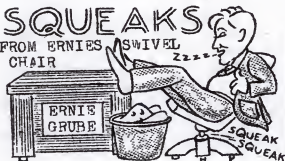
ERNIE GRUBE

Since 1925 The Lone Indian Fraternity has forced ahead in the interest of international friendship. The spark plug behind this organization is Ernie Grube who has carried on the spark of life that was almost snuffed out when the Lone Scouts of America was merged with the Boy Scouts of America in 1924. However its members are no longer boys....But it was the many friendships that had been created thru the old Lone Scout Magazine, tribe papers and local organizations that couldn't be sold down the river....IT HAD TO GO ON, Ernie had faith in keeping the spark of interest alive when he organized the Lone Indian Fraternity that others who had never known of the Lone Scouts could be initiated into its mysteries. Its members are no longer boys, they are young men and women. This organization may some day rank with such organiza-

tions as Elks, Moose, Eagles and Lions.....However it is not an insurance fraternity, but to insure friendship all over the world. The Lone Indian Fraternity has local chapters in many parts of the country, it has an official organ published monthly which features articles, stories & poetry contributed by its members, edited by Ray C. Higgs, of Connersville, Indiana. The Lone Indian Fraternity will offer you a new world of many friends and opportunities. Write Ernie Grube, 1010 Huron Avenue, Sheboygan, Wisconsin, for information on how you can join up.....Just say the Dean sent you.....and you too will be a member for LIFE.hda

## SQUEAKS

FROM ERNIES SWIVEL  
CHAIR



# Liberal

"A LIBERAL PUBLICATION"

VOLUME ONE-NUMBER ONE WINTER 1945

- and may the Lord guide us, and protect  
us throughout each day and night, grant  
us prosperity, food, clothing, good health,  
truly Christian peace, forgive our sins,  
and prepare us a home in Heaven.

- Mrs. Eva Clevenger.

## LEST WE FORGET

It is hard to even imagine,  
All the Joy that Victory will bring;  
As we look about us and notice,  
How each person has felt the war's sting.

There are homes where the Father is absent,  
A Mother's heart breaking with care;  
There are children who cry for their daddy,  
A Sweet Heart who is galliant and fair.

It will sure be a grand reunion,  
When we all get together again;  
And this war will all be forgotten,  
And to know it was not fought in vain.

Yet after this blood shed is over,  
And our boys are back home once more;  
May we all try to remember the Mother,  
Whose heart is so sore.

We might forget while rejoicing,  
'Twas Gods tender mercy and care;  
That brought all our loved ones back home safe,  
And saved us the awful despair.

When the bugle at last is silent,  
And the trumpet shall blow in its place;  
We will meet all our Heroes in Heaven,  
If we've trusted in God's love and grace.

- Mrs. Lee A. Clontz.

X-PN 4827

E.C.  
145

Attend Church Each  
Sabbath  
Pray Daily For True  
Christian Peace.

JUN 29 1945

# Liberal Press



" FREEDOM OF THE PRESS "

VOLUME ONE

WINTER 1945

NUMBER ONE

DEDICATED TO

HELLO - EVERYBODY

K-PN 4827

THE BUNDLE OF FREEDOM EDITORS



This being my first publication published "exclusive" and mailed through "The Bundle Of Freedom" for the United Amateur Press Association Alumni, I feel it my duty to give you a brief "thumb - nail" sketch of myself.

I am the mother of four children, one now serving in the armed forces. I am employed at the National Metal Products Corp. of this city. I am wholly an amateur writer, or a "novice" as amateur journalism is new to me.

Recently I joined the American Amateur Press Association, and have published two issues of The Totem, which is the official organ of the local chapter of the L.I.F. which I preside as president. I also co-edit The Trojan with Ray C. Higgs for the AAPA. Just more recently I became a member of the National Amateur Press Association. I am also a member of the Hoosier Amateur Press Association and the Indiana Amateur Press Association. By the time this issue reaches the readers of "The Bundle Of Freedom", I will be a member of the Valley Press Club which members of the local AAPA are organizing, and will be on the staff of the Valley Press, the official newspaper of this club.

I wish to thank all the members of the United Amateur Press Association Alumni for their kind letters commenting on The Totem, and I will do all in my power to issue The Liberal Press as often as pos-

We wish to dedicate this first issue of Liberal Press to the following papers and their editors:-

AMERICAN BLARE

TIM

THE MUSE

PEOPLE'S SUN

TOLEDO SPECTATOR

UNITED OPINION

GARDEN STATE MESSENGER

HUDCO AMATEUR

HILLTOP

SPINNING GLOBE

AMERICANA

CRIMSON CARDINAL

NEW YORK AMATEUR

PENGUIN

OLD MEANIE

# HAPPY NEW YEAR

THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
SERIAL RECORD  
JUN 28 1945

COPY \_\_\_\_\_  
GIFT \_\_\_\_\_

## REFLECTIONS INDUGED BY THE NEW YEAR

No matter what the old year has done to us or denied us, we cannot live it over. If we withdraw into ourselves and try to do so in our memories we find even they evade us. If we are wise we look forward. We never forget, for memories are things to be cherished.

With a New Year stretching before us we find ourselves looking toward it with hope. Hope for Victory, and Peace in the world and in our hearts; Hope for continued happiness with our friends, interest in our work and pleasure in our hobby. All of which leads us to reflect:

"Faith, hope and love, and the greatest of these is love."  
Ah, no. It is Hope that means most to us for it often exists when love is no more and faith has fled.

Truly I believe that hope is the greatest blessing of mankind. When the mind accepts tragic truth, hope persists in the heart and cushions the full import of the blow. In time the greatest pain is softened, but in its earliest desolate stages it is hope that counsels courage.

Hope is surely the strongest, too, for faith is a fragile flower that wilts and droops, yet hope often holds faith firm. Love is a heady joy that carries us to great heights, but disappointment breaks our wings and it is only hope that buoys us up and keeps us from the shattering fall. Hope is the most human of the emotions, for it often deceives us in a feminine manner, and yet its deceit is well-meant, and behind the mask we feel compassion.

Many have sustained themselves without faith in anything; life has endured when all thought of love is ended, but without hope of something life is indeed blank and empty.

And so we wish for you

HOPE IN YOUR HEARTS THROUGHOUT THE YEAR



from *LITERARY NEWSETEER*

*Willametta*  
and

ELLEN

Established by Lt. Burton Jay Smith in April, 1941  
This is No. 190, dated ----- 1/1/45

HER MARK



# Literary Newsette

No. 193 Springfield, Ohio 2/1/45

VIVID REMBRANCES (Cont'd from 186)  
Installment Seven  
By Walter E. Mellinger

The 1895 convention at Chicago was memorable by the second defeat of Burger, —he wanted to be re-elected President, but he succeeded in getting his friend Hancock elected. Dave Hollub was attending his first convention in the East and made a favorable impression, to the Presidency two years later at San Francisco.

While located in Louisville for several years, I was inactive (only returning to Chicago for the '95 convention), but returning to Chicago I jumped into the thick of things. The Chicago Amateur Press Club was at the height of its activity, because Thiele wanted to be President of the National. This was in 1899. I have too many Vivid Remembrances of that contest, some not very pleasant. But Thiele was elected, with Brodie as an official editor whose work made the administration a success.

The next few years I was too busy, running a contracting business in Chicago, to do much amateur work or attend conventions, but I kept in touch with events, and met quite a few amateurs who visited Chicago, especially John Nixon whom I grew to admire very much, as well as his wife. I was glad to see him elected President in 1901.

The 1903 convention was held at Chicago and there was another big fight, but a local boy, Albert Bernard, was elected; and again, like Tomlinson, he lasted but a few months before he resigned on account of financial reverses. He gave promise of being a good official and we were all sorry to see him drop out.

It was at the Chicago convention in  
—over—

Meet: JOHN KELLY

New member John Kelly promises to serve us our spring tonic of syrup and sulphur, or anyway the sulphur as he admits he's the Pegler type and likes his style—when he's really hot.

I think an honest dose of criticism is what we (or any established association) needs to keep from settling into a self-satisfied rut. He disarms us, however, by commenting "Judging from the excellence of the publications issued by members of the NAPA many of them must be a great deal more than amateurs. Both the material and workmanship is above average compared to professional work.

Speaking of himself he says his first amateur publication was issued about 1915 or 1916, which bars him from joining in the teen-age program. It might be revived, he says. It was Entre Nous.

John Kelly is the son of a preacher and at present is linotype operator on the Miami Herald (he comments that printing may be an interesting hobby, but is a lousy trade and futureless career) but he has had a varied career in many lines which has taken him to most of the larger cities and a lot of little ones; for 20 years he specialized in dog track publicity and allied work.

His principal hobbies are photography, photo-engraving, and building mechanical gadgets that don't work, and his chief ambition is to own and operate a small daily or weekly newspaper in which "I would crucify all the social snobs and political crooks in town. Guess I wouldn't last long."

\*\*\*\*\*

Published for NAPA by

Lt. Burton Jay Smith (1916-1944)

Williametta Turnepseed

President of National Amateur Press Assn.  
202 Roseland East - Springfield, Ohio





# LITERARY NEWSLETTER



No. 194

Springfield, Ohio

2/10/45

## MILITARY ISSUE

VICTOR MOITORET AND ROWENA AUTRY MARRIED NEW YEARS  
HAROLD SEGAL MARRIES ENGLISH GLAMOUR GIRL

SHIPS THAT PASS

Marriages of three prominent amateurs rate the headlines of our Military Issues.

Lt. Victor Moitoret and Rowena Autry were married in Big Springs Texas on New Year's Day; they drove East in Vic's red Mercury and were in Rhode Island; after March 1st they will live in a log cabin type home near Annapolis, Md. where Vic will be stationed for a year.

Harold Segal was married to Hazel Anderson on Feb. 10 in England; she is connected with the foreign office there and intends to stay in England as long as Harold is stationed there. He is with the Psychological Warfare Division at the same APO as Sgt. Lou Kleinschmidt with whom he held a reunion late in December.

Vic Moitoret, who was commissioned from Annapolis in February, 1941, as 16th in his class, was a (he'll probably shoot us but it is true!) hero of the sinking of the carrier Princeton. For seven hours as they fought the spreading fires aboard the doomed ship Vic stood on the deck signaling other ships circling them until he was hit by two fragments of the ship deck, one in the leg and another over the left eye, and even then he continued until the message was completed. He had survived the sinking of the Hornet just two years before.

Harold is stationed in London and writes "We get an occasional jolt from the rumbles of 'flying telegraph poles' but go about with our fingers crossed and hope for the best."

The honeymoon was spent at Torquay, Devonshire. We looked it up on the map & found it is on the Channel Coast.

In contrast we have received word of six members going overseas.

Lt. Ralph Babcock is the latest, his APO (via San Francisco) having just arrived; he was stationed at Fort Benning since last fall; after a furlough he was at Fort Ord for several weeks. He is a 1st Lt. in the Infantry.

Sheldon Wesson, 2nd Lt. by grace of OCS at Fort Benning, has just left via New York; he had been at Camp Blanding a few weeks and left from Fort Meade.

Cpl. Albert Lee left in January; he had been at Camp Crowder; spent Thanksgiving furlough at home and Christmas in Milwaukee. He is assistant chief telegraphist with a signal center team.

Benton Wetzel (Pfc at last reports) was also in The Signal Corps at Camp Crowder and passed through New York late in January on his way overseas; he got in touch with some of the local amateurs but was shipped out before he got to visit with them.

Sgt. Robie Macauley left via New York after the most round-about way of getting there: Maryland, home (Grand Rapids) on furlough, back to Md. then to California and in week or so he had left (over)

### HOME—AFTER THREE YEARS

S/Sgt Charles Austin was in the South Pacific 3 years; at the last not far from Carl Halvarson, but they did not get to meet.

He left New Guinea Dec. 7th and had Xmas dinner at Angel Island in Frisco; New Year's Dinner at Fort Devens, Mass; and went to bed for the first time in three years in my bed at home at 6 a.m. on Jan. 6."

He was home until the 28, spent 10 days at Atlantic City and is now at Biggs Field near El Paso, Texas and writes that this is so far away from everywhere that he thinks they should have "overseas" pay. The countryside is much more desolate than New Guinea.

His reactions on his return will appear in LN soon.

# Literary Newsette

No. 195

Springfield, Ohio

Feb. 20, 1945

GROVEMAN AWARDED COMBAT INFANTRY BADGE:  
MENDENHALL BASED IN FRANCE



In the front lines and slugging it out with the Nazis is Pfc. Wm. H. Groveman who went overseas in July last year and has been in France, Belgium and Germany; he has been in the thick of the fight for the Roer River Dams and says he has had some pretty exciting moments. He has been awarded the Combat Infantry Badge which, incidentally carries with it \$10 extra pay a month. Recently he had his first pass since going to the front and he said it was a major event just to take a shower and get clean clothes.

1st Lt. Hirst Mendenhall is flying with the 9th Air Force in France and has promised to drop plenty of bombs on the Germans for us personally. He says it has been bitter cold and they have been flying like mad. His big desire is to get back home and get acquainted with his son, Richard born 10/2/44, whom he has never seen.

Also in France, at a Normandy Base since August, is Warrant Officer Robert Dunlap; he has been more fortunate in climate tho he says it was rather nippy once. It has been 3½ years since he saw Ohio. He classifies himself as chief legal paper shuffler. He wishes to be remembered to all and registers approval of Burton Crane's suggestion of votes for Associate Members.

Sgt. Frank Early also writes from "Somewhere in Germany" saying that the scenes of destruction are something one sees only on

an MGM set and he finds it hard to believe it is true particularly since he recently saw Marlene Dietrich there, so he's been looking around for the cameras. He is in a Signal Heavy Construction Battalion. He enclosed the initial issue of their Batn. paper and our reaction is that he should enroll the editor in NAPA pronto.

We have a feeling that new member Cpl. Sidney Cohen is somewhere near the front, too, but his letter did not hint at his location; he is also in the Signal Corps where he is kept busy on the administrative end of aircraft radio maintenance; he also is Public Relations Reporter. We'll tell you more about him later, but right now we'll add that he has been overseas about 16 mos. is married to the most beautiful girl in New Jersey; (he says so, himself) and has a year-old daughter Renee-whom he has not seen.

## ON THE TIGHT LITTLE ISLE

England is home to several others of our members just now, including Cpl. Bill Jackson who is in the prosthetics department of the Dental Clinic (the making of false dentures and artificial eyes) and for relaxation is printing an issue of his paper Beacon in an old English printing shop; the printer has run his shop for 45 years at the same spot and Bill has complete access; he has extensive post-war journalistic plans. Everyone remarks on the terribly cold weather in England this winter but a letter from a native has us wondering for she mentioned that it hit a record low of 29° above--when we get a below zero spell that's practically a heat wave.

Two other members have published from England, as Sgt. Charles Hoye has edited several issues of his Bay Stater; he planned to join the BAPA and has visited with British amateur R. K. Southey. He has been in England nearly two years.

LAC Glen Bamber is in the Royal Air Force but in his times at home he has started a paper called In—please turn over—



Give to



RED CROSS

# Literary Newsette

No. 196

- Plainfield, N. J.

3/1/45

## JANUARY CRITIC'S REPORT By A. M. Adams

Outstanding, OF COURSE (the "of course" being in tall, fat letters,) among the A.J. publications of the current quarter, would be, necessarily, the winter edition of THE AONIAN of Tim Thrift and E. A. Edkins. One must have known both these scholarly exponents of non-professional personallity to realize how completely fitted they are for the task they have set themselves--that of devotion "to literature, criticism, and the preservation of Amateur Letters."

In this issue, Rheinart Kleiner really outdoes himself as a creator of historical prose--as distinguished from his skillful handling of versification--in his "Bards and Bibliophiles," which has to do with the Kalem Club of the metropolis--of which some of the fairly active amateur journalists of the section had never heard. However, the mere mention of such names as Lovecraft, Loveman, Long, Kirk, Morton, and Kleiner in connection with the rather informal Club makes it important.

Tim Thrift does "The Spirit of Christmas," and the "Looking Backward" of Howard Lovecraft serves to emphasize some of the great names of A.J. Finally, there is the "Musings and Miscellanea" of the Sage of Coral Gables himself to make the literary feast complete.

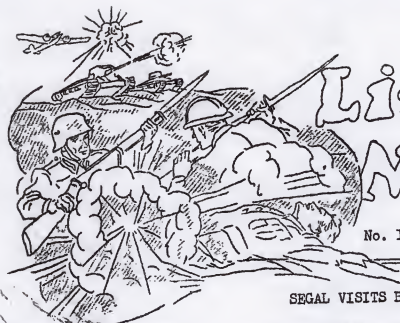
TICK TOCK does high credit to that former president of the National Amateur Press Association--Anthony Mcitoret--who in the interval became president of what once was "The Amateur Journalists of the Past," now more or less in competition with the National itself. Under "Political Papers" Anthony tells how he cut his political eye-teeth practically in the cradle, during the epoch-making struggle

of Bryan and McKinley for the presidency of the United States. Also, there is highly edifying comment on A. J. matters generally under the heading "As the Pendulum Swings."

Not connected with the National Amateur Press Association but properly mentionable (and having nothing whatever to do with "unmentionables") here is the January PHOENIX, edited by a former president of the NAPA, but devoted to the interests of the U.A.P.A.A. which is to the UAPA what the Fossils is to the National. Furthermore, it contains an article by Edward H. Cole, active in both the NAPA and the Fossils, on "The Third Split in the United," entered--of all things-- "in the NAPA History Laureate-ship." An interesting picture in the PHOENIX shows some twenty Amateur Journalists at Poe Cottage, in the upper part of New York City, with the comment that, of the score gathered on the spot a little less than forty years ago, only four are now living--two of these being the editor of PHOENIX and the author of this comment. As Ed Cole might say, "How Tempus Does Fugit."

THE QUASI-OCCASIONAL KITTY KAT causes one to rub his eyes (or hers--the sex of the Kat not being indicated--just as the feline on the cover is doing, due to the fact that the cover is printed in several of the colors of the rainbow. Figure it for yourself for when this commentator went to school those colors were red, orange, yellow, green, ultramarine blue, cyan blue, and violet. Or is our memory faulty?) Anyway, this KAT is printed in the comparatively inimitable typography of Alf Babcock himself. Quite an assortment of NAPA writers are represented with some final comment on "the sad state of affairs by the napa secretary"--which is Mr. Babcock. (over)





# Literary Newsette

No. 197

Cambridge, England

3/15/45

## SEGAL VISITS BURTON JAY SMITH'S GRAVE

### Personal Appearances . . .

On the West Coast Toby Oxtoby called on Anthony Moitoret before taking off for his Pacific destination while Ralph Babcock visited Dora Moitoret and he landed on Hawaii . . . On the East Coast Bob Northup called on C.A.A. Parker. . . He is now in France.

Harold Segal and his bride Hazel visited Cambridge Military Cemetery, March 4, 1945 and at plot N, row 4, grave 9 found the cross marking the resting place of our co-editor, Burton Jay Smith.

Harold writes, "The cemetery is in a beautiful spot of English countryside. . . Beyond the gate are row upon row of crosses occasionally sprinkled among them the Star of David. I would say there are at least 2000 — a grim reminder of all the foolishness, heartaches and tragedy caused by a few warped minds . . . On BeeJay's cross is nailed one of his dog-tags with merely his

name and serial number. On the crossbar beneath his name are his rank, unit and "1 Sept 1944."

"It was raining quite hard by this time but I took off my cap, pulled out that letter you wanted me to read and repeated all those things you wanted me to tell him.

"It left me with a very odd feeling. For some unexplainable reason I must have saluted BeeJay for fully a minute before I left."

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Burton Crane left for overseas with a New York APO the last of March. Ken Henschen was home for a 7-day convalescent leave after a seige of scarlet fever and on his return Roy Lindberg was taking him to visit New Jersey amateurs.

Lt. Victor Moitoret and his bride, Rowena were in New York early in March.

### To Willametta IN MEMORY OF Lt. Burton Jay Smith

His great soul was a blazing comet  
That sped across the horizon of your fast dark'ning  
night—;  
The brief glory he lent the eve of your waning joy  
Making all things seem radiant, fair and bright . . .  
Now that his scintilla has sunken  
Far below the horizon's yawning rim --  
Now that his bright star is forever set --  
Grieve not -- grieve not! -- for him!  
Rather rejoice that, for a while,  
You knew the shining glory of his love.  
Rejoice that you shared his chosen path --  
The blazing astral way above.  
Rejoice -- grieve not! -- for love -- true love --  
Knows not death -- but lives, unwaning, on --  
Its stellar glow lighting your lonely pathway  
Long after your beloved one from you is forever gone.

— Eula Christian

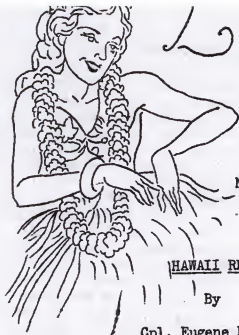
Literary Newsette -- published for the NAPA  
since April, 1941 by

★ Lt. Burton Jay Smith (1916-1944)  
and

Willametta Turnpseed

202 Roseland East

Springfield, Ohio.



# Literary Newsette

#186

No. 198 Hawaii March 26, 1945

## HAWAII REPORT

By

Cpl. Eugene L. Bond

Beautiful Hawaii! Islands of Enchantment! Paradise of the Pacific! How often have we heard these words describe the Territory of Hawaii? To the average Mainlander, who has never visited the islands, a beautiful moon, swaying palm trees, a pretty hula girl and Hawaiian songs and chants implied that very thing—Paradise. Today, servicemen who have been stationed in the islands since Dec. 7, 1941, know that the Hawaii of today, geared for war and suffering from wartime congestion is a far cry from the picture the Hawaiian Tourist Commission painted in the days before the Japs struck.

The pretty hula girl, who once placed a lei of ginger flowers around the neck of her one and only as they dreamed beneath the tropical moon at Waikiki Beach, now sports her grass skirt and lei beaded chassis in a photo studio in Honolulu. Servicemen or civilians desiring to have their pictures taken with this beautiful Wahine (gal) can do so at their own risk and the nominal fee of about one dollar. In these hard times (meaning the war) these girls manage to get by with a salary of \$400 per month, plus a \$100 bonus.

While Washington D. C. boasts a surplus of the feminine sex, Honolulu has a surplus of attached and unattached males. It is estimated that there are 200 men to every woman, but optimists have concluded that with the arrival of the new contingents of WAGs, WAVEs, and Women Mar—over—

## WHEN WE WERE YOUNG

It seemed but yesterday  
He brought me flowers gay  
I cherished them.  
They were most sweet and rare  
I tended them with care  
Each bud and stem.  
Then came the sound of war •  
He heard the cannon roar •  
He had to go.  
He never came again -  
He fell with his brave men  
Fighting the foe.  
In fields were poppies grow  
He rests in peace, I know  
Among the brave.  
My blossoms are in dust  
But others bloom I trust,  
Above his grave.

— June Wynters-Watson

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## IN PRAISE OF UNREALITY

You take me through the greenest lands:  
Though, strangely; I am never there—  
The biding touch of your absent hands  
Can lure my spirit anywhere . . .  
I'm certain you have never known  
An almond grove—but, yesterday,  
We mused by one with blossoms blown—  
Though I was toiling, and away.

For magic wakes the fleeting dream,  
And lulls reality with doubt.  
Perhaps you are not what you seem—  
I rarely thank your heart devout—  
But still you go on leading me  
Through trellised arches of the years,  
By rose-paths that can never be—  
That almost hide the truth of tears.

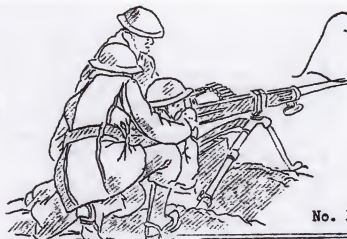
— Frank Earle Schermerhorn

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X 4827



# Literary Newsette

#187

No. 199

Somewhere in Germany

4/6/45

BTO IN THE ETO

—or— UP FRONT WITH MUDDLIN'

By Pfc. Wm. H. Groveman

It seems so long since I prepared anything for an amateur journal that I almost feel at a loss how to begin. In fact, this would hardly have been written except I chanced to obtain the use of a German typewriter for a couple of hours and decided to put it to a good cause. Barring this stroke of luck, amateurdom would have had to endure silence from the onetime boy wonder until after the duration and six, by which time he probably would have become too sophisticated from traipsing all over the world and would think amateur journalism was surely for the kids in' short pants, as Warren J. Brodie once said of the United.

First of all, I want to thank all of those who have labored to keep the spark alive by so kindly sending me their publications, both privately and through the various mailings. Those who took the trouble to send me their publications by first class mail are especially deserving of thanks. And to Vondy and Willametta a particular thanks for coming through with cheering letters at times when my morale was dropping towards zero along with the freezing winter temperatures in the land of the Herrenvolk.

It's a long story and I hope the censor won't cut too much from this. (He didn't.—Wma.) I left the states last October after a wonderful few days in Gotham. I had lived near the City for the 19 years of my life yet never had it seemed so attractive. The boat-ride was uneventful. Crowded as all-get-out, but I didn't mind and consoled myself with the thought that someday I'd make it in style. Ted Conover, onetime editor of

—over—

IF YOU APPROVE . . .

Last year it did not occur to me that I might want re-election, and when at Boston, while the mantle was yet very new on my shoulders someone passed a remark about forming a "Committee to Re-Elect Willametta" I thought I'd be busy sewing and preparing for a home of my own and would have no time.

But now it is different. Even so, I did not give it much thought, except to be thankful that the duties of my office left me less time to grieve, until some of the more thoughtful members suggested I permit myself to be nominated. On the advice and encouragement of various members and ex-presidents I have decided we need each other—that office and I.

For I shall have more time to give to it than almost any qualified member, and in these war years that is important. With the increased enthusiasm of the past few years we could normally have set a publishing record but with restrictions, paper shortage and so many members in Service we are wise to be pleased at holding our own.

My ambition is to keep NAPA exactly as it was until our men come home and take over; that's my purpose and my platform. No brilliant promises, and especially I don't want to appeal to your sympathy; I only want your support if you approve and will back me up by publishing as much as you can.

This year, almost more than last year, electing candidates consists chiefly of finding members who are willing to put aside their many duties and filling in where they are most needed, and to this end those of us who are concerned with the welfare of our association are looking for candidates for various offices and in an early issue I hope to be able to announce a few results. ###



## LITERARY NEWSJEE

is devoted mostly to hobbies.  
Dated at Springfield, Ohio April 16, 1945.

THAT CALENDAR on the right represents our newest enthusiasm: A Perpetual Calendar that would straighten out at least one feature of our confused lives.

The calendar has had a lot of tinkering performed on it in the past, but its secondary function seems to be to send children of printers through college!

Some features of the Edwards Perpetual Calendar are: There are exactly 52 weeks, while the half-years and quarters are equal, and the months fall into the regular rhythmical pattern of 30, 30, 31.

Monday is the first day of the week, there are 26 working days in each month; holidays and anniversaries always fall on the same day of the week as well as on the same day of the month.

Friday-the-thirteenth has been eliminated and Easter may become a fixed date.

Of various Perpetual calendars suggested, the 13-month calendar is probably best known, but business men object to it because it cannot be divided into convenient business periods, and from an individual's point of view it wrenches us violently into a new conception of seasons (by inserting a month between July and August); whereas this makes only minor changes needed to give uniformity which is still not strained to a mechanical rigidity.

The best time, to our mind, for adopting a calendar change would be at the end of the present conflict; there are going to be too many sad anniversaries that we will wish we could go unreminded of. And though the dates will reoccur we irrationally will find a certain comfort in knowing that it wasn't this day.

The Edwards Perpetual Calendar was devised by Navy Lieutenant Willard E. Edwards, on duty in the Midway Islands and getting it adopted 'is his hobby; he has sent a booklet describing it to many public libraries (if yours hasn't one, let me know and I'll forward a request for you).

## SPEAKING OF HOBBIES - -

It is interesting to note how many and what varied ones absorb our members; we

## EDWARDS PERPETUAL CALENDAR

NEW YEAR'S DAY (see below)

JANUARY							FEBRUARY							MARCH						
M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
29	30						27	28	29	30				25	26	27	28	29	30	31

APRIL							MAY							JUNE						
M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
29	30						27	28	29	30				25	26	27	28	29	30	31

LEAP YEAR DAY (see below)

JULY							AUGUST							SEPTEMBER						
M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
29	30						27	28	29	30				25	26	27	28	29	30	31

OCTOBER							NOVEMBER							DECEMBER						
M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
29	30						27	28	29	30				25	26	27	28	29	30	31

(New Year's Day (a day apart from any week or month) is the first day of the year, followed by the 364-day calendar.

Leap Year Day (a second day apart) is observed only in leap years between June 31 and July 1 as the first day of the second half-year. Considered apart from any week, they allowed the calendar to become fixed and perpetual. And they're holidays, too!)

list a few at random for if you share any you might like to write to exchange shop talk.

Beecher Ogden delights in photography and samples of his art have been regularly contributed to the New York Public Library which even mentioned the fact in their latest annual report. But his favorite is writing Letters to the Editor, (he is one of the NY Sun's steady correspondents, and of late his subjects have been mostly in connection with "slum clearance,")

C. W. Wood's is horticulture, and he publishes a wee journal (Rainbow's End) devoted to it, and has even built up a book business in this field.

Virginia Baker's, as you probably know, is the Theatre (that's Lois Grimes', too) and this spring she was telling me about



Clement McIntosh  
560 Beverley St.,  
Winnipeg, Canada.

writes about AN NAPA INFANT

# Literary Newsette



THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
SERIALS ACQUISITION  
JUN 29 1945 #189

No. 204

Winnipeg, Canada

May 26, 1945

This contribution was not intended for Literary Newsette. It was sent to a printer for publication as BRAINWAVE 7 by Editor Neal Peirce who may be reached this summer at North Woods, Mirror Lake P.O., New Hampshire. The printer was unable to handle it promptly so by the usual devious ways of NAPA it came to LitNews which couldn't resist the chance of publishing a newcomer's reactions, especially when the possessor appears to us to have the making of a genuine amateur. Wherefore . . .

An NAPA infant: that's exactly what the guy who is trying to write this is. The following may or may not have been your first recollections of life in "the National." The odds are that they were.

What is the first thing the recruit comes in contact with? The application blank of course. In my mind the NAPA application blank is too simple and old-fashioned; it means too much work for the recruiter explaining the organization. There should be some kind of combined application and information pamphlet. (There is a pamphlet. Ask George Trainer for it. —NP)

Then, after the application has been sent it, (if accepted,) along comes the new member's membership card. It's too big! Some may want to frame it but I'm sure that the majority wish to place it in their wallet or purse. To fit the average size wallet window, the card has to be cut down. How about it?

The third item is the first copy of the official organ which the NAPA beginner receives. In my case it was the March '45 issue, and to say it was tops would be putting it too mildly. The cover

—over—

## Song of May

I see a maid whom men call May  
Whose breath is sweet and vesture gay  
Inviting youth to come and play.

I see this happy winsome one  
Encourage age to have its fun  
Beneath the potent, jocund sun.

I see this lovely maiden charmer  
Befriend the eager, weary farmer.

This beauteous one, so blithe and merry  
To me is like a wondrous fairy.

Who goes around from land to land  
Clasping a wand within her hand  
Spreading mirth at her command.

Oh that her joy could come to those  
Across the seas who fight our foes  
And be a solace in their woes!

-- Marjorie Whitlow

THANKS TO THE YANKS for postals for my collection from Leige, Belgium where Bill Groveman was on very pleasant pass; and an envelope from Metz, from Lt. Sheldon Wesson. Bob Northup added to my collection with an assortment from Paris and other towns he'd visited, Charlie Haoye's was from London, and Lou Kleinschmidt's from Paris.

And additional thanks for late additions from Charles A. A. Parker, Margaret Nickerson Martin, E. J. Sharbatz, Elaine J. Meers, Ernest A. Edkins, Beecher Ogden, Jeanne Sullivan, Sesta Matheison, Nita Gerner Smith, and Pearl Dunn.

Published for NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSN  
by

Willametta Turnepseed  
202 Roseland East Springfield, Ohio



# Literary Newsette

THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
SERIAL RECORD  
JUN 29 1945

#190

(No. 205)

St. Louis, Ills.

6/10/45

## OUR AMERICAN HERITAGE

By Paul M. Campbell

By  
Felix  
McItoret

"MAIL CALL"

Combat Zone

Dear Mom --

The Radio in Tokio  
Would have you think I'm sunk,  
But as sure as I am writing this  
It's just a lot of bunk.

An Iowa class battleship  
She claims no longer floats.  
All I can say for Rosie is  
She doesn't know her boats.

Tho she's been claiming sinking ships  
Since Hector was a pup,  
Poor Hector will be old and grey  
Before we bottoms-up.

So plug your ears with cotton, dear,  
And don't believe a word.  
Show Rose what you think of her  
By giving her the bird.

Felix (McItoret)

### THIS WEEK . . . . .

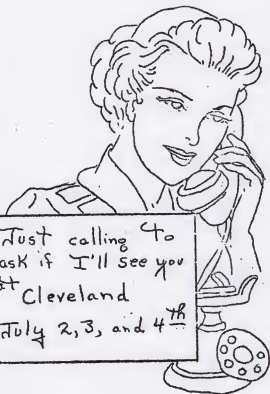
Literary Newsette has the honor to introduce two new members who represent a second generation in NAPA, -the two sons of Paul J. Campbell. The older one, Paul M. Campbell, is well known to the readers of his father's magazine --COURAGE, - (official magazine of the Fraternity of the Wooden Leg, Inc.--- a grand service!) but we hope you will know both of them before long. Donald's credential, by the way, just won him a silver cup in the Ranken Trade School essay contest, where he graduated June 8th.

The average American has strong inclinations away from new foreign ideas. To accept them seems un-American to him, for if they are not possessed of a purely "American Heritage" he feels that he is aiding insidious foreign ideas to undermine his previous American heritage. This is especially true during the present crisis when the zenith of American patriotism has been reached in Mr. Average Citizen. He wants to retain what is strictly "United States" and reject alien ideas that are "Calculated to subvert our national character."

This is the bunk. Americans who bendy this brand of intolerance have succumbed to their first reactions. They have not thought enough about the American heritage to realize that it has practically all been borrowed from foreign ideals and foreign institutions. Our language comes essentially from Latin, with a minor section devoted to the Saxon derivatives and liberal sprinkling of words from other European tongues. Our clothes, furniture, household utensils, foods and luxuries are nearly all inherited from our European forebears. We did not invent them and in no sense are we possessed of a monopoly over them.

It may seem to be a far fetched argument; but isn't it just possible that a hundred years from now Mr. Average American will be accepting the insidious foreign ideas of our age, as those of his own private American heritage? And is it not further possible that he will in turn be found to be expounding the virtues of "sound American institutions," while instinctively reacting against the new and "unnatural" institutions of a foreigner's invention?

By and large I believe that there has



Just calling to  
ask if I'll see you  
at Cleveland

July 2, 3, and 4<sup>th</sup>

# Literary Newsette

# 206

Los Angeles, Calif.

6/20/45

MEET ME AT THE FAIR  
By T. G. Mauritzen

## THE LIPS ON THE BARROOM MUG

By M. Starrett Wetzel

It was not an artist, gentle folk,  
Who entered Jorgen's place,  
Nor did she paint upon the floor  
The famous barroom face. . .  
She was just a simple city lass  
Without a pen or brush;  
And though she claimed no talent,  
She painted lips quite lush.

Upon the little stool she climbed --  
She called the barkeep Bill --  
And clamoured for a barroom mug  
That she might drink her fill.  
She raised the spirit in a toast,  
Imbined and set it down.  
She smiled at Bill; her lips grown  
pale --  
He frowned a ghastly frown.

He took the mug from which she drank  
And buried it in suds;  
He scrubbed it with a wicked brush.  
But all his acts were duds . . .  
Bill's now a raving maniac,  
His only solace, drugs --  
Because that lassie's lips refuse  
To wash from the barroom mugs.

(From the Wail Bag)

(over)

Will Stoddard dropped in on me a few days ago and we exchanged reminiscences of the last time we met. And that was 41 years ago, at St. Louis in 1904. We were both of that group of jolly Royal Pikers who were out for fun as well as to boost amateur journalism. The Royal Pikers came to life spontaneously on July 2nd, over Hagenbeck's show on the Pike. And did we have fun? I'll say we did. With our Amateur Press badges we made about every amusement place on the Pike. Being mistaken for real newspapermen we had entrance to just about all the shows and exhibits where real money was required.

I can still visualize many of the amateur journalists I met on that memorable occasion. Beside Stoddard there was Carl Hegert who was writing the A. J. column in my Home Defender at that time, Homer Pickeral whose home I visited later in Wichita, Kansas, Paul J. Campbell, Maurice J. Cohen, H. G. Wehking who helped Wendemuth get out the American Gem and who had made the arrangements and financed the wonderful A.J. exhibit which had space on the Fair Ground and which naturally was the attraction that drew the 17 Royal Pikers including myself. Ira E. Seymour also was one whom I remember; later he became editor and publisher of "The Household Guest" at Chicago. (He also resided in Springfield, Ohio where he was editor of a farm magazine.--Ed.)

The St. Louis Fair will long be remembered by this writer as one of the



# Literary Digest

No 207

Hünfeld

Germany

June 30, 1945

Had the Army not transferred Bill Groveman the following would have appeared in a SNAFU from Germany:

The end of the war was a shock in one way. After two years of building up to it victory brought a great letdown. It made me start thinking in concrete terms of what civilian life might mean and of how much I had changed. Gone were those corny thoughts about what I'd do when I got out of the Army that kept me going through the rugged days of training and combat. I felt a bit afraid as I began to think of what I would do in civilian life. To one not in uniform this fear is probably something that cannot be understood, and even to many in the Army it may not mean much. Those who were already settled in life and have a wife and children to return to know what they want to do. But I entered the Army from a rather carefree existence with only general ends in mind and now I find myself re-examining all the plans that I was once so certain of.

The Army is easy to get used to. I see why men can tolerate it for a lifetime. Someone wrote that if not for the chance of getting killed Army life was on the whole preferable to a civilian existence. And even there I might argue that there is a certain exhilaration about living close to death every day. Barring this, the Army is the perfect existence for an individual who wishes to worry about nothing. The essentials of life are provided without too much work and the remainder are pretty much reduced to drink and women which are not too difficult to come by. What little is required by the Army becomes routine. All of one's pay is for non-essential use. The result is bad for a thinking individual because it is too easy to settle into the Army rut, particularly at an age when one does not have too much worldly experience. The result with me is that a uniform has almost become too easy to wear and I feel a bit frightened at the thought of wearing sport jacket and saddle shoes again.

Tho in ruins, western Europe retains an air not to be found anywhere in America unless in Washington or New York. The Utter unprovincialism, the feeling that here is a joining of all nations has been with me while I have been on the continent. In business, education, and entertainment the fact that all cultures join stands out. For this Europe has fascinated me and I find myself trying to understand the various currents sweeping over it.

There is a contrast non-existent in America, an undescribable feeling of the past that I found particularly strong. One sundown as I looked over the rooftops of a small German provincial town I could have been in the Middle Ages. Or when I enter a cathedral that has existed over a thousand years. In Aachen as I rode thru the city and looked at the ruins in the darkness I suddenly remembered that this was Aix-la-chapelle, capitol of Charlemagne's empire, and past and present felt strangely united.

In morals there is so great a difference that I hesitate to comment for fear of being misconstrued. Sex is life, not something to be hidden, and at first the Average American soldier accepts this fact in the wrong way. In France and Belgium there is something funny about the entire business, a certain feeling of sly winks and pats on the rump, but in Germany it is pretty raw. Under Hitler sex has become so public and unashamed that it is disgusting to see its effect on the morals of a people.

As the front moved forward I felt futile at times as I saw people carry on their lives almost as if we had not come. In one German city a man came out and starting cleaning rubble from his sidewalk five minutes after the place had been taken. In another place, amidst a shelling, we had ducked into a building and as I sat down I propped my muddy boots on a bed, only to drop them when the frau indignantly asked me if I was accustomed to doing this sort of thing



# Literary Newsette

Critics' Reports



No. 208

Detroit, Michigan

July 8, 1945

## THE RESULTS - - - -

President - Willametta  
 Vice-President - Sesta Matheison  
 Official Editor - Wm. F. Haywood  
 Recorder - Ken Weiser  
 Executive Judges - Elaine J. Meers  
 - Felicitas Haggerty  
 - F. Earl Bonnell

New constitution was Approved  
 New York City is 1946 Convention Site

## Appointive Offices:

Mailer - Wm. K. Smith  
 (29345 Walnut Ave., Flat Rock, Mich.)  
 Manager of Manuscript Bureau  
 - Grace Phillips  
 Publicity Director - Jeffrey Jennings  
 Chairman of Bureau of Critics:  
 - Alma L. Weixelbaum  
 Recruiting Director - Guy G. Miller  
 Historian - To be announced  
 Teen-Age Co-Ordinator - Neal Peirce  
 (Summer address: The North Woods Camp  
 Mirror Lake P.O., New Hampshire)

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## CALIFORNIA ORGANIZES

Los Angeles Amateurs held their second meeting on June 21 with approximately 20 present; at the third meeting, July 3rd, the name was changed to SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AMATEUR PRESS CLUB and the quarterly publication, with T.G. Mauritzen editing, named "Southern California."

Harold Ellis has been selected president, Wesley H. Porter acting vice-president, Mrs. Virginia Dougherty, Secretary-Treasurer, and Walter E. Wellinger, advisor. The new group will meet on the first Tuesday of every month at Clifton's Cafeteria, and its sponsors hope it will bring together amateurs on the Pacific coast. Greetings were wired to the Convention in Cleveland.

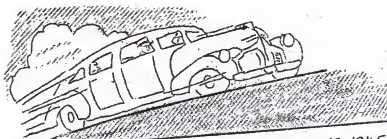
## BUREAU OF CRITICS REBUTS

Your "Decline and Fall of the Bureau of Critics," July issue of Churinga, was well intended and well taken, Mr. Guinane. With sound reasoning, you analyze what you believe to be the cause of the "disintegration," give your opinion of how it should have been handled, then offer a suggestion for future improvement--an excellent example of the type of criticism we need, want, and welcome.

Out of justice to the Assistant Critics, however, we cannot let the article go unanswered.

You seem to assume, Mr. Guinane, that the Critic can hold over reviews, "not cramming and pinching to fit them in." This is something beyond the jurisdiction of the reviewer, but is entirely in the hands of the Official Editor. Except for the first two months of the year, neither the Chairman of the Bureau or the Critic knew how much space would be available in the National Amateur. Did you note that the reviews appearing in the March issue were crowded into three pages? "Freezette" and Tim Thrift and Earl Stanyon didn't write those reviews as you read them. They were not only condensed, but rewritten to fit the space by the Official Editor, who is the authority on what shall appear in the NatAm and how it will appear.

All of the Critics were given complete freedom to write as extensively as they wished, so long as it was pertinent and constructive, and were advised that any material which had to be cut to fit the space in the NatAm would, with their permission, be used in another publication. The Official Editors were requested to select the material they



No 216

Vinton, Va.

Sept. 16, 1945

# Literary Newsette

#194

PHILADELPHIA!  
By Ulysses ('Jim') Walsh

(Special to LitNews via Miss Bureau)

"Philadelphia is the slowest town on earth. When a dog chases a cat there, they both walk."

That's the sort of stuff I've been hearing all my life about William Penn's old stamping grounds. To a certain extent I've believed it, but now that I've attended the joint conventions of the United Amateur Press Association and its Alumni, I wonder why Philadelphia hasn't sued some of its detractors for libel. Surely one of those proverbially able "Philadelphia lawyers" could make out a good case!

Perhaps there's still too much brotherly love circulating in Quakertown for such drastic action to be taken, but I wish to go on record as saying that I feel the convention city has been grossly maligned. Only the waiters who served the banquet dinner at the Adelphia lived up to Philadelphia's reputation. I came close to falling in love with Pennsylvania's largest city and, as I write these random notes two days after returning home, have a queer feeling of homesickness for the place where I actually spent an incredible though it seems—less than two days, and a longing to go there to live.

No doubt I have been subconsciously prejudiced in favor of Philly. As a small boy, my favorite Sunday paper was the long-gone Philadelphia Press, which made the names of many streets and buildings familiar to me. The first structure that I sought after eating breakfast on Saturday morning, September 1, was the one at Seventh and Chestnut streets in which the Press used to be printed. An elderly man whom I accosted and who said he had lived in Philadelphia all his life pointed it out to me. It is now occupied by a commercial printing firm.

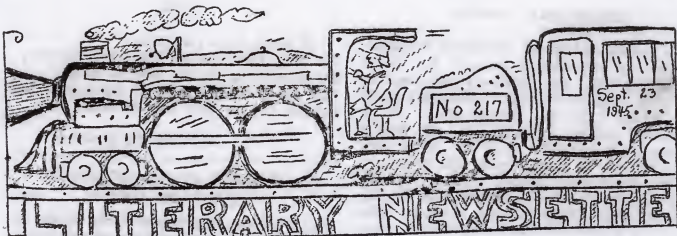
Nor was that all. After dropping in

briefly at convention headquarters, I went to the Free Library and spent a couple of hours reading bound volumes of the Press, which several most courteous and attentive library workers produced from the basement for me. I was glad to find that through all these years I had remembered correctly that the name of the Press' editor was Samuel Calvin Wells, and it was a treat to see again many articles and cartoons I had never entirely forgotten.

I was able to go to the convention because Russell Paxton, the Alumni Association's faithful secretary, offered me a ride in his car. We both made the trip under difficulties. It was a strain on Russ to drive straight through from Roanoke to Philadelphia, leaving here shortly before 4 p.m. and arriving about 12 hours later, and to drive all Sunday night and until past 7 o'clock Monday morning, making the return trip. As for me, I put in a hard day of newspaper work on Friday before beginning the journey; didn't get a wink of sleep, although I spent the time from 4:30 to 8 a.m. Saturday in bed, and was kept up till 12:30 a.m. Sunday at the banquet. That long night trip home was no easy thing for me, either. I'm sure, though, that Russ, like me, is very glad the trip was made.

As I sat in the swing on my front porch, with my portable Underwood noiseless in my lap, high lights of the trip occur to me. Beyond doubt, the highest of these was the incident that involved the driver of an automobile bearing Maryland license No. 38-269. This insufferable idiot, who was to be known to Paxton and me as "Old 38," when he was pulled anything printable; gave us one of the most appallingly close squeaks we have ever experienced in traveling.

It happened just outside Woodstock, Va. "Old 38," who probably was drinking, if he were not just plain crazy, decided to go around Paxton's car. He did. Put



## PHILADELPHIA (cont'd from #216)

also vividly remembered is the way we managed to get off of U.S. Highway 11 on the return trip, and came into dear old Ragerstown, Md. (We avoided traveling by way of Baltimore and Washington, in order to have a less crowded route) on No. 58. Then we spent 30 minutes, trying to find our way out of that most bewildering of towns, with practically everybody but a boy on a bicycle giving us the wrong instructions. Later we stopped at a roadside diner at Harrisonburg, and Russ drank creamless coffee while some very tough appearing citizens quarreled with a large, sullen-looking waitress, who bluntly told a man when he complained that his eggs were not fried hard enough that he had her permission to go to you-know-where and find out if they fried eggs better there.

I had almost forgotten to mention one of the most picturesque incidents of the return. We are supper at a restaurant in Coatesville, Pa., where -- my modesty almost prevents my recording this--the brunette waitress gave every indication of being violently smitten by my masculine charm --or something.

To Russ' delight, she put her arms around me, nestled as close to me as she could get and called me endearing names. Fearing my virtue might be in danger, I shifted uneasily back and received the inquiry: "What's the matter, honey? Are you afraid of me?" Never have I received such a reception anywhere else, and I'd certainly advise any male amateurs who long for womanly companionship to eat a meal in Coatesville. Despite these attentions, I was able to depart in a comparatively untarnished state.

The nicest filling station operator we met was one near Gettysburg, Pa.; the worst, an irascible crab at Winchester, Va. What a wonderful advertisement for

## SACKCLOTH AND ASHES

Never before in LN's 217 issues have we ever done a thing like this! Did you see LN 214 where Bill Grove-man's article was uncompleted on the front? Don't ask me where the rest is? The stencil (along with original manuscript) was lost and we are so absent-minded that we didn't even miss it! If we could find pink paper we'd run this issue on it to indicate shamed blushes! We need a proof reader!

## FRANKLIN INSTITUTE

Our heading, the work of Haig Anlian, reminds us of the locomotive on display in the Franklin Institute; once we were reading a description of famous items on display in various museums and this locomotive was mentioned; we remembered "riding" on it (it moves a few feet) during the 1940 Convention.

On Sunday Mr. Walter A. R. Pertuch gave us his holiday to make it possible for us to visit Hadley Smith's Library, and we want to thank him, for it was one of the highlights of the convention.

On our way out we went through the Museum proper, and next day some of the more hardy souls returned to spend more time in it. It's strictly a man's museum what with the displays on electricity, oil refineries, paper mills, and various machinery exhibits and we've had our paternal ancestor drooling with our descriptions, but personally our choice (next to the Library) was the Planetarium lecture which was followed by a visit to the telescope on the roof.

We anticipate another visit even if it isn't until our 1951 Diamond Jubilee -- which naturally must be in Philadelphia.

# Literary Newsette

#196

No 218

Oct 3, 1945

Once a little girl went walking  
out across the hill;  
Said she wasn't ever coming home--  
that is, until  
She had been up in the sky  
and floated on a cloud!  
Yes, indeed she said it,  
right out loud!

So, she went a-walking  
and pretended she had wings,  
And of a sudden, there they were  
lovely gauzy things.  
She flapped them back and forth  
and laughed out loud  
Then she flew, (guess where),  
straight up to a cloud!

Oh, it was delicious  
floating through the air--  
She didn't know just where she was  
and didn't care--  
But suddenly the bell flowers  
in New England saw a cloud  
Drop a little girl, and she  
was crying, right out loud!

Said she'd lost her shiny wings,  
was cold and hungry too.  
The pretty flowers dried her eyes  
and dressed her all in blue.  
And here you see her hurrying home  
for, sakes alive!  
This is her own birthday  
and she's just exactly FIVE!

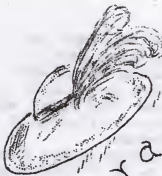
The flowers gave her comfort  
in their own special way  
And here's a pretty bluebird  
who has a word to say . . .  
He brings her signs of happiness  
and all the time he sings  
That anyone who wishes to  
may own a pair of wings.

The rosebud is my sign to her  
and tells her, (could you guess),  
That I do truly love her  
and wish her happiness.



Poem and  
illustration by  
Grace Phillips



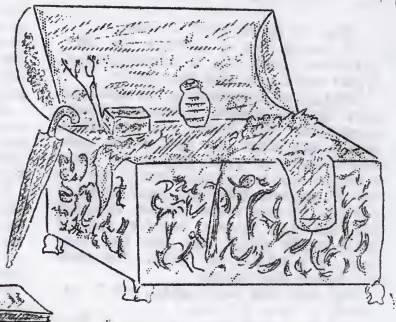


# Literary Newsette

No. 219

October 14, 1945

Baton Rouge, La.



## THE BURIAL BOX ----- By Eunice M. Fontenot

Everyone in Mamou called her Emmy even though she was in her early seventies. She had a sincere friendliness for everybody and a manner of quiet dignity. Emmy's house on North Main was the shabbiest on that street, but she had seen better days.

We had lived across the street from Emmy a short time when she extended an invitation for morning coffee. It was a delightful experience to go behind that massive, weather-beaten front door. Our demi tasse cups were delicate heirlooms.

"I picked these up in England during the last war," she told me. "We went to Europe just before war was declared, and were stranded in England two months waiting for passage home. To this day I dislike the odor of mutton. Really, it was noticeable even before we arrived in London on the way over." Emmy wrinkled her nose as if she smelled a lamb chop right then.

During our second cup of coffee I had to ask where she bought that stunning purple hat she wore to church the past Sunday. It was distinctly high style, simple but elegant. There had been nothing like it in Mamou for years.

"Oh, that hat!" Emmy exclaimed with girlish glee. "It came out of my Burial Box."

Naturally I looked startled, and glanced around the room with a wary eye.

"I've had a Burial Box for years. When I receive gifts that can't be used immediately, they're always packed in the box for future use, or in the event I get sick and need a pretty nightgown. I suppose my shroud will even come from the Burial Box." (over)

## OLD GLORY, WE LOVE YOU

When the stars of Old Glory  
Are dimmed with men's blood,  
And her fluttering banner is stained ---  
She will still wave aloft  
With undaunted grace ---  
Unfurled o'er the world,  
Esteemed in our love.

When the stripes of Old Glory  
Are riddled to rags  
By the power of evil and wrong ---  
She will still wave aloft  
Her courageous mien ---  
Though broken her waves,  
She still has our love.



When the staff of Old Glory  
Is slivered and bent,  
And her colors are faded with age ---  
She will still wave aloft  
Her symbols of peace ---  
Supported by faith,  
Enthroned by our love.

— Bessie Jane Bergen

X-PN 4827

#200

# Leaves



Suggested name No. 1 for my new paper - **The Rolling Stone**, because we seem to change residence frequently.

No. 14

Sept. 1946

X-PN 4827

#201

# Leaves



The Babcocks have their Roosters and Cats, so why not, as Suggested Name No. 2 for my new paper - **The Red Squirrel**.

No. 15

Oct. 1946

X-PN 4827

#198

# Leaves



WINTER SPORTS

February 1946

X-PN 4827

#199

# Leaves

No. 13

May 1946

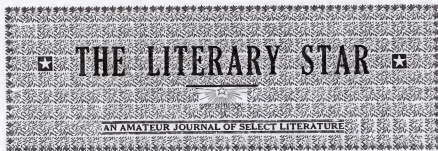
## Editorial

### SMALL PAPERS ATTACKED

The campaign against small papers, dormant for several years, has been revived by *Pacnowe*, the new publication from the West. Editor Reid states "they do not contribute anything to anything". This is indeed a pitiless excoriation of the efforts of members who are doing their best with the means and time at their command.

It is our considered opinion that the real dyed-in-the-wool amateur is the fellow who laboriously sets type and prints his paper on his own handpress. We note Editor Reid has the advantage of a linotype machine; consequently he can turn out a paper in a jiffy.

We like *Pacnowe* and congratulate Editor Reid on his promising amateur newspaper. But we "see sense" in small pamphlets; so let's hope they keep turning up in the bundles.



Affiliated With the National Amateur Press Association

ISSUE No. 1

PUBLISHED AT CHRISMAN, ILL.

JAN. 1946

## THE LAST SALUTE

To Pvt. Harry T. Aubry Of the War Of 1898

FROM SON TO "DAD"

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following beautiful expression to his "Dad," Pvt. Harry T. Aubry of the war of 1898, who died July 23rd, is by H. Dean Aubry, editor of The Vigilantes, from which journal it is reprinted here. It recalls the life of another "Dad" who, too, was an appreciable pal of his "boys and girls."

THIS IS NOT really the last salute Dad; we could always understand each other without saying a word—it will have to be that way from now on.

Your comrades of McKinley Camp No. 6 U. S. W. V. honored you with a three gun salute over your grave in Forest Home—there were empty cartridge shells left to signify the earthly body. It conveys much meaning for we know that sound is never lost—we just haven't the instrument to recapture it—the same is true of the spirit—we are in different planes of existence—we do not have instruments to communicate with or to explore other planes of life. Even matter never dies, it only changes form. Dad always was a boy at heart, even as early as I can remember. He was interested in what I was doing. When I was a Lone Scout, he would take me and my friends on hikes and camping trips. Dad would gladly give Illinois back to the Indians for he loved the great outdoors. No modern day picnics for him, but roughing it the way the Indians did. Dad was an artist, musician, craftsman, accountant and an inventor having had several patents issued to him by the patent office. He was Jack-of-all-trades. He was always carving wood, painting pictures or even cooking the



Sunday dinner. At the time of Chicago's first World Fair, he saved his money so that he was there each day to thoroughly examine each exhibit—a college education in itself. During the war [TO P. EIGHT]

★ ★ Writing—The Most Educational Hobby—Printing ★ ★

# THE LITERARY STAR

AN AMATEUR JOURNAL OF SELECT LITERATURE


★ Affiliated with the National Amateur Press Association ★

ISSUE No. 2

CHRISMAN, ILL., APRIL 1946

VOL. No. 1

## THE FIRST LOVELY FLOWERS

 E LOVE the first messengers of Spring, one of which is the robin. We love the springtime because it brings the birds and so many refreshing things—cheerful tokens of the coming season's beauty—the budding shrubs, flowers and fruit bloom. And how we do love that modest, shy messenger, the first flower, so clandestine along the protecting fences and in the woods. How assiduously we search for the first flowers—violets, daisies and sweet williams—so immaculate and tender, and how delighted the youngsters are when they find a few spring beauties to show the folks at home and prove that spring has really arrived.

Not only is it a messenger of spring but the first flower brings to us a more assured faith. It so eloquently speaks of the resurrection, it having rose again from its buried roots to new life. How a vigilant providence cared for it all through the long winter days and preserved the imperceptible spark of life that again burst open so elegantly at springtime. "No word has ever been spoken by mortal man that can rival the power of the perfumed silence of

LIFE is real,  
Life is earnest,  
And the grave  
Is not its goal;  
Dust thou art,  
To dust return-  
est,  
Was not spoken  
Of the soul.  
—Longfellow.

the first flower in proof of the resurrection and of a new life." The first flower, in its own inherent and peculiar language, speaks of death as well as life. Both joy and sorrow find their most appropriate expression in its frailty and beauty. It speaks when hearts



#204

# The LINCOLNETTE

★ ★ ★

Vol. 2. No. 3. Harrogate,



★ ★ ★

Tennessee Spring, 1946.

## *Cudjo's Cave—Nature's Miracle*

Lincoln Memorial University has within two miles of its campus one of the most amazing examples of nature's handiwork in America—Cudjo's Cave.

The earliest known mention of the cave was made by Dr. Thomas Walker who passed through Cumberland Gap on April 13, 1750, and discovered its opening. He records this in his diary. During the Civil War, the cave became more widely known. Both the Union and Confederate soldiers made use of it at various intervals. Many stories are told of Major Cockrell's explorations of the cave. It is said that in the late 1860's he took a boat down to the water level and with a party of seven men proceeded to go up the stream. Having taken supplies of food and oil lamps, they traveled for seven days and seven nights. Major Cockrell estimated the distance to be fifty miles. They did not find the end of the cave or the source of the water. From that time on the cave has been explored extensively. In the 1890's the English promoters who settled in this region held dances in one of

the chambers. The English called this lower section of the cave King Solomon's Cave.

The cave gets its present name from a novel written by John Townsend Trowbridge in 1863, entitled *Cudjo's Cave*, in which an old Negro slave hides and meets his death in the subterranean river. In his autobiography, Trowbridge admitted he had never seen the cave, although the cave fits his description perfectly.

The property rights to the cave were owned by the Kentucky Land Company until 1916, at which time they were secured by Lincoln Memorial University as a source of water supply for the school. Later, Frank A. Sieberling bought the cave and donated it to the school. About 1925, a dam was built and later in 1927 or 28, a reservoir was constructed. Both of these projects were carried out by University students, supervised by H. K. Ryder, superintendent of grounds.

In 1934, W. N. Holbrook and D. E. Essary realized the commercial value of the cave and obtained a lease on it from the school.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

1327 #205

# The LINCOLNETTE

★ ★ ★



★ ★ ★

Vol. 2. No. 4 Harrogate,

Tennessee Summer, 1946

## THE PASS OF DESTINY

Centuries ago, a great geological upheaval resulted in the Pinnacle and the Three States Peak, with the gigantic saddle of Cumberland Gap, 1665 feet high, hanging between.

Prehistoric mammoths discovered it; then the buffalo; and later the Indian warriors. This path became the pass of destiny for hunters, traders, settlers, and colonizers. It was definitely mapped and named for the Duke of Cumberland by Dr. Thomas Walker in 1750. Later, Daniel Boone and hordes of people crowded through it to settle Kentucky, parts of Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, and the other sections of the Northwest Territory.

During the Civil War, the pass was exchanged four times by the Union and the Confederate armies. Later, geologists secured authentic data as to coal deposits there. James Lane Allen published a glowing description of the romantic pageantry of the gay in "Harpers Magazine" for June, 1886.

A little later, A. A. Arthur, a distant relative of President Arthur, became the Empire builder of the region, and with English capital, laid out and developed Middlesboro, Kentucky, building the Four Seasons Hotel of 700 rooms, where Lincoln Memorial University now stands. A railroad was built with a seven-eighths of a mile tunnel, and the song "Cum-

berland Gap," attested to its slowness in the lines:

Come on boys, we'll take another  
nap.  
Two more stations to Cumberland  
Gap."

Engineers, scientists, capitalists, historians, writers, actors, turned to the Gap for fame and fortune, but the panic of 1893 later razed the hotel and shattered the dreams of Middlesboro for a while.

Now, a college, said to be the only one founded at the direct request of Lincoln, for the white children of the region, rests on one side of the Pinnacle and the thriving city of Middlesboro, on the other. In between, almost in its shadow, is the famed Cudjo's or Soldiers' Cave.

The Saddle of the Gap, with segments reaching northeastward and southwestward and a portion of the Wilderness Trail with the embattlements are to be restored and preserved for posterity in a National Historical Park.

Dr. Robert L. Kincaid, of our own University staff, to whom I am indebted for much of this data, is memorializing this pass in his book, "The Wilderness Road," at the request of Bobbs-Merrill.

While multitudes of tourists even now view the region, he says, "At Cumberland Gap, America's most historic pass, future genera-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

PN 4827

#206

# The LINCOLNETTE

★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★



Vol. 3. No. 1-2 Harrogate,

Tennessee Fall-Winter, 1946.

## Lincoln's Early Sweetheart Subject of Book

**Lincoln's Other Mary.** By Olive Carruthers and R. Gerald McMurtry. Ziff-Day-is.

Have you ever read a historical novel or narrative and wondered, "How much of this is true?" The authors of "Lincoln's Other Mary" have forestalled this question by publishing within the same covers the story and the facts behind the story so successfully that the popularity has far exceeded the average book of that type.

Doctor McMurtry, Director of the Department of Lincolniana at Lincoln Memorial University, Harrogate, Tennessee, is one of America's foremost authorities on Lincoln. His early home was located on the land in Elizabethtown where Lincoln's stepmother, Sarah Bush Johnston, resided in 1819, when she married Thomas Lincoln. He has been instrumental in building one of the finest Lincoln collections in America at the University. He is the author of many books, pamphlets, and articles, and is also an editor of the Lincoln Herald, a quarterly magazine devoted to Lincolniana. Doctor McMurtry has drawn from this rich experience and notes compiled over

four years of research to write the first complete authentic account of the little-known Mary Owens story, and does much to destroy the Ann Rutledge myth. He also gives a satisfactory explanation of the Lincoln-Browning letter, as an April Fool item, which should be contributed to the wit and humor of Abe Lincoln.

Mrs. Carruthers, a native of Wisconsin, is married to a Kentuckian and lives in Bardstown, Kentucky. She has taken Doctor McMurtry's notes and made them into a historical narrative so convincing that an elderly gentleman finished the book with this remark, "She ought to have married him."

Mrs. Carruthers begins the story with the birth of Mary Owens, in 1808, and tells of her visit to the home of Betsey Abell, in New Salem, Illinois, where she is drawn to this uncultured backwoodsman. This strange, thwarted courtship of Mary Owens probably did much to set his taste for women. The account ends with the spring of 1866, an epilogue, in which Mary Owens voices her feelings about this

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

# The Lighthouse

## The Lighthouse

As the slashing waves join the  
sun-burnt sands  
Out o'er a misty blue  
I spy a desolate lighthouse,  
which guides a sailor thru  
The trackless depths of space  
On a course which is smooth and  
true.

The lighthouse bell chants a  
weird, No--No;  
And it's light then blinks away  
Helping the sailing vessel thru  
As a phantom Captain leads his  
crew

To a distant shore, at the edge  
of the bay.

Sturdy, tall and all alone, the  
lighthouse lends a hand,  
To any passing vessel, from a  
near or foreign land.

For the lighthouse bell, and the  
lighthouse light,  
Keeps constant vigil day and  
night

Saving ships from deathly plight,  
until they reach the sand.

--Jeanne L. Sullivan



#208

THE

# Lighthouse

Number Two

Philadelphia, Pa.

December, 1946

Season's



Greetings

X-70 4827

# LIBERAL

#209

" A LIBERAL PUBLICATION "

Volume 2

Summer Issue

Number 2

## VIGIL

The wind swirled down from the heights;  
In the half - light before dawn  
Carrying the leaves before it as cargo,  
And whispering on and on.  
The jungle was without sound  
Except the wind that dared betray:  
The silence that was ominous around  
With no heralding of this a new day.

No life on these lone shores.  
The breakers from the great sea  
Smash on rocks bleak and bare  
And roll the foam to the lee.  
And back to the jungle with no sound:  
A silent orchid with beauty but  
sombre too -  
Springing from a base of barren ground,  
That has no touch of dew.

And then a raven, so silken;  
Settled down, still--with beak on  
breast;  
Perched on a blood - stained cross,  
And stayed there, seemingly to rest.  
The raven moved not again;  
Perched as a demi-god in black,  
Even as a statue frozen to the cross,  
And the wind came echoing back.

And it was eight thousand miles  
Back across the far-flung world:  
A worshiper of the boy that went away;  
To lands where winds swirled.  
She has eyes so blue and lovely -  
Soft eyes of love and embrace,  
And her hair was velvet to touch;  
That framed so sweet a face.

The girl ( of the boy that went away )  
With raven hair that he adored,  
That died eight-thousand miles apart:

( Next Page. )

## EDITORIALS

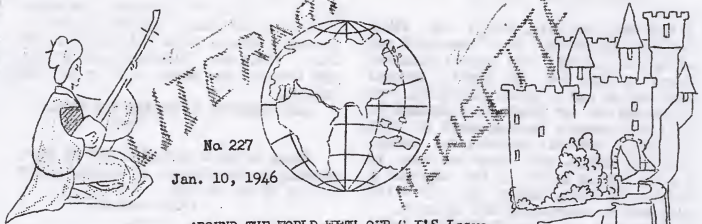
Summer Slump!  
After all the hard  
work of re-organiz-  
ing the United Ama-  
teur Press Associa-  
tion, it appears to  
me that the members  
are all tired-out  
washed-up, or just  
too plain lazy to  
go through with it.  
From the looks of  
the last Bundle Of  
Freedom - it looks  
like UAPA is having  
a summer slump.  
Our association can  
and should put in  
the mails just as  
good a bundle as  
the other amateur  
associations. To do  
this each and every  
member "must come  
to life", do more  
writing and publish-  
ing. LET'S NOT FAL-  
TER NOW! BE ACTIVE

\* \*

We humbly dedicate  
this issue of LIB-  
ERAL to J. A. Cas-  
tleman, U.S.N. on  
active duty in the  
Pacific. His very  
fine poem appears  
on this page. It  
rates No. A-I with  
us.

(Next Page.)

X-PN 4827



No 227

Jan. 10, 1946

AROUND THE WORLD WITH OUR C.I.A.S. Issue

From BURTON CRANE in Tokyo ----- To WILLIAM GROVEMAN in Birmingham

Nov. 23, 1945:

Crane, Wesson and Felix Moitoret met last Sunday aboard the battleship New Jersey in Yokosuka harbor with President Wesson of the Tokyo Bay Amateur Press Club presiding. Gopy was cooked for an issue of The Ginza Gazette, official organ of the new club, most active amateur organization in all Asia. Considering the fact that Asia has a population of at least 900,000,000, the club wishes to call special attention to this activity record. Crane, executive, assistant to Official Editor Moitoret, who has an 8x12 press on the New Jersey but not enough rank to use it for amateur papers, is now looking for a printer among the ruins of bombed Tokyo.

Have just informed Helen Wesson (who will certainly want to know) that new census figures reveal that there are now 4,200,000 more women than men in Japan, which works out at ten for each member of the army of occupation, with 200,000 left over for the fifty correspondents.

We correspondents have a grand deal: A club which used to be a high-class restaurant, a wonderful mess, civilian status and access to Army rations and PXs. As for myself, I am on full expense account, which means that all my normal costs of living are borne by The New York Times. Most of the other correspondents out here have been covering the fighting in the Pacific and are without much background, so it looks as if I might do a good share of the serious magazine pieces for some time. (Editor's Note: Crane ghosted a yarn for Major Paul Cyr of OSS about the blowing of the Yellow River bridge; it was bought by Saturday Evening Post.)

(As we told you, Bill had a chance to attend the Univ. of Birmingham (England) and has taken advantage of the opportunity to meet English amateurs, listen:)

The first British amateur I met was Mrs. Helen Jones of this city, I called on her the evening of October 20th. She is not a publisher but a writer and had held office in the BAPA and also has had a few things published in our papers.

Over the week-end of October 25-29 I went out to Wales and visited Arthur and Irene Harris. I was the first American to pay them a real visit and it came close to being a "Man Who Came To Dinner" sort of thing because the morning after I got there a toe on my left foot somehow became infected. I could hardly move about and except for one auto jaunt about the area where I saw Conway Castle built by Edward I we stayed in all week-end. Harris "exploited" the fact I had to sit down by putting me before a case and in honor of the occasion I produced and set an article for "Interesting Items" which should be printed about four years from now when he gets up to his 1945 issues! His enthusiasm is truly amazing in view of the fact that he is so far removed from all centers of activity. He is a real amateur journalist with his heart in his hobby and has a fine collection which is quite complete from 1912 on.

Last week-end I rushed down to London on the strength of a cable from Harold Segal. He is now in Germany at Bad Homburg near Frankfurt but expects to return to the States by the end of November. Meantime he was on furlough and I met him at 6 last Friday evening at Rainbow Corner off Piccadilly Circus. (over)



# Literary Newsette

No. 228

Springfield, Ohio

Jan. 25, 1946.

## WALPURGIS NIGHT - Installment Three (Anonymous)



### WESSON ANSWERS

Dear Lou:

"The trouble with Kleinschmidt is that he's right. It's not enough to win the war--to win the peace is a greater problem. So far we are not doing so well."

So writes Helen to me, enclosing a copy of the Literary Newsette containing your reply to my brief piece in the Nat'l Amateur.

Yes, you are right, I have seen DPs, arrogant SS officers and wrecked homes—in Europe, in the States and here--and ever so often I manage to bump into an officious little Jap who thinks the Japanese are still running this country. Yes, I've seen it; and no, I don't want to see it again.

Maybe the attitude is wrong--and from your far-sighted point of view it is--but I'm living with American soldiers now, and I am telling you the great majority of soldiers just plain want to get home and be little people again.

They--we--all want to get home first, re-establish our own lives, then think about the big things that confront the world.

The week before we landed here we were lectured on our "Occupation Mission"--and the men snickered. The principle topic of discussion was the lowering of point requirements for

--over--

He had written a play, and what's more, had it produced, not on Broadway, 'tis true but by a swanky Dramatic Club in, well, never mind where. It was a play of three acts and all went well, or well enough, for the first two. At the end of the second act there was an unconscionable delay, or so it appeared to the audience, and they became more and more impatient. Suddenly, the sound of a carpenter's saw was heard behind the scenes. "Now, what can that be?" asked an impatient dowager of her escort.

"I don't know, really," a slight pause, "perhaps they're cutting out the third act!"

\*\*

\*\*

After half a century of practice, it is said of a certain amateur that he is ready to admit that as a performer on the Royal he is hopelessly charitable. His right hand never knows what his left hand is doing . . or will do next, for that matter.

\*\*

\*\*

A certain amateur we know is patriotic, O quite, and makes use of all the current slogans. No one ever accused her of being taciturn. Nor he, certainly. Their friendship and their correspondence ceased when he attached to a letter a gummed label bearing this legend:

"Zip your lip!"

\*\*

\*\*

He had studied the prepared plan and on examination knew exactly what every little box of the type case contained. He was very confident as he set out to put to type the criticisms he so carefully had written. Soon he became confused and vociferously impatient as he growled: "Where in Hades is 'h'!" A certain Nubian blond tittered as he threw down his "stick" and quit with the comment that he no longer knew his letters.

\*\*

\*\*

A certain amateur was weighed by his doctor who found his patient gaining. "Have you anything more on you than you had the last time you were weighed?" he asked. "Why... er ... only a copy of The Ghost," was the reply.

\*\*

\*\*

Then there is the story of the maid who quit her job in a college professor's home ... she got tired of running from the keyhole to the dictionary in an effort to understand the many conversations she overheard.

OVERHEARD: The war is over. Models in the advertisements are now kissing civilians.

Q: Which animals have the greatest sense of humor?  
A: Goats, they're always kidding each other.





# LITERARY NEWSETTE

No. 229

Pierce City, Mo.

Feb. 2, 1946

SCRIBBLINGS

By Ora E. Stark

## AMATEURS IN THE SLICKS

Three national magazines contained matter of especial interest to ajs' within the past month or so.

The first was the New Yorker for Nov. 24, 1945 (sent by courtesy of Vera Boxsell) which went into some detail (under "Books" by Edmund Wilson) about Lovecraft and his growing circle of admirers. Written in a not-too-enthusiastic tone, the article gave an impression of literary snobbery on the part of the reviewer.

In a more robust tone, John Wilstach in the Jan. 1946 Esquire (called to my attention by Bob Northrup,) also deals with Lovecraft in "The Ten-Cent Ivory Tower" in a much kinder light but still somewhat disparagingly (or my reaction may be due to the fact that I read it in my dentist's chair) so far as his ability is concerned. Wilstach had met Lovecraft in his New York interlude, apparently continued a desultory acquaintanceship but obtained most of the facts from W. Paul Cook for which he seems to have strong admiration. But both Bob Northrup and I represent a few of Wilstach's

-over-

H. Dean Aubry's Vigilantes (why the plural?) is the most ambitious mimeographed journal to reach me, and most printers will agree that it is pleasing to the eye. The contents are varied, as must be expected in a magazine of such bulk, some of it of especial interest to amateurs, some of it only mildly so. Generally it rates excellent, but I wish he would drop that corny slogan, "The Magazine That Makes You Think." Yeah, it makes you think that the editor has gobbled a belly-full of propaganda that clamors for regurgitation. The thought that FDR deserves to rank with Washington and Lincoln may be wistful illusion, at any rate to be left safely to history, but the miscegenation line is vicious. Many foresee innumerable race riots stemming from this willingness of carefree idealists to air their profound ignorance of racial problems. The subject is more than dynamite, it is atomic frightfulness on the loose.

Ralph Babcock's Scarlet Cockade No. 17, the one dated July, 1942, and published in Seattle, is at last getting distribution. The issue, while frankly reviewing some of a draftee's inevitable reactions to the unfamiliar business of war, is mild to have merited censorship for more than three years. There are no revelations that war-minded (and weren't we all?) civilians had no knowledge of, and the tone, frequently ironic, seems grimly resigned rather than insubordinate. But, as any soldier will tell you, you can't predict brass hat mentality. Maybe Ralph should have been shot at sunrise. That would learn him! Lois Grimes' sketch is the best I have seen from her pen and deserves belated laureate consideration. Burton Crane sermonizes happily and Tony Maitoret gives the lowdown on the Cleveland of a couple of decades ago. Altogether, a handsome and interesting number.

Speaking of Burton Crane, as of course I must, his latest Masaka has probably won him immortality under the pen name of Chris Zusi. Even Tim Thrift, influenced doubtless by the proximity of the Watch and Ward Society, shakes his head sadly at the thought of teen-agers being warned that virgins are hard to make. Charley Heins thinks it sounds all right in Chinese pidgin. Lady Bea Goode says it's perfectly silly—all you have to do is marry the gal. Whatever your opinion of the poem's implications, it appears fated to endure longer than most amateur verse and you may expect leering references to it on many occasions, human nature being what it is.

W. Paul Cook, with "nothing else to do," has started a brand new magazine, Revenant. The first number, with twenty-eight pages and rich red cover, is smaller in



# Literary Newsette

#213

No. 230

Canton, Ohio

Feb. 17, 1946

## "THE DRUM"

By George H. Freitag

### Triplet

I lost a ring  
And found a friend  
While grovelling;  
I lost a ring,  
We sought the thing  
For hours on end:  
I lost a ring  
And found a friend.

—Wm. V. Stone

### — THAN NEVER

Everyone's busy or is felled by flu, as a result amateur journalism suffers. I'm no exception, and despite resolution to review all papers they have been accumulating. Reminding myself of the a.j. proverb that timing is unimportant I typed some four pages when along came the January bundle in which the Amateur Observer and The Literary Star (easily the Vega of this bundle) covered the field adequately. Nevertheless there are a few things I will say:

The initial issue of The STEPPING STONE inaugurates a method of introducing new members which we hope future veepees will carry on. And The JUNIOR JOURNALIST is a publication which we would like to see supported by teen-agers themselves after the start of the unawarded prize money

When she came home from school that afternoon and asked for a drum I said she could have mine. "We'll go down to my mother's house," I said, "and get the old drum out of the attic." My daughter's eyes grew large. "Yours?" she said. And I said yes. So we went down, that night, driving into the city in the car, and we got the drum. And suddenly, up in the attic, moving about through the old things, hunting for the drum, I became lonely. The drum had been given to me by my father's sister thirty one years ago, and each year that it lay in the attic the distance between those colorful youthful years, and now, grew greater and greater, until, going now into the attic, it was not easy to come across the drum.

We brought it home and my daughter paraded through the house with it, pounding it with all her might, jarring the dishes in the china closet, frightening the russet cat we own, shaking the windows of the house. Boom, boom, boom, she went, and I sat in a chair watching what was happening as if I were in my last active years and now watched the procession of youth pass by.

In the morning I began to want to write the teacher a note. I wanted to tell the teacher how old and how treasured the drum was; I wanted her to feel something of the loneliness I felt, and I wrote her a note. I sat by my typewriter that morning with the leaves outside falling to the ground, and wrote her a note. "Getting the drum," I wrote, "was in a way an intrusion. I had to go back and back, deep into the quiet of the attic. I had to uncover the lid that someone years ago had placed over youth, my youth." I wasn't sure what else to say to her and I read the note to my wife who said I was being dramatic. There was nothing dramatic about it, really. I tried to write another note and another. All the notes said in one way or another the same things. And when it was time for Judy to go to school, she put the drum rope around her neck and we marched out of the house and across a field to where the bus would stop; we sang and laughed; we beat on the wonderful drum.

When the bus came and she had got on, carrying the drum, I knew that every lived moment of my youth now was over. Someone had come into the graveyard of it and with a shovel dug a deep hole. My youth escaped. It marched with youth. I walked back over the fields like an old man.

Published for the National Amateur Press Assn. by  
Willametta Turnepseed, 202 Roseland E., Springfield, O.



# Literary Newsette

No. 231

Cochabamba, Bolivia

Feb. 27, 1946

SALUDOS (from Bolivia)

By Bertha Glaure Arze

## AMERICANISM

My cousin Bee has often mentioned her embarrassment and chagrin at the actions of Americans in Bolivia which (like the GI's overseas) give the natives wrong impressions of us.

There are two opinions on the subject, one dismissing it as showing off, and the other fearing it is true nature revealed through lack of normal restraint.

No matter what personal tragedies we may have sustained, or how far our life is twisted from "the heart's desire" it seems to me that nothing outweighs the privilege which is ours in living in this country. And we should be so thankful that we could only express it by generous relations with those less fortunate.

Thinking of what Bee expected of her fellow Americans makes me wonder exactly what Americanism implies. Is it a virtue we acquired simply by being born here, or is it an ideal we must attain by hard work? In which case, let's never strike.

## Reportee Provided

Hereafter I know what to reply when I'm complimented on my small feet; it's because nature knew I'd always be putting them in my mouth!

###

In the Junior Journalist for October Guy Miller gave a nice article on why one should publish. I should like to explain my reasons for not publishing:

- (1) Bolivia's postal service. If I can't get a letter delivered to its destination whatever would become of a package?
- (2) Who would publish with no money coming through? Sure we have money but it takes 42 pesos bolivianos (bought at the Banco Central de Bolivia) to make a good American Dollar. Since only the privileged can buy dollars at the Banco (and I am not a privileged person) there is no such luxury. To buy good American dollars in the "Bolsa Negra" takes much good money, 62 pesos bolivianos, anyway, it is prohibited to send money, checks or otherwise out of the country.

Just excuses, but really they have made me hesitate.

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Having read and enjoyed Grace Phillips poem about a little girl just five, I sent it to a friend's little girl who had her fifth birthday party yesterday. Wish I'd had it to put in with her present—but it is "better late than never" that serves.

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Bolivian mountains' cold, not Cochabamba, would change maple leaves if there were any; we have beautiful flowers the year around, a little less maybe in winter, but always some.

Willametta, after all this time, too—the name is Glaure, not Arze. It is an old Spanish custom of adding the mother's last name to one's full name. Following that my maiden name would have been Bertha McCalmont Dorsett. My married name is Bertha McCalmont de Glaure Arze. My children sign Glaure McCalmont.

It is a distinction to have a mother's name tacked on; tells what prominent family has married into what prominent family; tells that they are high enough in the social ladder to have been married at all.

In my husband's case, for instance, there are at least ten men by the name of Carlos Glaure in Cochabamba. To distinguish, there is Carlos Glaure Guevara, Carlos Glaure Quiroga, and so on, but the most important is Carlos Glaure Arze.

Now in Brasil (that's the S. A. spelling) the mother's name comes first. Therefore, if we lived in Brasil I'd sign Bertha McCalmont de Arze Glaure. And the children should sign McCalmont Glaure. (over)





# LITERARY NEWSETTE

232

Columbus, Ohio .

3/11/46

ON BEING MISERABLE

By Grace Phillips

March 10th --

was to see the meeting of the Columbus-Springfield group, but by a combination of events there were no out-of-towners present and so the Springfielders spent most of the time in a brave but unsuccessful effort to dispose of the tasty repast provided by host Guy Miller. The most controversial topic of the afternoon was an attempt to decide if Willametta really has the appetite they accuse her of, or whether her interest in affairs slows her down so that she is always eating when the rest of us have finished.

\* - \* - \*

I have a guilty feeling about this meeting; usually Her Grace takes care of notifying the Columbus members and as she was not feeling well I did it and it was short notice because Guy could not let me know sooner if we could have the meeting room. And I forgot to remind them that I'd provided perfect weather and they were led astray by the week's cold.

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THANKS -- and an

Explanation

Periodically I remember to thank various members who add to my collection of picture postals and no doubt everyone thinks I

Sometimes when things go wrong we become discouraged. I have known that soul-wearying experience more than once. As I grow older I find myself discouraged less often and the experience easier to cope with.

Once I remember it seemed things could be no worse. Heart and soul and body, I was weary.

"Am I," I questioned the nothingness about me, "am I dead, perhaps, and this weariness, is this hell?"

I decided this to be the case, and so it was with me. I was dead. This was hell. And I resolved to be miserable and like it. And I must admit there was an ugly satisfaction in such an attitude. I began looking for sad signs, and found one in the dark sky, heavy with rain. "Fall," I said, "fall and be damned. For you fall in vain. Nobody wants you. You'll make the world look as awful and bedraggled as I feel."

And the rain fell.

At first it was like little hammers on my aching heart. Then it turned to tears. I don't quite know how it happened but suddenly I discovered I was hearing a sort of music in the rain. Not sad music. Rather a gay little ripple, and I was tapping my foot to keep time with it.

Music in the rain. Music in my heart. I wondered how it could be so for I was miserable and the world had ended and I was dead and in hell. And as I tried to keep alive my precious weariness a flame divided the curtains of the rain and stood before me, alive and undiminished by the downpour. And there was music in the flame. It was a happy thing and sang like a bird!

The rain receded until only a silvery shadow hung from the sky. The world became silent. In a shallow rock a smooth little pool of water lay. And the flame flew to its edge and dipped itself into the water, and it burned brighter, and it sang louder!


And then I saw in the surface of the pool that my cherry tree was leaning above it, unmindful of the beauty that was drifting all about her. The rain had turned to snow and the air was full of little white flowers. One of them fell to the surface of the pool and disappeared. Another and another met the same fate.

"Oh!" I scolded the tree, "you are letting your treasures fall. You are losing the lovely things of life --"

There I stopped short. I was scolding my poor bare cherry tree for letting the snow she couldn't catch fall between her branches.

"Maybe," I thought then, "maybe she thinks she is dead, as I have been thinking I am!"

(-M.B.)



# LITERARY NEWSETTE

Presents Sgt. Albert Lee's  
"Philadelphian"

## CHINESE EDITION

No. 233

March 25, 1946

### MY COLUMN

T/Sgt Albert Lee's material hit a snag en route to the printer's—and look where it landed! *misadventure*

Before we forget: the price of Bill Stone's volume of sonnets (mentioned in LN 232) is 50¢.

We delight in registering an error for the printers—topnotcher Russ Paxton who omitted the address from Chas. A. Shattuck's SCRIBE; it is 2901 Avenue I, Brooklyn, 10, New York.

Bill Groveman, wants to buy a copy of Bresnahan's "History of the United" published in 1902. If you have one you want to sell write him at home.

The March National Amateur arrived today and despite the fact that our desk is piled with all the 1946 journals (which we promised Burton Crane—and maybe we will—to review) we must do a bit of public gloating. We think this was one of the best issues; the photo spread is marvelous. And we most of all enjoyed Crane's virile review and the magnificent write-up of a magnificent amateur, Edw Cole.

Don't scream. Don't do anything rash now. This is the Atomic Age, nothing is impossible. This makeshift reappearance of the PHILADELPHIAN should prove it. Actually we've been thinking of appearing in print again for some time and have watched with envy the products of other APCers now in service—ANAFU, SOUR NOTES, and SIAMSE-~~STANDPIPE~~ *when we were in Kunming we had high hopes of being credited with an "assist" in the publication of at least one issue of an official organ for the Sweet and Sour Sub-section of the APC, but we were reassigned to Liuchow, some 800 miles (I think) up the line, while Burton returned to Mama India to await passage to Japan. And that was that.*

In Liuchow we made the mistake of actually believing some of the blarney our officers dished out about being returned to the States soon, and we wrote almost everybody we'd probably be home for Christmas. Now every mail brings in at least one letter from somebody wondering why we haven't shown up yet and what the delay is. Well, we'll put on our dark-colored lorgnettes this time and say we'll be seeing the Empire State some time in June or July. (1946! of course! I'm not that pessimistic!) In fact, friends may meet us at the Astor Bar on 31st July between 1200 and 0130 hours—pardon us, Lt. Wesson, noon and 1:30 pm. We will probably be dressed in the zootiest of mufti and sipping a tall sarsaparilla musing what a wonderful world this is.

We'll be there, that is, if we live through this rough Shanghai winter. With so much trouble up north, whence the coal supply for this area comes, only a mere handful of the precious fuel gets through Christmas Eve we went to the carol service at Holy Trinity Cathedral, and for the first time we saw the Christmas carols as well as heard them. Immediately afterwards we hastened as fast as our little legs could take us to the Sun Ya, which is one of the few heated restaurants in town and which incidentally has delicious Cantonese food. We were somewhat startled to see a couple of ladies take hot water bottles out of their muffs and ask the waiter for refills. Seems like (over)

LITERARY



NEWSETTE

217



We are five years old!



Five years ago war raged in Europe but Pearl Harbor was eight months in the future, and in Wyandotte, Michigan a young man who now sleeps in the American Military Cemetery at Cambridge, England (where both Harold Segal and Harold Gibbons Moore paid their respects) wrote in LitNews Number 1:

"In my garden the gentle violets have had their brief day. The air is rapturous with the fragrance of the lemon lilies, their pale yellow blooms luring the night-flying moths. The changes of Spring are almost complete. I spent yesterday afternoon on my knees at the shrine of Ceres. My tomatoes, peppers and eggplants testify to my piety . . .

"And with the changes of Spring, my spirit sought new fields also. Change... My job? Heavens, no! My home? No, I couldn't tear out the roots. What to change? Ah! my magazine, of course! Avocations is already used by a professional so I'll drop that. Literary Newsette will be published whenever I'm in the mood....often, I hope. It will contain both news and literature.

(Burton Jay Smith)"

And so was born the journal which this month celebrates its fifth anniversary; with its seventh issue I became co-editor and when he went off to war Burton said "Carry on, and let's break the record of Swift's Weekly."

(No. 234

April 6, 1946

I might count pages and breathlessly report the number of contributors we have entertained, then list our date lines geographically, but we content ourselves with saying we have turned out a lot of pages (some issues ran two to sixteen pages and one had thirty,) it's been work and fun, and this is such a convenient format that you may expect to see LN mimeographed for some time to come.

LITERARY NEWSETTE, now entering its sixth year is the offering of:

Willametta Turnpseed  
President  
Nat'l Amateur Press Assn.  
202 Roseland East -  
Spring field, Ohio

## LN CLIMBS THE BANDWAGON

Time was when members vied to hold office; some members reifer nostalgically to those days but we think that since it has become fashionable to work at the office instead of basking in the honor, only those members who really intend to work allow their names to be proposed to office, therefore we, too, endorse the ticket:

Pres.	Wm. F. Haywood
V-Pres.	Judson Compton
Of. Ed.	Sesta Mathieson
Secy-Treas	Guy Miller
Recorder	Wm. K. Smith

Though not nominated yet, I believe we couldn't go wrong in choosing our executive judges from among Burton Crane, Harold Segal, Helm Spink or Wes Porter.

But when it comes to the Convention City ....

Ogden, Utah invites us.

So does Detroit.

And Portland, Oregon and Los Angeles; and think of Maine in July. The trouble I have is that I'd like to go to all of them. From a sensible and unselfish point of view I should be for Detroit, since more members might attend there, but I don't want to be unselfish, so I'm not saying how I'm voting.





# Literary Newsette

No. 237

May 10, 1946

-- Springfield, Ohio --



## CLEAN-UP

As I prepare this stencil it appears that my immediate future plans are unsettled and if this LN is to be in the May bundle it must be done quickly, so this will be a slapped-together issue, chiefly to use up accumulated notes on my desk so that I can leave it in unaccustomed order. So you may read anything:

On May 2nd Roscoe E. Wright was advanced to Pharmacist Mate Third (equivalent to sergeant in the army) but it doesn't entice him to the point of re-enlisting and at this writing he made be on his way home as he was eligible for discharge on the 12th. To celebrate, he won \$125 in the regimental writing contest of the Sixth Marines for a thousand word story called "The Color of Guilt."

Over the week-end of the 18-19th of May Bill Groveman and Guy Miller hitchhiked to the Michigan meeting at Sesta Matheison's, stopping en route to visit Bill Smith; the meeting sounded a new high in enthusiasm with 17 amateurs making plans simultaneously.

The same week-end Vondy went to Cleveland, and as Eleanor McCormick was there I'm hoping they got together, tho I haven't heard yet.

The British Amateur Press Association plans a series of pass-arounds for overseas; the first of which, NOVANN, reached our desk this week. Ninety pages,  $5\frac{1}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ , it is beautifully bound and the few pieces we've read seem above the ordinary.

They'd like contributions from U.S. members for the OVERSEAS HERALD to be issued this year as well as photographs, and drawings in black and white and color, and if you'd like to be represented query the man in charge:

Tom C. Cowan  
70, Wellmeadow Road,  
Newlands, Glasgow, S.3., Scotland

## ANOTHER SPRING

There is no spring in Amsterdam  
Unless the tulips bloom . .  
Yet who can make a flower grow  
Within a darkened room?

If tulips bloom in Amsterdam  
Along the empty quays,  
It is because the stout of heart  
Refuse to bend their knees.

Yet spring will come to Amsterdam  
And be it ever said  
That tulips bloomed a million-fold  
In honor of the dead.

--Margaret Nickerson Martin  
from "Ceiling Unlimited"

POSTAL THANK-YOUS to date are in order to the following members who remembered that I not only enjoy, but have a definite use for picture postals: Judson Compton, Rev. John B. Schlarb, Edwin B. Hill, Russell Paxton, Robert Northup, Beecher Ogden, Lou Kleinschmidt, A. M. Adams, Chas. A. Shattuck, Albert Lee, Dora Moitoret, Alexia Rosbrook, A. Van Werven, Charlie Hoyer, Robert Holman, Edgar C. Thompson, Ora E. Stark and E. A. Edkins.

The postal from Dora was from Aberdeen, S. Dak; she is en route to Boston and expects to be in Columbus before too long.

Published by Willametta Turnpseed  
Pres. National Amateur Press Assn.  
202 Roseland East -Springfield, Ohio.



# Literary Newsette

#219

No. 238

Springfield, Ohio

June 16, 1946

## LIFE WITH FATHER

Mother's Day has always seemed a superfluous observance. Don't get me wrong, mothers are wonderful, and get us to admit it the other 364 days, too. Fathers are the incidental sex, and never seem to mind being shoved in the background.

May I brag a bit about mine? They tell me he was disappointed that I was a girl though an hour later was heard declaring that's what he wanted. For the first 2½ years of my life I showed disgustingly little interest in baseball and bowling and he salvaged a small satisfaction in displaying me because (you'd never guess it now!) people complimented him on my looks. (I recall my teen-age annoyance when visiting my home town to have elderly people remark in a but-look-at-you-now tone of voice "I remember you. My, but you were a beautiful baby!")

But one Sunday afternoon, the summer before I was three, Dad raised up on one elbow from his nap to watch my puzzling actions. I'd stare at the alarm clock on the dresser, trot back to my blocks and turn them over, select one and lay it aside, then back to the clock and repeat. Dad was intrigued and began teaching me numbers & letters from my blocks. When this proved a game of which I did not tire he began teaching me words and we graduated into books. (That's why I started to school so early -- in Kansas you didn't have to be six years old--and it is also why I letter instead of writing: he overlooked emphasizing that art and when they promoted me into classes with children who had had writing experience I was handicapped and to hide my inferiority I scorned handwriting.)

Dad has continued to be my teacher and

—over—

## FRUSTRATION —PLUS

It was easy for Thoreau --  
He narrowed responsibility,  
Keeping a stingy circle  
Around himself and his desires.

He didn't want women,  
Nor desire wine,  
Avoiding everything  
That cost a dime.

Today, without an income  
From someone's previous toil,  
A writer must avoid the taboo,  
Be an unionized robot with a voice  
In tune with the Market.

Yes, Keats sang nevertheless,  
But look at what happened to Keats!

From tavern to tavern  
Youth travels along  
With an armful of girl  
And a heart full of song.

So sang Richard Le Gallienne  
In the romantic Nineties,  
But now an armful of girl  
Is filled with wants. . . .

Sing, poet, sing if you will  
Of spring and birds and flowers,  
I'll take while coin is in the till  
A bottle to my towers,

Try to forget, try to forget,  
This post-war mess of years,  
Thinking of life and love and debt  
As a chaser I'll use tears.

Yeah, a bum modern Heine,  
But, today, whom may you invite  
To the feast of unreason  
Aside from a Cynic?

— John Wilstach





# Literary Newsette

No. 239

Springfield, Ohio

June 26, 1946

## APHRODITE RINSE

How dare I woo  
Without enough to pay  
For your hair-do?

I know a way.  
I'll do your hair myself  
Every day.

Hephaestus, strong, distorted elf,  
Will teach me how.  
He put his wife where she is now.

--Edmund Kelly Janes  
\*\*

## DETROIT TREK

By Wm. H. Groveman

Bill Groveman, hitch-hiker par excellence, with Guy Miller in tow left Springfield early on the morning of May 18th Detroit bound. The occasion was a meeting the following afternoon of the Michigan Amateur Press Club at the home of Sesta Mathelison. The two amateurs set off bravely in the face of the nationwide railstrike. It didn't bother them; they proposed to hitch-hike. At first the riding was slow and the skies were gray, but finally a Wright Field colonel picked them up in Bellefontaine, Ohio and let them off in Flat Rock, Michigan where the two stopped in to see NAPA Mailer Bill Smith and take a look at his cellar print-shop. Then on to Detroit for a dinner and evening with the Mathelisons. That night Groveman and Miller stopped at a cooperative dormitory on a street of old mansions. They were in for a wild and woolly night, but Miller will tell of that elsewhere.

The next afternoon they went back to

## MAY WE REVIEW THE MAY BUNDLE? MAIS OUI?

THERE IS such a thing as piling too much on a conquered nation, and after reading the GRIDDLE, GINZA GAZETTE and SIAMESE STANDPIPE we are willing to bet Japan would settle for another atom bomb. (We have an A. B. right here which we'll trade for Fujiyama.) Take SS (yes please do, as far as possible) our erstwhile-dear Wes in an absurd article titled Enemy Fire Effective unloads himself of a stream of confused reasoning and muddled conclusions. Probably a hangover from Second Lieutenant days.

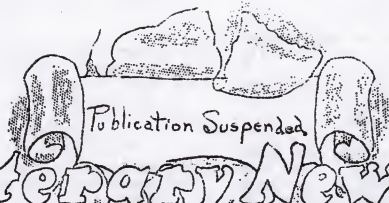
Of course Alf Babcock is a fine publisher and extremely active; he deserves plenty of praise; he also deserves frequent kicks in the pants, and if he gets as many as he deserves his pants will wear as thin as the patience of such amateurs as have the good of the hobby at heart. He bulldozes the members for praise for himself and censure of the current object of his ire; he misinterprets everything that is said. And despite the fact that I'd cheerfully have throttled him a dozen times this past year I can't help liking him.

The P-K SCRIBBLER offers the best literary fare of the bundle and is consistently first-class. . . But the best single item in any paper this month was A. Zimmerman's "Angel's Wings" in the LONE WOLF. . . Rebel-Letter #1 is strictly humanitarian. Rusty's COMET provides more comment on NAPA dues; we could also cut expenses, you know, say by holding the official organ to 8 pages. (What do you bet we don't?)

We understand why IMPROVISATION has roller troubles; we just got back from Kansas where the temperature one day was

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X-1 10027



Publication Suspended

# Literary Newsette

#240

Springfield, Ohio

July 3, 1946

## CLEARING THE DESK

## KANSAS #GAIN — leading to the Explanation

NEWS NOTES this month come via postals from Judson Compton, touring the western states with new member Louis S. (Bud) Brenner (who also added to my collection) on a two weeks jaunt. On June 4th they met members of the SCAPC in Los Angeles, and Salt Lake City was on the itinerary; Charlie & Loretta Hoyer, honeymooning in Canada (they stopped on return to see Charlie Austin); Dora Moitoret (from Columbus and Boston, the latter says Vic has been transferred and on June 30th they leave for Seattle); Martin B. Keffer (in N'th Carolina); Mabel Forrer (on vacation in Michigan); as well as A. M. Adams, A. van Werven, Alf Babcock, Charlie Austin, Gen E. Stark, Edwin B. Hill, Beecher Ogden, Ernest Pittaro, Coleman Phelps, and Guy Miller & Bill Groveman who signed Mrs. Moitoret's Columbus card, to all of whom I say "Thank you."

Buddy Sutton and Fred Peters have strong hopes of attending the convention providing Buddy can drop his radio programs several days; at present he produces three fifteen-minute shows a week, and has a sports commentary Monday thru Thursday at five. All this, with school work, has delayed the promised Silhouette but he promises some summer publishing.

Sesta Matheison's father died early in June, and my grandfather on June 21st.

Gilford Russell (who is now discharged from the RAF and lives at 193 White Horse Hill, Chislehurst, Kent, England) writes that he is back at editorial work, with a firm of magazine publishers in London. At present his chief interest is the promotion of the International Press Assn.

Richard Coram graduated from Franklin Junior High in June. Eugene Burmeister is a junior in the Liberal Arts College of the University of Iowa. Louis Brenner is 21 and about seven out of the Army Air

-over-

Kansas has occupied my typewriter before (LNs #113-5), so I'll spare you any lyrics; even though I thoroughly enjoyed it June is a time of year which shows off to best effect in Ohio where I'm annually inspired to quote "And what is so rare as a day in June" right down to the last quivering question "In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?" But Kansas is a different inspiration. We arrived in the midst of cold May weather which extended well into June; one Monday the thermometer shiveringly admitted to 42°, but by Thursday of the same week it was blatantly recording 102°. Before we left an official reading of 108° in the shade was being disputed by unofficial observers.

My reason for going west was not entirely to visit grandfather because I preferred to remember him as I knew him in health. But I've read that if life has lost its savor we should not let it get us down but "begin again." And this seemed a good beginning. Everyone has thought idly of what he'd do if his job and the thousand balls-and-chains of daily living didn't prevent. I have, too and even though I can't hope to carry them out, at least I can have the fun of learning if they would be as exciting as I've dreamed.

So LITNEWS will probably be a pretty irregular publication for awhile and will not carry contributions, for if and when I can issue it I'll report progress. Mail addressed to my home will be forwarded, but to save my eyes which I have managed to overstrain, replies will probably have to be postal length.

From the convention I heard for Portland, Maine which I'm told is a summer vacation paradisc. I'll check that for you.

###

# Livermore Newswire

#245

Columbus,

Ohio

Nov. 23, 1946

AMALGAMATEUR

HELLO!



Nov. 24th the Central Ohio Amalgamateur to meet at June Wynthers' studio; the usual fine turnout is expected.

A postal from Anthony F. Moitoret postmarked 11/1/46 reported that Helen Wesson had been a dinner guest the previous night. "She came up from Los Angeles to Seattle and expects to sail for Japan this week." We heard that in L.A. she met a number of the Fantasy assn. members. AFM reports that he has been traveling so much that printing is delayed; one postal was from Victoria.

Ethel Johnson Myers arrived in Mass. in mid-October for three glorious weeks; one of the postals from her was signed also by the Coles...Beecher Ogden visited in New York in October. Cards also from Martin B. Keffer, Earle Cornwall, H.G. Moore and Elma Stamper (of the BAPA) who sent postals of Cornwall.

Several people have received nasty shocks lately seeing Alma Weixelbaum with a flapping left sleeve, especially if they had not heard that she has some trouble with the fluid in her left shoulder and that arm is immobilized.

Speaking of Humor reminds us of A.M. Adams who postaled Beecher Ogden when the recent hurricane was deflected from the East Coast "Thanks, I'll do the same for you sometime." And Joe Gudonis! I'll have to confess that right now I'm on the short half of the score; after the exchange of a few choice insults I left an opening on the subject of needles and received the mail order version of "the needle in a haystack"; I was forcibly restrained from mailing him a pound of clinkers, but give me time, I'll think of something really appropriate!

Emerson Duerr and small daughter called on Springfield amateurs Nov 7th. They visited Guy Miller while waiting for 4:20 (Willametta's quitting time,) stopping at Mabel Forrer's before returning to Cincinnati where they are vacationing.

Make it short, you said,  
And I hasten to comply,  
It's Howdy you, and you, and you,  
Until the next time - Goodbye.

"The above will prove that I am not a poet but I did want to send a few lines as you requested," writes Crystal Ashby.

She is Winifred Shattuck's recruit and lives at 1736 Page Ave., Suite #27, East Cleveland, Ohio. She adds "I have received various communications from a number of your fellow members and have found them all very interesting. At the present time I have been concentrating on writing one act comedies."

## SPEAKING OF HUMOR

Margaret Garthrop won special comment from the Poetry Laureate Judge; LITNEWS, which occasionally thinks only A. N. Adams and Joe Gudonis have a sense of humor (see column on left) delights to offer this from a letter of Margaret's:

For two weeks this summer I had a maid who came to Bless Our Home. She was as black as tar, as strong as an ox, and very popular with the opposite sex. It kept me busy answering the telephone for her. There was always some silken voice asking "to speak to Glara."

During my courting days I was under the impression that I must put my best foot forward. To that end I made myself as agreeable as possible. I wonder now if I didn't use the wrong tactics.

Glara's conversation was invariably as follows:

"Hello.

"Where are you at?

"No, I don't want to go to no movie.

"No, I ain't studyin' 'bout no ride nowhere.

"No, I ain't goin'.

(over)

# LITERARY

# 247

Dec. 25, 1946

Springfield, Ohio

## FOR A CHRISTMAS TREE

It needn't be a tall tree--  
The Christ was very small;  
It needn't be a proud tree --  
He wasn't proud at all;  
It needn't be a strong tree--  
To mark a baby's birth;  
But just a little green tree  
That lives and loves the earth.  
-- Louise Lincoln

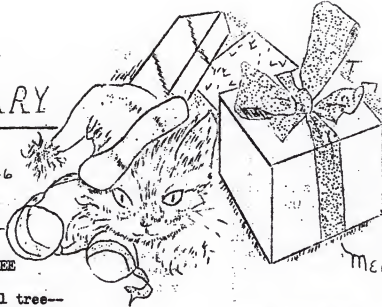
## WE SPENT XMAS EVE IN MEXICO

By  
Gordon K. Rouse

We had always wanted to see Mexico and; recently we fulfilled that desire. The day before Christmas my fellow liberty hound and I took off for Mexico. Well, what if it was only Tijuana and only a few miles across the border; at least it was Mexico.

The California sun was shining brightly and we were in the best of spirits (the best we could find.) We were off to see the wonders of Mexico. Being such a special occasion we were all decked out with our ribbons (one for him and one for me.) I kept telling my fellow tourist that they laughed at Columbus, too, as everyone we passed snickered and pointed to our Victory ribbons (proud to say, we have two battle stars on them--one for the battle of boot camp and one for that tough campaign, the battle of San Diego.)

We were not quite in such good spirits as we at last reached the place, after riding on the fenders of the bus all the way. But our gloom soon faded. Here was Mexico, land of sombreros and bull fights. I decided to put my five hours of Spanish to practice, and stopped the first black-headed native. In my very best 'español' I asked him if he could



Ellen  
WILLAMETTE  
say  
Merry Christmas

## THE GARDENER'S CHRISTMAS

I like Christmas with its sights and colors--  
The red and green reflections in the room.  
(But thru it all I'm really longing most  
To see a row of rainbow tulips bloom.)

I like the festive feel of gay-wrapped gifts,  
The touch of tinsel on a Christmas card.  
(Why do my fingers tingle so much more  
When I am digging flowers in my yard?)

I like the Christmas intense of the home,  
When pine with cinnamon delight my nose,  
(Next June the warm air will be heavy  
with  
The spicy fragrance of a yellow rose.)

I like Christmas with its chorus of bells,  
Its laughter and shouts, its greetings of cheer.  
(But not as I like sound of rain in the spring  
Or the buzzing of bees in my ear.)

Though Christmas feasts preoccupy the day  
And bless the tongue, need I beg your pardon  
If I prefer the salty taste of sweat  
Revoling in the labor of my garden?

--- Willametta

LITNEWS is edited for NAPA members by  
Willametta Turnapseed  
202 Roseland East -- Springfield, Ohio



CPM 4927

#224



# HOOT OWL

Vol. 1 Feb. 1947 No. 6

## AS ONE FROM THE WEST

Some people think the west is wild,  
uncultured and obsolete;  
That every time one goes out-doors  
one makes a swift retreat  
From tribes of scabbing Indians  
or bulnecked buffaloes....  
But the only place WE see these things  
is at the picture shows.

Ranelda N. Gibson

X-P-N 4941  
#225  
**Leaves**  
May 1947 No. 18

## A PLEA FOR MORE PAPERS

Probably the greater deterrent to more publishing in our association is the attitude as implied in this statement by a prominent alay: "Print a paper big enough to do you justice." Because they cannot put out a 24 page journal, some of our members do not publish at all. "This is a wrong view to take.

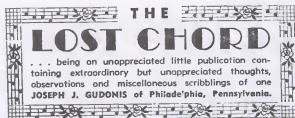
I do not believe anyone is considered objectionable because he puts out a small paper; rather, it is an indication of interest and therefore commendable. After all, it is not what we would like to do, but what time, funds and conditions permit us to do, that determines what kind of a journal we can publish.

An alay friend wrote: "The serious business of making a living is limiting drastically the time I can devote to alay. Therefore, I will have to publish only one-pagers for some time to come."

Large or small, hooot alay with your paper!

X-PN 4827

#26

A decorative border for the title page, featuring a musical staff with notes and rests, flanked by ornate scrollwork and floral motifs.

**THE**  
**LOST CHORD**  
... being an unappreciated little publication containing extraordinary but unappreciated thoughts, observations and miscellaneous scribbings of one JOSEPH J. GUDONIS of Philade'phia, Pennsylvania.

# The LINCOLNETTE

★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★



Vol. 3. No. 3-4 Harrogate,

Tenn. Spring-Summer, 1947.

## Dr. Kincaid Writes Of The Wilderness Trail

The Wilderness Trail. By Robert L. Kincaid. Bobbs-Merrill.

"The Wilderness Road" is the first volume in THE AMERICAN TRAILS SERIES, edited by Jay Monaghan, adequately illustrated, with inside cover maps of the trail, and attractive dust covers picturing Cumberland Gap.

Dr. Kincaid, the author, calls the road the "grandfather of the roads which connected the East with the west." The traveler on the road today little realizes the mighty drama enacted through generations to make of it one of the most romantic trails in America, rivaled only by the Santa Fe Trail. The author has written this book to give that background.

Dr. Kincaid is acquainted with every phase of the road's development and "tells its story with great familiarity and great respect." The original road was a long loop of nearly 700 miles, crossing the Southern Appalachians, beginning at Wadkin's Ferry on the Potomac, coming down through the Shenandoah Valley, crossing New River at Ingles Ferry, thence along the middle prong of the Holston to Long Island, the present site of Kingsport. Then the true Wil-

derness Road turned northwest and ran slightly to the north of what is now the Tennessee-Kentucky state line to Cumberland Gap. From there it led through Barbourville and Crab Orchard to Louisville. The impenetrability of the section from Long Island to Crab Orchard gave it the name of Wilderness Road.

An endless stream of explorers, hunters, speculators braving the dangers of weather and Indians, pass through Dr. Kincaid's pages, with many narrow escapes and bloody battles. Among these famous characters were Dr. Thomas Walker, Daniel Boone, and Governor Isaac Shelby.

One of the most exciting stories is that of the Civil War, in which Cumberland Gap exchanged hands four times. Another almost unbelievable episode is the project at Cumberland Gap and Middlesboro, headed by Alexander A. Arthur, and financed by English and New York capitalists. Many lost fortunes before the gigantic bubble burst. A million-dollar resort hotel, the Four Seasons, with some 700 rooms, a part of the project, was razed, and on its

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

# The LINCOLNETTE

★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★

Vol. 4. Harrogate,

Tenn. 1947-48.



## Abraham Lincoln Walks Again

On July 25, 1947, thirty-two Lincoln devotees were the dinner guests of Luther Evans, Librarian of Congress, at the Whittall Pavilion of the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C., preceding the opening of the private papers of Abraham Lincoln. These had been deeded to the Library of Congress by Robert Todd Lincoln, to be opened twenty-one years after his death. Carl Sandburg created the mood for this midnight rendezvous. With the rhythmic background of his own guitar, he told a story or two, wondering if Vachel Lindsay, had he lived, would have entitled his famous poem, "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight—Daylight Saving Time!" He intoned Joseph Warren's "Song of 1776," rendered "Down on the Wabash," sang a negro spiritual, and talked on the Lincoln papers. "The meeting of Lincoln minds" became more informal, programs were autographed, guests gave talks, each ending with the inevitable question, "What will the papers reveal?" This significant meeting of scholars, called together to evaluate Lincoln's literary bequest to the nation, sensed its inadequacy to the occasion.

A few minutes before midnight, the group rushed to the Division of Manuscripts, where at 12.01 a. m., July 26, 1947, after eighty-two years, 194 volumes, 18,350 items, personal history of Abraham Lincoln, were revealed.

For a while a solemn occasion was turned into a bedlam of photographers, radio announcers, and the American public. After the first mad scramble, the papers were trucked to the Whittall Pavilion, where students examined them until dawn. Each found something exciting, but nothing sensational. They only added form and beauty to the already gigantic statue of Abraham Lincoln.

For Lincoln Memorial University, it was indeed a memorable event. Not only were its president, Dr. Robert L. Kincald, author of *THE WILDERNESS ROAD*, and its Director of the Department of Lincolniana, Dr. R. Gerald McMurtry, co-author of *LINCOLN'S OTHER MARY*, among that select thirty-two, but also two trustees of the college, William H. Townsend and Carl W. Schaefer.

—Compiled by the Editor.



# Huggermugger

Vol. 3, No. 2  
Whole No. 26

PHILADELPHIA  
PA.

June 1947  
N. A. P. A.

## MATHEISON PUSHED FOR N. A. P. A. PRESIDENT

**Running With Sure-Bet Ticket  
Including Harler For Vice  
Pres., Shattuck For Official  
Editor, Sullivan For Recorder**

The ticket of Matheison for President, Harler for Vice President, Shattuck for Official Editor, and Sullivan for Recorder is steadily gaining support. These candidates have announced their wish of serving together next year, and are running together as a ticket. Their main purpose is in electing Sesta Matheison to the Presidency of the NAPA, an honor which an attempt is being made to deny her by several of our members.

HUGGERMUGGER takes pride in supporting Sesta for President, and takes pleasure in presenting here, for your approval, the reasons we favor her over the other candidates.

1. She has held several responsible positions in the NAPA, including Chief Critic, (in which office she instituted an efficient system of managing the Critic Department,) the Vice Presidency, (publishing a special paper for new members,

"The Stepping Stone,") and Official Editor, (in which office she is now completing an interesting and colorful volume of the *National Amateur*.)

2. She has been a member of the National for twenty years, and has an excellent knowledge of the affairs of the association.

3. She has an efficient, widely distributed group of appointive officers ready to sail the NAPA through another successful year.

4. She is above petty politics in the association, which we certainly cannot say for the other candidate.

5. She is a capable, efficient executive for the organization, and her election will help inspire activity from all quarters.

6. Because of her fine record of service to the NAPA, and because it is traditional and fitting for a person who has done a good job as Official Editor to be elevated to the Presidency, we feel it would be insulting to deny her the honor and privilege of the Presidency, which she so justly deserves.

We should also like to urge you to support the other (To back page

# LITERARY NEWSETTE

#248

Springfield, Ohio

Jan. 15, 1947

## LULLABY

Mother, where is the sandman when I'm awake?

Waiting afar, dear, waiting afar.

Why can't he come and play with me then?

Because he's a dream, dear, born on a star.

Where is your hand, mother, when I'm asleep?

Holding your heart, dear, holding your heart.

But won't you grow weary, and wander away?

Never from you, dear, never apart.

Where will you be, mother, when I am old?

Living in you, dear, living in you.

What will you do if I cry in the dark?

Answer your call, dear, as I always do.

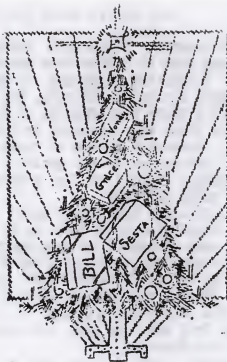
—Margaret Dills Gawthrop

## SCERY ALF, BUT YOU ARE WRONG

Alf, who --if anyone-- should recognize such, considers the Trust Fund idea "a crazy proposal." Much as we hate to contradict an acknowledged authority who has been the proponent of more c.p.'s than any other a-jay, we must firmly point out that the idea is both worthy and workable. Maybe not in just the form Tryout suggests in the National Amateur, but he requested that "President Raymond and other officers should consider how best to handle the Fund" and here is one officer who doesn't propose to dismiss a fine proposal without investigation.

Some of Alf's assertions in Kitten 22 seem ridiculous, such as the one that if "we don't give up 950 dollars, no one ever gets a cent back." I can't reply to that one because I can't dope out how he figured it that way. But when he claims we'd only get ten or fifteen dollars a year my answer is (1) he's wrong, (2) if

—over—



## THE TREE

By

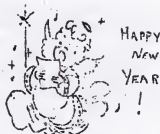
George H. Freitag

In my early days as a writer, I once wrote a story about a woman who because she was lonely fell in love with a tree. As you can well imagine, it sold nowhere; there was not an editor in the country who wanted the story. After a time I threw away what I had written and after several months forgot it altogether; it was no good.

This morning, down by the lake and near my red boat, an evergreen tree has been blown from somewhere by the wind and it is clinging to the browned dead grass there. People who drive by do not notice the tree. At Christmas time it had been the subject of happiness, had been trimmed and stood in the parlor of a house. Children danced around the tree. Perhaps the father of the children was there, having come home from the war, and sat by the tree and was warmed by what it meant. I am not trying to write a story about the tree. There is no story to write. The tree hangs to the browned dead grass as if it clings to a kind of life. I cannot forget it. Beside the bright red boat which I use in the summer on the lake, the tree holds fast. It moves with the wind. There is a piece of tinsel on the tree, on one of the branches. When the tree was taken down, someone was in too much of a hurry to have

—over—

#230



# LITERARY NEWSLETTE

No. 249

Pearisburg, Va.

Jan. 26, 1947

## MY MORNING

By Margaret D. Garthrop

AT JUNE WYNTERS' THANKSGIVING PARTY two of the prize-winners were deemed sufficiently silly for LITNEWS. Louise Lincoln, dependably witty evolved:

A tragic accident occurred on 10th Avenue just west of High when two ice-cream cones collided. One cone was completely crushed; the other suffered a triple fracture of the double dip. A comb which was also involved in the smash-up, lost several teeth, and a beer bottle reported it had Schlitz in it.

While Grace Phillips proved that her Poetic Muse and Sense of Humor were on cooperative terms when she wrote on

### KEEPSAKE

The old oaken bucket's  
Replaced by a pail —  
A keepsake for garbage  
When appetites fail.

There's naught it discloses,  
When wearing its lid.  
It's a wonderful keepsake  
When all's said and did.

### WEEDS

Weeds are hardy wild barbarians,  
Offspring of the plains and valleys  
Forming riding parties  
To invade backyards, orchards,  
gardens and alleys.

And they are detesting, scornful  
Of all blossoming things gentle,  
tender

In need of the wise care  
And the patient hands of a defender.

— Alex. Zimmerman

Farm life seems serene and uncomplicated to the uninitiated. Little does the outsider realize the crises which are always imminent. I will give an example, and call it "My Morning." It was not as glamorous as Mrs. Roosevelt's "My Day," but it was equally as exhausting.

I arose at five a. m. After the routine of first chores were completed I attacked the sink, monumental and uninspiring. I usually welcome interruptions, as dish washing is not my favorite pastime. I was fortunate this morning. A sensational murder trial was being conducted in the village. The phone rang. A friend was calling to give me the high lights and latest developments. Click! Click! Click! went every receiver on the party line. Ordinarily an eavesdropper just took the receiver down because she thought it was her ring," but now no excuses were offered. This was An Occasion.

"My dear," said my excited friend, "Have you heard that the killer said he would do the same thing again if he had the chance?"

"No!" I replied, shivering with awe at this choice tid-bit.

"There was blood all over him," continued my friend, cheerfully. "He was simply mutilated."

"No, he wasn't," broke in a second voice. "My Frank was there and said he didn't have a scratch."

"They say he sits and cries all the time," volunteered a third eavesdropper.

"No, he doesn't," said the practical second voice. "He's as hard as nails."

"You are wrong," quavered one who is affectionately known as "grandma." "He doesn't say 'yes' or 'no.' He's calm as a cucumber. The true killer."

"Maybe I wasn't even at the trial," muttered my frustrated friend.

"Maybe you'd have been better off at home," snapped "grandma," acidly.

I hung up, reluctantly. This session promised to be long and interesting, but Duty called. Martyrlike I returned to my unwashed dishes, and there was the sound of running feet. The tenant's wife burst into the room. "Come quick!" she panted. "One of the twins has took with croup."

I snatched my remedy from the medicine cabinet and galloped away.

"Here are your glasses," screamed my mother; "you will poison the child if you don't have them." (over)

# LITERARY NEWSETTE

No. 262

Springfield, Ohio

May 30, '42

A letter from Emma Macauley to her son,  
Charles.....

May 5, 1947

Dear Charles:

We had a most delightful week-end with the Mid-west NAPA'S. It was wonderful to see our old friends again--Willametta, Sesta Matheison and her husband, Clyde Townsend who brought his friend Harry Scott with him, and Norman Quillman; and to meet the new ones, so many of whom seemed almost like old friends, through their papers and correspondence.

There was Bob Kunde, with his friendly smile, and Unk Ebenezer, whose real name is as unusual as Willametta's, for it is Ashbel Meserve; there were Mr. & Mrs. Smith, and Bill, who seems too young to run a newspaper, but is all efficiency when he talks, vivacious little Mary James, who loved picking wild flowers and roaming the great outdoors, Bob Carrier, a commercial artist from Detroit, who seemed more French than his name implied. Toby Oxtoby, with another unusual name, did us the honor of coming from the University of Iowa, nearly an eight hundred mile trip.

Bob and Donald North seemed for a second like our own Robie and Charles, coming in the front door at Greenbriar Lodge, after hitch-hiking from Jackson, getting lost and walking for two hours. On second glance Bob reminded me strongly of Victor Motoret. And there was one more nice young man, from Detroit, E. J. Shاربatz, who gets out a hobby magazine.

It was a fine group and they were all enthusiastic about the coming National Convention in Detroit.

The weather was too cold, and the beech woods in back of the house looked like winter, not a leaf was out to show their beauty, but the yellow daffodils and blue myrtle did their best to brighten us up, and Dad kept the home fires -- in the fire-place and kitchen stove -- burning, and Norman Quillman fried hamburgers, while the rest of us got a few other things together to make a meal (over)

MY  
MOTHER'S  
GARDEN

By  
Mabel  
M.  
Forrer



Just a bowl of flowers  
From mother's garden rare.  
Each grew from tiny seeds  
With her tender care.  
Colors like the rainbow,  
Fresh with morning dew,  
Giving out sweet fragrance  
Grateful through and through.

May I learn from flowers,  
As I live each day,  
Remembering life she gave me,  
And tried to clear the way.  
May I grow more tender,  
Trusting, faithful, true,  
Giving only kindness,  
Grateful through and through.

---

## A LITTLE ABOUT ME

Inasmuch as I am supposed to have three hundred words appear in print to qualify as an active member and to be eligible to have the privilege of vote, I will endeavor to comply with the requirements hoping that I will have better success than I did last year through no fault of mine.

It was about five years ago that in some way I learned about the NAPA and wrote to Willametta for information and duly signed an application for membership. In reply for particulars regarding myself gave a brief account after Willametta had assumed that I was a teen ager instead of a septuagenarian. (Yes, and was I embarrassed! He sounded so youthful and peppy.)

My only experience with writing for print had been for local newspapers with news of affairs with which I was (over)



# Literary Newsette

No. 263

June 10, 1947

## APOLOGY FOR HUMOR

Sometimes I have a sneaking feeling that I have over-rated amateur journalists. But then many of the cleverest lack a sense of humor. Of course, what amuses people varies widely; tho a hot-food leaves me cold, I love gags.

What I'm leading to is Amendment IV. Neal plays it straight, but I admit that while it grew from a mild resentment of the discrimination against mimeographers we felt our version was so absurd that no one could possibly take it seriously --at least, no one as intelligent as we felt (notice the past tense!) amateurs to be. I checked before I signed it and was assured that it was so many words only; it is not made a part of Article IV, therefore disregard of it would not disenfranchise the voters.

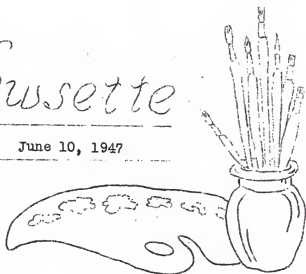
It was meant to be gently ribbed as Ray Alberts did it; or to be attacked, with mock ferocity, a la Emerson Duerr, or even dismissed as Bob Holman does, but to think that anyone would be stupid enough to think that it was meant seriously or that there is a slight chance of its being passed seems to me to reflect on both their and the other amateurs' intelligence.

It seems to me that unless we want to be as stodgy as the other associations accuse us of being, we need a little nit-wittedness, and what could be better than something impersonal like this. For heavens' sake, amateurs, shake out your sense of humor, it's full of wrinkles!

The bright side of this is that after all only a very few were upset so maybe I'm not wrong about amateurs after all!

## AND FOR A LACK OF IT

What I should like to see in politics is interest in elections, with several tickets of candidates, all eager and willing to serve. As matters stand it (over)



WHAT IS ART?  
by  
Mabel Forrer

To appreciate a masterpiece, a standard of excellence must be determined. We drive into the country and the landscape stretches away on every hand. Our impression of fields and woods is one thing, it is certain that the impression of the artist who takes his canvas and brush out to paint it is quite another. The artist with his instinctive skill selects, arranges and paints upon his canvas his own impression of that scene.

It is at this point in the appreciation of the masterpiece, the kindling of emotions---that true art finds its sole reason for existence. The emotional quality of his picture is the goal of a lifetime of study on the part of the artist. For this he perfects and subserves his technique. Herein lies the full significance of real picture study. Every noble impulse comes through the feeling. A masterpiece, by its very nature, awakens the feeling. The appreciation of art, whether it is music, poetry, or any of the fine cultural interests, brings us into our rightful inheritance of that which is pure and refining in life. Thru art mysterious bonds of understanding and of knowledge are established among men. Those who are of the brotherhood know each other and time and space cannot separate them.

Through a long life of study a painter acquires skill, but when his hand responds to the soul's inspiration, he casts aside the laws which bond him and creates a masterpiece. It is the aim of

... 4827

#234

*Half-a-miniature*

### **On Observing Titles**

*By Earle Cornwall*

Some year's back the editor of this little leafless *Leaves* remarks of a new Literary Form *The Minisray*.

I feel this a discovery on the editor's part and offer my compliments; because few people discover anything, - except that they owe other people monies.

A moment's observation on the use of titles forces me to regard the word *minisray* with trepidation . . . fr'instance -

if "i" is given the sound of "e", as in most English words, then *minisray* becomes *MEAN-ry-say*, - and really, you know, . . well, we won't like that atol.

And furtherly, I would remark, the editor's "idea of brief sketches" of life, a la Bacon, Addison and Hazlitt is not any discovery after all.

Only that it can't be done.

'twere just as well if the dear kind editor

X-PN 4827

#235





X-PN 4827

#236

# *. The Lazarette .*

MAY, 1948

No. 11



"A ship sails east, a ship sails west  
By the self-same winds that blow;  
'Tis the set of the sail — and not the gale  
That determines the way they go."

X-PN 4827

4237

# LEVEL PEBBLE

FROM FLAT ROCK

THE LIBRARY OF  
THOMAS L. LINDBERG  
FLAT ROCK RECORD

FEB 5 - 1948

No. 1 Flat Rock, Michigan January, 1948

## Another First Issue

Several things prompted me to put out this issue. One of them was the announcement in Roy Lindberg's *New Estate* that the monthly NAPA bundle would again be mailed. Another thing was the swell papers I have received privately mailed and in the AAPA bundle that have needed some kind of acknowledgement.

You may wonder about the name of this paper. I wanted to keep the *Ink Blot* as a name for a more-or-less deluxe edition, and I didn't have time for that just now. Last summer at the NAPA Convention I told Roy Lindberg and several others that *Level Pebble* was a nickname sometimes used for Flat Rock. They got such a kick out of it that I thought it might well make a good name for a small ajay paper. I would like to print this every month, but time alone will tell if I have time to do it.

Printing our newspaper twice a month, doing job printing and working on an extension course keeps us very busy.

# LEVEL PEBBLE

FROM FLAT ROCK

No. 2      Flat Rock, Michigan      February, 1948

## Reviewing the Papers

The only privately mailed paper received during the last month was Warren Rosenberger's *Leaves*. Earle Cornwall, Warren's first contributor in 22 issues, does a neat sketch. The comments are very interesting.

Prize of the AAPA bundle this month was the *American Amateur Journalist*. I like the cover design better than any previous design. Most interesting article was "Chase and Case," which contained many good hints on printing.

Running close second was *Plain Talk* by Wes Wise. He does a nice job of printing, but we think he should use either flush left or justified lines all the way through. He has good ideas on typography.

*The Sun and Lens* by George Gaylord could be something if he would take the time to set a few lines of type instead of throwing in so much "boiler plate." I use enough boiler plate to fill ten *Sun* size pages in every issue of the *East Side News*, but I believe such stuff should not appear in amateur papers.

"To Share the Light  
to our World"

# The Lamp Lighter

TRUTH

KNOWLEDGE - HOPE

- Mankind, - Life &amp; World -

Published by Eleuterio J. Tropa, Member, United  
Number National and American Amateur Press Associations.  
Two Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.

Summer 1948



## OURSELVES and LIFE

We are not aware of our being in this world to see the things that compose the world. They are beautiful and are here for us to enjoy and make use out of. We only take things for granted that are so important in each and everyone of us which we just overlooked and not realize what they are here for. They are for us to enjoy, not destroy, and we must learn to love them because it is they that composed us. In each thing there is a reason, a special one, for their being with us, and if we only stop and think, and ask for ourselves "Why are we here?" Then we proceed to think we begin to understand the reason for our being here and on the things and then, there we are satisfied because you have understood it, having analyzed it to our very satisfaction.

(part of a Series)

(\*) (\*) (\*) (\*) (\*) (\*)

### LOVE is PEACE

Understanding is Order -  
Order is Harmony  
Harmony is Freedom  
Freedom is Peace,  
Peace is Happiness -

And this is LOVE.

## ATOMS and OURSELVES

The forming of things and the different matters are due to the chemical reactions of the different elements in the world; the forms of it depends upon the environments and the continuous transformation of its adjustability to the weather conditions, which is responsible for its shape. Explosive sounds are caused by the unrhymed elements astrayed, and forcing themselves into where they belonged. The atoms in each of the elements, if harnessed, are deadly, for if they are let loose, wants to break into anything, destroying till they come back where they should be - in the elements. The opened elements and the astrayed atoms caused "radio-activity" effect on anything, which, if close to anything, as "living" creatures, would penetrate and break into the flesh and multiply the elements causing the deformity, for toward the naturalness of the body. The "Non-living" things breaks apart and burns, due to the rapid motion and "force" of the loose "Energy", or atom.

=====

### A NOTE

-See for yourself the world.  
Know yourself first before you  
become to know the others..

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

The

" You are My Religion, My Faith and My Life "

## Lamp lighter

TRUTH - KNOWLEDGE - Mankind, Life and World

Number: Published by Eleuterio J. Trope, Member, United  
Two: and National Amateur Press Associations.  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, U. S. A. Summer, 1948

## OURSELVES and LIFE

We are not aware of our being in this world to see the things that composed the world. They are beautiful and are here for us to enjoy and make us out of. We only take for granted things that are so important in each and everyone of us which we just overlook and not realized what they are here for. They are for us to enjoy not destroy, and we must appreciate them and learn to love them because it is they that furnish us everything that composed us. In each thing there is a reason, a special one, for their being with us, and if only we stop and think and ask for ourselves why are we here? When we proceed to think we begin to understand its reason for our being here and of the things and then, there we are satisfied because you have understood it, having annihilized it to our very self:

\*\*\* (Part of a Series) \*\*\*

## LOVE is PEACE

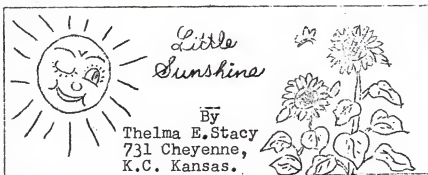
Understanding is Order  
Order is Harmony  
Harmony is Freedom

## ATOMS and OURSELVES

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(Cont'd)

- Freedom is Peace  
Peace is Happiness  
And this is LOVE



Vol. 1 APRIL-1948 No. 1  
Excerpts from Sunshine Birthday Magazine

A-J Hawker or a Jay Hawker??

SPEAKING OF HOBBIES

My hobby started out to be just a penpal affair for the fun of getting mail all seasons of the year instead of a few seed catalogues in the springtime. I guess I have messed along with letters for 20 years; met lots of the pen pals in person, and I can't honestly say I was ever disappointed in any of them.

I always liked to take a note book when I went on picnics up in the mountains or out on the desert. There is so much there to write about, where everything is so very quiet and beautiful. How I did wish that I could really write! I didn't show anyone those poems I wrote down in my note book-- but I have some of them yet! I'd usually wind up by writing a letter to someone, describing the beauties before me.

The war caused me to move from my pet location on the desert, but I kept writing letters to soldiers, sailors, shut-ins or





# LIGHT AND SHADE #243

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS OF AMERICA

**AUDITORIUM**  
THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE.  
115 EAST 40TH ST. N. Y. C.

**COMMUNICATIONS**  
SAMUEL GRIERSON, SECRETARY-TREAS.  
1155 DEAN ST. BROOKLYN, 16. N. Y. C.

MAY 1948

THE NEW YORK SUN, THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1948.

## P. P. A. Salon Will Open on Sunday at Museum.

By NORRIS HARKNESS

It would be very interesting to be able to compare the fifteenth annual salon of the Pictorial Photographers of America that opens at the American Museum of Natural History on Sunday with one of its predecessors—say, the 1938 show. If we remember correctly, there were more entries then and more prints were hung. That we can't swear to, but we

are certain that the comparison would do nothing at all to boost the ego of the older generation of photographers.

This 1948 P. P. A. salon is a splendid exhibition of the best in modern pictorial photography, and that best is very good.

As is the habit of the P. P. A. officers and members, emphasis has been placed on giving new ideas a chance. Ira Martin, long a leader in the organization and one of the jury that selected this show, expressed the thought as applied to several rather abstract pictures: "While they don't always mean too much to me, they represent one of the new fields of photographic endeavor and I

believe that they should be shown so that every one can decide what he thinks of them." Fortunately for American photography, we have free speech in camera exhibitions as well as in other areas of human expression.

Having just run through the show as the prints lay in a pile, we have no definite figures on the number of them that received top rating in the jury's point system. We chose a few for use in this department and found later that they had been given from nineteen to twenty-three points out of a possible thirty. Contrary to our usual custom, we are not going to list the ones that were especially pleasing or displeasing

—there are too many of the former and the latter are far too much a matter of personal preference and taste. The two lists are part of your job when you see the show, if job is a word that can be applied to the pleasure and benefit that you will gain from a long visit.

The show will remain in the museum—not in Education Hall, this time—through April 18, so you have time for several visits. But don't put it off—this 1948 P. P. A. salon is too good to miss. If there is a truly modern art, this is it and without the limitations that the adjective usually implies.

NEW YORK POST AND THE HOME NEWS, THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1948

## Photography

JOHN ADAM KNIGHT

Thousands of people whose previous acquaintance with photography has been limited to drug-store snapshots and newspaper cheesecake this week are being exposed to some of the finest prints ever produced by the photographic processes. Fine in the technical sense, I mean; there may be grounds for argument on other scores.

The 15th annual international salon of the Pictorial Photographers of America opened Sunday in the 77th St. rotunda of the Museum of Natural History, on Central Park West, where it may be seen free from 10 to 5 daily through Sunday, Apr. 13. In this

new, better location the 301 prints making up the show must be passed by all visitors who enter from 77th St., thus giving them a far greater audience than has been enjoyed by any photographic exhibition in America since the Worlds Fair of 1940.

### Variety of Interests

Thus the PPA show is being seen by an entirely new audience, in addition to the small, esthetically inbred group that normally turns out for a salon—for all salons.

Fortunately for photography, there is enough variety in the current exhibition to guarantee that each visitor will find at least a few pictures to his liking. Unusually intelligent judging, performed with good taste and broad catholicity, has given the show a

range from old-fashioned bromoil transfers of trite subject matter to abstract designs and experiments in polarization. There are, admittedly, very few examples of forward-looking photography, but this is due, no doubt, to the fact that few were submitted. That even these few were received, and accepted, is a wonder and a blessing.

### Small Prints Included

There are many varieties of prints in the show, submitted by top-flight amateurs from 24 states, the District of Columbia,

Hawaii and 11 foreign countries. A majority of the prints are bromide and chlorobromide enlargements, but there are also examples of paper-negative work, bromoil, bromoil transfer, mediobrom, carbon and multiple-gum enlargements, a single

chloride contact print, carbo and wash-off relief color prints, and even one selectively toned enlargement.

Another notable feature of the PPA show is the fact that it does not consist solely of 16x20 and 14x17 prints, as is usual in salons judged by ancient appleknockers who apparently cannot see anything smaller through their bifocals. Prints as small as 5x7 got into this exhibition, and some of them are well worth seeing, too.

Credit for the progress shown in this year's show is due to the PPA salon committee, headed by Arthur T. O'Keefe, and to the judges: Ira W. Martin and Samuel Grierson, professional photographers, and Mrs. Helene Saunders, a teacher at the School of Modern Photography.

The Editor of PICTURES wants to see your latest good snaps—pictures you think would interest other camera users, too. If your pictures can be used, they will be paid for—negative included—at \$3 each. Pictures that cannot be used will be returned.

SEND ORDINARY PRINTS. Do NOT send

negatives until requested to do so.

EDITOR is interested in all sorts of pictures, any subject, indoors or out.

### IMPORTANT

Each print submitted must have your name and address clearly written on its back, plus the answers to these questions:

1. What camera did you use?
2. What kind of film?
3. When was the picture taken?
4. What shutter speed did you use?
5. What lens setting?
6. Any special information such as filter used or artificial light, or unusual circumstances.

Note: If yours is a simple snapshot camera, without adjustment for shutter and lens, don't bother with Nos. 4 and 5.

Send your snaps to the EDITOR of PICTURES

• 343 State Street, Rochester 4, N. Y.

## DINNER AND MEMBERS' SHOW - A NOTE.

Tickets for the dinner have been mailed and must have been received by members by this time. The Committee did its best to keep the cost as low as possible and feels it has succeeded in this effort by comparing our price with the price of other group dinners. A good meal and a good time is in store - those who attended our dinners in the past can vouch for this. Please send your checks as soon as possible. AND THE MEMBERS' SHOW! Do support that. It would be grand to have a print from every member! We will have a print from every member submitting. Have your print represent you!

#244

X-PN 327

# LIGHT AND SHADE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS OF AMERICA

AUDITORIUM  
THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE.

115 EAST 40TH ST. N.Y.C.

NOVEMBER 1948

COMMUNICATIONS

SAMUEL GRIERSON, SECRETARY-TREAS.

1155 DEAN ST. BROOKLYN 16, N.Y.C.

NEWARK SUNDAY NEWS, SEPTEMBER 19, 1948

## Veteran Photographer in Cranford Is Still Winning Top Awards

### 60 Years In Trade

**Percy G. Byron**  
*Started at 7*

BY E. B. HOLTEN

Back in 1885 in England, Percy G. Byron, at the age of 7, suddenly found himself in the photographic business when his father caught him wasting sheets of sensitized paper by printing images of fern leaves. Last month, Byron was the only entrant in the Remington Rand photo contest to win four prizes. His score was one first, two thirds and a fourth.

Byron spent a busy 63 years in photography, which probably is no more than he should have done since he is the fourth generation of a family that began in photography in 1844. When Percy was 11, his father decided to expand from four photographic studios in England and came to New York. The young lad was busy increasing his knowledge of the work, both in the dark room and in the studio, for the next few years.

**Sells First News Picture**

He remembers the sale of his first news picture to Arthur Brisbane, then editor of *The New York World*. It was in 1892 and showed Grant's Tomb. His second sale was a picture of the funeral of Edwin Booth, actor, after that the sales were so rapid they blurred in his memory.

Gradually, the Byrons drifted into making pictures of the theater, of scenes from plays and members of the cast. Sarah Bernhardt gave the photographers 15

minutes in which to make pictures and when they informed her they had eight scenes made in seven minutes she scoffed, but later planted a kiss on the cheek of the younger Byron and gave the Byrons exclusive right to all pictures.

As the work increased, young Byron went out on his own, head of a camera crew. The work was hard, for it entailed journeys to a small city where a new play was trying out. With the pictures made, Byrons were ready for publicity when the show reached Broadway.

James Hare, noted war photographer, came to the Byrons and they worked out designs for a camera that was a forerunner of the present-day Graphic.

### Ship Specialists

Scovill & Adams produced these cameras for their Henry Clay model. It was an 8x10 plate camera.

The next expansion of the Byrons was photographing ships, both the interiors as well as exterior views.

"My father had made 41 transatlantic trips," explained Byron. "so the steamship companies felt duty-bound to give him some of their business in return. We worked for Cunard, Hamburg-American and Anchor lines at first, later taking on the French, Italian and Holland-America accounts."

"We were commissioned to make photographs of the ill-fated Normandie on her first westward crossing. This meant we took our men and cameras over and spent three days lightseeing as guests of the line, then back to Le Havre to work. It was long, hard work, too, 21 hours a day. Our greatest trouble was drying film and papers in the damp sea air."

"We used an 11x14 view camera equipped with a Ross Zeiss Tessar wide angle lens that covered a picture area of 135 degrees. It weighed 34 pounds. We always built our own cameras and it was a long time before we discarded plates for the lighter and easier carried film. Only late in life have I edited miniature cameras to my stock. I now use a Leica and Rol-

lei for special work."

### Fast Transmission

In a life crowded with photographic achievements, Byron recalled several that he still takes great pride in recounting. One is photographing the international yacht races off Sandy Hook in the 90s with a darkroom aboard the steamboat. After developing and cutting away of unessential parts, the film was fastened to a pigeon which flew back to a loft only four doors from the New York World Building. From the exposure to its arrival at the newsroom, the elapsed time was 45 minutes. This cannot be beaten with airplanes, he claims.

Another picture-making chore was to photograph every building on both sides of Fifth avenue, from 34th to 57th streets. Since the camera was to be placed on the second floor of the building opposite, permission was obtained by tact, persuasion and cajolery.

### Try, Try Again

Byron also remembers the time he made an 11x14 print of the corners of Fifth avenue and 58th street. It did not please the client because

there was no life on the streets.

The photographer returned to the spot, armed with a folding camera with the same focal length lens, and he made 27 shots of pedestrians and vehicles, then pasted them on the original and rephotographed it. The result was pleasing to the customer and he hung it in a frame in his office.

One of Byron's winning prints in the Remington Rand contest is a night scene in New York. It was made on an 8x10 plate camera with a seven-inch focal length lens and at seven minutes exposure f16. The negative was developed in a special solution and the slow development resulted in keeping down blocked highlights that would have taken away the natural light effect of the scene.

The print is one of 34 that are part of a traveling exhibit being sent around the nation.

The honor of four awards out of four entries is just one more achievement for Byron, who in his years as a photographer has won 10 gold medals at international exhibitions as well as being represented among permanent collections of several museums. He lives at 18 West Holly street, Cranford.

### 16th INTERNATIONAL SALON

**A. C. Vogt, Salon Director**, sends us the following pertinent information relating to the Salon. It will hang from March 14 to 27, 1949. Closing date for entries, Feb. 11, 1949. This year **Mrs. R. B. Carpenter** will be the **Salon Secretary**. Write to her at 106 West 13th St., New York 11, N. Y. for any and all information regarding the event. The names of the judges will be announced next month.

### INNOVATION:

**ENTRY FEE THIS YEAR**

**\$2.00**

# LIGHT AND SHADE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS OF AMERICA

AUDITORIUM  
THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE.  
115 EAST 40TH ST. N. Y. C.

DECEMBER 1948

COMMUNICATIONS  
SAMUEL GRIERSON, SECRETARY-TREAS.  
1155 DEAN ST. BROOKLYN 16, N. Y. C.

THE NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1948.

## STUDIES IN SUNLIGHT

Hanna's Outdoor Prints  
Catch Subtle Values

By JACOB DESCHIN

MARKED sensitivity to the quality of sunlight characterizes the exhibition of pictorial documentary photographs by Forman Hanna, internationally known salon exhibitor, on display at the Brooklyn Museum through Nov. 28.

In contrast to his work and that of his contemporaries, today's pictorialists show a tendency to favor broad, poster-lighting effects. This is the opinion of Mr. Hanna, retired pharmacist of Globe, Ariz., who started photography at the turn of the century with a dollar box camera. Today's salon prints, he says, have hard blacks, often without detail, and their whites frequently lack good tone gradation.

This fault, he believes, is caused largely by short exposures, not long enough to "dig into the shadows." The old rule of "exposing for the shadows and letting the highlights fall where they may" is still the best one, he believes.

Mr. Hanna, whose prints have been hung in thirty-three foreign countries as well as in the principal American salons, and have won for him gold, silver and bronze medals in addition to many

other awards and honors, represents an era when a fine appreciation of natural light values was the standard to which all pictorialists aspired.

### On Visit to City

Now in New York City on a brief vacation, Mr. Hanna took time out to deplore the competitive spirit among today's exhibitors and the prevalence of large-size prints in the salons. The eagerness to win top place and accumulate points leads to overemphasis on rewards to the detriment of personal achievement in terms of photographic excellence, he said. This fault shows up partly in the use of huge prints.

"To me photography is a very intimate thing," Mr. Hanna said. "Anything larger than 11 by 14 inches disturbs this quality and hurts the picture."

Mr. Hanna likes to photograph the things he knows. He said he had tried some tree studies in Central Park, but had not attempted New York City itself.

"I don't understand the subject," he explained. "New York is too complex and bewildering for me. I haven't been able to grasp its meaning well enough to photograph it."

His pictures at the museum—pictorial studies of the Indian country in Arizona, New Mexico and Utah—reflect an intimate knowledge acquired through much travel in those areas by horseback and automobile. He always traveled alone and on many occasions waited all night to record the beauty of the soft early morning

light.

### Figure Studies

Mr. Hanna is best known for his outdoor nude studies of young non-professional models, all of them photographed in mountainous locales near his Arizona home. He favors backlighting to interpret form and create atmosphere, and regards sunlight outdoors as the only illumination suitable for photographic lighting the nude figure. Artificial lighting indoors seems to him inappropriate for this subject, therefore rarely successful. Most nude figure studies shown in current salons are photographed indoors.

Mr. Hanna's techniques are simple. His camera is an old 4x5 Autograflex, which he has owned for many years; his lens a Bausch & Lomb Protar. He focuses for sharpness, but softens the image under the enlarger with a single thickness of chiffon to cut down the harsh lighting contrasts.

His pictures, despite their simple technique and entire lack of the pictorial control methods popular today, are in the permanent collections of the Brooklyn Museum, Chicago Museum of Science and Industry, Los Angeles Museum, Smithsonian Institution, and other museums.

### LIGHT AND INCIDENT

A suggestion to pictorialists to combine the beauty of light, as it was appreciated and recorded by men like Forman Hanna, with records of life's incidents, is contained in a letter from Paul L. Anderson of East Orange, N. J., author of a standard work on pic-

torial techniques.

"The camera possesses two abilities," Mr. Anderson writes, "which no other medium of expression can equal:

(1) It can reproduce perfectly the gradations of light on surfaces, and can thus express the infinite beauty of these gradations, which other mediums merely suggest.

(2) It can capture and record, as no other medium can, the passing show of life, the incidents which go to make up the world about us.

"The Photo Secessionists exploited the first ability to the limit. Some of the Photo Secessionists combined with their statement of passing events a very fine feeling for the first ability of the camera, to record the beauty of light.

### Use Both Powers

"Now, why should not the present-day workers, with their present technical facilities far in advance of what the Photo Secessionists had, work in the second manner, as they do, but at the same time make use of the first power of the camera?"

"It seems that in their enthusiasm for the second form of expression they have entirely lost sight of the first.

"Certainly many, if not most, of the salon prints of today are definitely ugly in their indifference to the quality of light, and it would mean much hard study to develop the two expressions in one picture.

"But it has been done. It would be something worth while to see some of the more active workers of today combine the two forms."

NEW YORK SUN, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1948.

## DeWetter Resigns Brooklyn Post

It is with real personal regret that I report that illness has forced Herman deWetter to resign from his post as curator of photography at the Brooklyn Museum. The museum was one of the first to raise the photographic department to full departmental

rank, and deWetter was its first curator. He has long been known and deeply respected for his work for photography, and his place as an active force will be difficult to fill.

The new curator is Anthony Caruso, recently assistant to deWetter and formerly in the photographic department of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

NORRIS HARKNESS

## NEW MEMBERS

Between October 11 and November 10, 1948 the following people joined. We welcome each one.

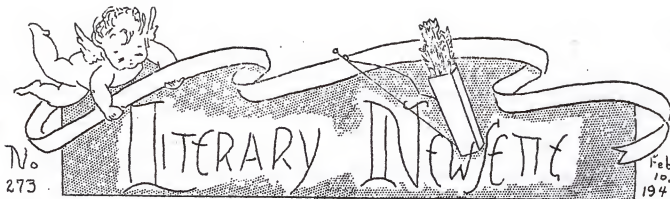
Harold B. Goodman

70 Remsen St., Brooklyn 2, N.Y.  
Gilbert Kay  
114-06 Queens Blvd., Forest Hills, N.Y.

Mr. Kay is a Junior Member.

16th International Salon March 14 to 27, 1949

Write to Mrs. R. B. Carpenter, Salon Secretary for entry form.  
106 West 13th Street, New York 11, N. Y.



## AJAY Visits MAKE Headlines on Two Continents

### SHATTUCKS VACATION IN ROANOKE

### VIC MOITORET VISITS AUSTRALIA

Official Editor Charles A. Shattuck and his wife Emily, spent the first week of February in Roanoke, Virginia where they found the temperature mild compared to New York's. They visited the Keppers and the Paxtons, and one day took a trip to Bluefield, West Virginia. Margaret Gawthrop and Grace Phillips had planned to be guests at Shady Acre during the Shattucks' visit but at the last moment had to cancel plans, Grace, because a cold which got her down Xmas eve had not departed, and Margaret because her long-sought-after Southern cruise ticket finally came thru and she had to spend the time taking shots and inoculations. So they missed seeing "The Glass Menagerie" to which the Shattucks took the Keffers.

Emily Shattuck, Eloise Paxton and Willametta went shopping one day while Russ and Charles linoyped. Roanoke put on the prettiest snow of the season but while Emily was writing postals at Shady Acre the next day, the temperature registered 56°.

\*\*\*\*\*

### STOP PRESS

Official Editor Chas. Shattuck writes LitNews that "contrary to any rumors otherwise, President Sesta Matheson has at all times, and in every way possible, cooperated with me in the production and financing of The National Amateur."

\*\*\*\*\*

### ASST. NEWS NOTES

Jud and Margaret Compton moved into a 5-room house and she's caught in the absorbing details of housemaking but promises more journals soon; she writes that they survived the holidays and traveled about 1500 miles in January.

Mr. & Mrs. Edgar Thompson are sailing for Europe again this year on April 7th.

An air letter from Leon Stone reports that the aircraft carrier, Valley Forge, steamed thru Sydney Heads at approximately 8 a.m. Friday, January 30th bringing Lt. Comdr. Vic Moitoret down under. He'd written Jim Guinane previously but Jim is in Tasmania so wrote his sister Joanne to get in touch with Vic, and accordingly he visited the Guinane home that evening, and the following afternoon called on the Stones for an ajay gabfest during which Vic evidently captivated our Aussie fellow members. Having met the personable Lt. Comdr. Moitoret ourselves we are well aware of his charm and personality and are very happy the NAPA was represented by him.

\*\*\*\*\*

### SPEAKING OF MOTHERS

Guy Miller writes sad news about his mother who is critically ill in a Youngstown (Ohio) hospital; he has been told her chances are very slim.

Eula Buchanan writes that her mother was ill for two weeks right after the holidays and for days was unconscious. She is now somewhat improved.

And in response to the many inquiries about my own mother who underwent a major operation November 20th I am pleased to report that she is getting along fine. She had a marvelous surgeon, and her recuperative powers have always been good and her recovery was helped along by all the new wonder drugs, as well as a blood transfusion. In less than a month she was using the stairs; and in about seven weeks she did a washing!

\*\*\*\*\*

### MORE NEWS NOTES

Not wanting to be completely ostracized by NAPA, Adoreo' Franklin (over)





# Literary Newscette

No. 274

Roanoke, Virginia

Mar. 6, 1948

## TRYOUT PASS23

### SOPHIST-icated RE-ARTEE

Ex-hubby phoned, exuberant, last night,  
In an attempt to extoll his bliss  
Now that he has acquired a second wife—  
One who can COOK—as well as Kiss!

"I've gained twelve pounds!" Ex-hubby  
boasted.  
I, delighted, and with ill-hidden glee,  
Replied, "Wonderful! Gain forty more—  
And you will then weigh as much as SHE!!"  
— Bula Christian

### \*\*\*\*\* STORK NEWS

Mr. Edward H. Cole is grandfather for  
the fourth time; on the day Tryout Smith  
died, a son was born to Marion (Mrs. Li-  
onel LaRochelle)..He was named David Ed-  
ward and has a three-year old sister,  
Karen Elisabeth.

### \*\*\*\*\* UNDER THE READING LAMP

Despite the fact that neither the Sept  
nor Dec. bundles reached the Keffers we  
have received enough direct mailings to  
begin to feel back in the swim (by the  
way, we still long for the publishers of  
papers in those bundles to send us their  
journal). Our biggest kick came from the  
pseudo NATIONAL AMATEUR. For a few para-  
graphs we actually thought it was the  
real one. We think it is hilarious and  
if it is the work of one individual we  
think we know the only one in this coun-  
try (Burton's in Japan, you know) ca-  
pable of it; but if it is a group effort,  
(see reverse)

\*\*\*\*\*  
Published for NAA by  
Williametta Keffer  
Stacy Ave. 245, Box 208 — Roanoke, Va.  
(in the Blue Ridge Mtns of Virginia!)

"Tryout" (Charles William) Smith, the  
patriarch of amateur journalism died at  
his home on Tuesday, February 17th, ac-  
cording to a postal from his daughter,  
Mrs. Jennie Pond. He was 95 years old  
October 24th, and had published faithful-  
ly into his 92nd year. A fine record  
which is not likely to be equalled. It  
would be a praiseworthy project if we  
would carry out his wishes to establish  
a fund to honor his name and benefit his  
favorite hobby. And we could do this if  
we'd stop wasting energy saying that a  
trust fund can't be established, because  
that fact has been admitted. But we can  
build the Fund slowly over a period of  
time, and not let it be used for some  
temporary expedient. Let's keep faith  
with Tryout!

### \*\*\*\*\* WHOS SALOME?

February 29th the Brooklyn amateurs  
entertained at Hotel St. George in Brook-  
lyn. Present in the Tower Room on the  
28th floor were Jm. F. & Tillis Haywood,  
Helen C. & Chas. J. Heine, Rheinhardt &  
Ruth Kleiner, Grace S. Moss, Edna Hyde  
McDonald, Alexia J. Rosbrook. Jeanne L.  
Sullivan, James Richard Branch, Al Lee,  
A. M. Adams, David W. Cade, Ed Harler,  
John A. Miller, Roy Lindberg... and the  
Shattucks! Unfamiliar signatures on the  
register sent me included Bess Evangelos,  
Daniel Gordon, Haig Dikyan, T. Schwayes,  
...and who th' heck is Salome?

The group has not decided on a name  
but unanimously voted to endorse Brook-  
lyn for 1949 NAA convention and the  
next meeting is to be at Mrs. Moss' on  
April 4th.

Ray called Senta long distance, in-  
viting her to attend but her husband is  
on the sick list so she had to refuse.

# Literary Newsette

No. 276

Roanoke, Virginia

April 15, 1948

## FAITH

Faith is, that I wait for you,  
Dreaming of your sweet return.  
Faith is, that I trust in you,  
Having not this trust to learn.

Never, through the days now past,  
Have I dreamed that you could be  
Anywhere but near by heart,  
Giving of your own to me.

— R. R. Langdon

\*\*\*\*\*

Although now member Langdon is from Springfield I didn't know him. However, he is starting out well, he wrote both Mart and me commenting on our journals, he sent me a contribution and has sent material to the Manuscript Bureau.

## BILL O' THE HILL SAYS---

And so Willametta rolls a seven. But a seven is one game in which sevens don't mean out. It has been said the human body renews itself every seven years; so we might ask: Is this the Willametta of seven years ago?

Seven years are not long in a day. Nor seven times seven to listen to the few remaining a days of fifty years ago. When one's interest is at white heat, as usually is the case with confirmed amateur journalists, time spent in pursuit of a hobby speeds quickly by and the years seem but yesterdays.

What may another seven years bring forth? Let's not say for Willametta (as that's a personal matter with God), but for a day. Some would have the amateur press associations changed. They would develop them into more literary organizations, more instructional ones. But the heavy hand of the majority seems to be against them and weighs them down. I myself have occasionally harped favor-

## NOW WE ARE SEVEN

ON THOSE little banners, though you probably can't distinguish them, are the figures of LITERARY NEWSETTE'S advancing age; seven years this month. Our file is practically a history of the seven years just past; a lot of names have appeared in its pages, a lot of mistakes and a lot of progress. A war has come, left its inevitable scars, and gone,—probably to prepare the way for another. We have had to record the passing of many a fine friend in the association, but this has taught us to cherish the more those remaining, and the new friends we have made and are making.

Since at seven one is seldom retrospective or sad for long, LINDA'S looks ahead eagerly. Recently Robert Telschow wrote us that our letters were brimful of happiness; it could not be otherwise but we'll not go into this any further except to comment that while waiting for the Martin Block show we hear the announcer ending the previous show with the wish that they could make every woman in America "queen for every day." And I always say Mart insured that for me on May 31st last year.

Anyone who has corresponded with Mart, or read his Martini knows that he bought Shady Acre only because I fell in love with the place but propinquity has accomplished its well-advertised results and Mart's plans for our place would fill a companion volume to mine. So far we have redecorated only one room but we have a garden half planted; have begun a road-front rock garden, and Mart is getting preliminary work done on his wild-flower preserve in our woods (and collected poison ivy along with some wild iris.) The woods is our real treasure—it is like having an arboretum at your door except that it is unlabeled, which means we have the fun of discovery.

And discoveries occur daily; besides  
—over; column one—

# Literary Newsette

#277

Roanoke, Virginia

4/19/48

## PEAKS OF OTTER

Peaks of Otter, in your prime,  
In your majesty sublime,  
Rising high into the sky,  
Solemn beauty to the eye,  
Restive to the shattered nerve  
Is the beauty of your curve,  
And the solemn thought you bring  
Of life's secrets, touch the spring.

To the east until they're lost  
Stretch the lowlands of the coast,  
Wending stream and midget hill,  
Peopled by the ones who thrill  
As they gaze from miles away  
'On your lordly land of play,  
Thinking of a coming time,  
Of a pleasant upward climb.

To the west in valleys wide  
Live the ones who point with pride  
To your skyward reaching crest  
Towering high above the rest.  
And they tell, again with pride,  
How they climbed your rocky side  
There to give their eyes a feast  
On the sunrise in the east.

As I look from lower land,  
Or as on thy top I stand,  
What impressive form thou art  
To the eye and to the heart.  
How I feel the subtle spell  
Only thou can cast so well;  
And upon thy rocky sod  
I feel nearer unto God.

—Martin B. Keffer

This Mountain Issue of Literary Newsette commemorates the climbing of her first (and only!) mountain by

Willametta Koffor

Shady Acre, R#5, Box 208, Roanoke, Va.



## I MADE IT!

I climbed a mountain! It wasn't Mount Everest or the Matterhorn; only Yellow Mtn at whose green-swathed outlines I gaze as I wash dishes, but I feel wonderful about it. I've seen Yellow Mountain in every weather now, and there have been fogs when I've not seen it, but it looks softly rounded and gentle. As every climber knows, looks are more deceiving in mountains than in women. But since the young daughter of the family who owns a good many acres of this mountain was to accompany me I figured it as child's play. I found out! The beginning was the hardest, because as we walked up the unrelenting ascent of the woods' road leg muscles put up their first objection. As we struck off along a trail, the variety and unevenness of our steps provided relief even though the sharp ascent forced rests while we caught up with our heart. At about three-fourths of the way up I remarked bitterly (and I quote this so Mart will not beat me to it) "The next mountain I climb they gotta roll out flat!" but somehow though the trail ptered out and we had to circle obstructions or crash through, it was less tiresome.

Yet with the crest in sight Elizabeth & I decided we were through, but Mart (who must be part mountain goat) said just the right things to spur us upward and though views from our various resting places were marvelous, it was worth the climb to look

-over-



# LITERARY NEWSLETTE

#278

Roanoke, Virginia

5/1/48

## DON'T FORGET SALT LAKE!

"Carrier's Corn" gave a map of all roads leading to Los Angeles which showed the editor traveling on Highway 66 and President Matheison on 60. We hope both will reconsider and that all of you will accept our invitation to use Highway 91 and thereby go through Salt Lake City. And don't go right on through. Stop and say hello and look around.

Salt Lake City tried for convention seat in 1940 and again in 1947 and lost both times. The present lack of activity does not warrant another attempt at this time but we would like to see you Easterners on your way to Los Angeles.

We regret not seeing Burton Crane, Hyman Bradofsky and Neal Peirce when they went through and tried to look us up. This was no doubt due to the fact that they had our business address. We have sold our print shop and our home address is now listed in the National Amateur. We have no phone but can be reached by calling 3-9603. Or call former member Virginia Baker whose phone is listed. We live right in town and although our three room apartment prohibits extending over night invitations we'll be glad to meet you at the depot and show you our unique city, the center of Scenic America.

—Elaine J. Meers

CHURINGA, April 1948 — This strictly cerebral publication is in itself sufficient justification for the institution of amateur journalism; it demands essays written in discussion and rebuttal. It is one of the few we have laid aside for further comment in Walk-One-Flight.

KOOLINDA, April 1948 — Perhaps the handsomest printed journal today, it is concerned chiefly with collecting but an article on aje's most distinguished(?) plagiarist was absorbing.

LITERARY NEWSLETTE is published for NAPA by  
Williametta Koffer  
Shady Acre, R#5, Box 208, Roanoke, Va.

## UNDER THE READING LAMP

If we have space we will comment on monthly bundles, but since there is such lack of balance between the things we want to do and the time to do them we have had to choose between reading journals, acknowledging or publishing; by combining the latter two we conserve scarce commodity, and in justice we turn first to those journals sent direct. And the stack of them gives the lie to detractors who say this has been a poor year.

Helm's CHRISTMAS, 1947 is not only an attractive and craftsmanlike job, but expresses how I feel about never being caught up "...but thoroughly enjoying my pursuit of that which is unattainable."

BELLETT #22 puts the case for Lifers. As Mailer I queried such as seemed uninterested, several replied that I could skip their bundles; why need we make the matter more complicated today?...The answer to the rhetorical question concerning by birthday coinciding with the battle dates may be that I'm a fighter, too.

THE WAG #5 — For the interested convention items are never out-dated. I was reminded of Tim Thrift's comment that the secretary's report should be referred to a psychiatrist. Vondy's nostalgia for our fighters of old made me feel I could be at home in their company, but I've discovered that with sufficient provocation I can sail into battle alone. My final reaction to this issue is that it contains some of the best writing of the year...best and brainiest.

MASAKA, June 1947 — A disappointing issue of a usually topnotch journal; much as I enjoy our history I feel it belongs in official or semi-official journals where Crane's masterly prose would leaven them. From Crane we demand poetry, short stories, and humor. His comments indicate he lacks Guinane's ability to evaluate despite the barrier of distance.

# Literary Newsette

No. 220

Roanoke, Virginia 7/15/48

## HORROR-SCOPE

"Aggressive—yet magnetic and attractive"  
Is forecast by your symbol of the Zodiac;  
"Inclined, also, to generosity and forgive-  
ness..."

O Leo-born Beloved, please come back  
To me and prove the veracity of the latter  
two!

Confirm Celestial Prophecy in full;  
I know the former three are true!

Confirm the astrological analysis, my darlin'  
As long as it places between us no isolat-  
ing bars:

Piscean adoration is constant if not  
compatible;

And—I shall love you always, despite the  
Warning of the Stars!

—Eula B. Christian

\*\*\*\*\*

## LITNEWS

### CONGRATULATES OUR NEW OFFICERS:

Chas. A. Shattuck, President.  
W. Emory Moore, V-President  
Harold Ellis, Editor  
Albert Lee, Soc'y-Treas.  
Wm. Groveman, Recorder  
Sesta, Vondy and Heins, Exec Judges

Brooklyn was chosen for convention  
city, 1949; all amendments except  
Number Two were defeated.

\*\*\*\*\*

## LOS ANGELES CONVENTION PROVES SHOT IN ARM FOR WEST COAST MEMBERS

Judging from the reports beginning to filter eastward the L. A. convention was the usual enjoyable gathering. First word of the election came from Earle Cornwall; a postal signed by a pre-convention group including Bernice McCarthy Felicitas Haggerty and others was responsible for those low moans from Virginia. Earl Bonnell was the lone Pennsylvanian, Elaine Meers and Virginia Baker represented Salt Lake City; Elaine says there were 18 out-of-state delegates and Vondy says about 80 attendees registered. Bob Dunlap, June Wynters, Rusty & Helm for Ohio. Roy Lindberg stopped over in Roanoke en route to L.S. The Maitoretts were well represented, Vic's ship was in and he was accompanied by Rowena and Carolyn

who, upon being asked if she were an amateur journalist, replied "I have to be." Anthony, Lorne and Sue came from Seattle (he was toastmaster); Doc Noel was also present, and we understood Albert Lee intended being there but have not heard if he went.

In this year of conventions it seems ours was well-recorded, and we mean tape-recorded by Harold Ellis who is sending the tape around to various clubs. There were no political squabbles, tho we are told Roy Lindberg objected to everything but it was a sociable and rewarding convention and we await with interest published accounts by those who attended.

For some delegates the convention did

-over-

# LITERARY NEWSLETTE

252

#285

Roanoke, Va.

Oct. 10, 1948



AT THE GATES OF EL BABEL  
By Earle Cornwall



## AUTUMN SOLILOQUY

One way of regarding our official organ, THE NATIONAL AMATEUR, is that it represents the very heart of NAPA. Business news and notes, social and politic, membership list and various side issues seem to crowd out informative critical essays which are also the life-blood of Journalism. Sometimes when I'm considering our little NAPA corner in this big world of true amateur journalism, I feel like knocking these Gates of El Babel to smithereens. Yet behind the business front, the comments on magazines launched, and the reports of group gatherings there is seemingly a small group of kindred souls who yearn to write. And, I should add, to see their efforts in print.

I speak for these Hsvers of Wood and Drawers of Water...they who seldom raise a voice in protest...who become discouraged...who cannot afford to own a press...or to pay for printing...and who eventually cease to circulate their manuscripts.

Some such information has come my way this past year in trying to pry loose a few contris for Gemini magazine.

Considering the critical critics situation, two excellent essays come to mind. One by Rusty in which she vividly describes the invaluable help so often received from E. A. Edkins; the other essay by Willametta Keffer in Segal's recent Campana. Any officials of NAPA who entertain thoughts for the morrow should digest these two essays and surely ponder. No one has followed personalities in NAPA any more thoroughly than I. Two or three advanced dilettantes and one professional novelist could be named who have ability to appraise an individual writer or poet; but I fear they would cringe at the suggestion. Generous souls with the professional ability of Love-

Here where ramblers used to cling,  
I yearn for just another spring.  
No glad warbler calls his love;  
Only blackbirds wing above.  
And though my heart has learned of late,  
That naught can stay the winds of fate,  
With spring may life and love return  
To here where with these dreams I yearn.

— R. R. Langdon

\*\*\*\*\*

## NEWS OF THE MEMBERS

Boo Hoo! the Wessons didn't make it to Roanoke. We hear they had an auto wreck outside Salt Lake City but got a station wagon and continued. Every mention of their triumphal passage contained enthusiastic comments about their handsome son. They arrived in New York in time for the big meeting at the St. George in Brooklyn. The Colces were down from Massachusetts. About 30 were present, and after the recordings the Haywoods showed pictures of other conventions. A postal from the Wessons reporting their change of schedule said they met Duerr and the Milwaukee gang, Wes Wise, Bob Kunde and Dr. King. Then down to the Grovemans and Grace Phillips.

## FOR SALE

The Speed-o-Print on which so many previous *Lit News* were published is offered for \$25<sup>00</sup> F.O.B. Excellent condition. Prefer to sell to an amateur who will use it in publishing.

# Literary Newsette

No. #286

Roanoke, Virginia

Oct. 20, 1948

LAZARETTI published an article whose author was unknown to the editor; we are in the same fix as we have the following whose author and source is unknown to us. Is it yours?

## IRON

Iron in her blood  
Made unassailable strong  
Her will and her code  
Of right and of wrong.

And she could endure  
The pain and the ache  
Of the chaste and pure  
Who lis nights awake.

But the finest steel  
Cannot resist the force  
Of the germs that kill  
And rust that devours.

And ever they end  
Whatever they start,  
They break or they bend  
And broken was her heart.

\*\*\*\*\*

## IRRESISTIBLE GRACE

Somnambulism dares to take  
Risks appalling to man awake.

Love and charity likewise dare  
The tortuous road around despair.

Doctors find what soldiers miss.  
Death is destroyed when lovers kiss.

--- Edmund K. Janes



## QUARANTINE BLUES

(Subtitled, 1001 Nights in a Nursery, or Who the Heck says Ya Don't Have to Know the Language???) asks Eula Christian

Chicken-Licken box-y wox-y  
Made my babes quite obnox-y;  
Then followed Wumpsy-Wumpseys  
To keep us in—and in the dump-sys.  
Next came an illness that kept us in the  
dark-sy---

One that was no hark-the-lark-sy---  
The most dreaded of childhood disease-is:  
Measle-Weasels!

This being quarantined isn't any fun---  
'Tien't any cause for laughter!

I expected to be confined before my babes' advent---

But not forever after!

Twinkle, twinkle little star  
When shall end this cold, cold war---  
Up above the world so high  
God, but how time does fly!

---Edwin L. Brooks

\*\*\*\*\*

Could you write 300 to 500 words on assignment? LITNETS needs prose pieces on several specific subjects and if you accept this challenge write for information to Willametta Keffer Shady Acre, R#5, Box 208, - Roanoke, Va.



## WILLOW IN THE WIND

Immortal Kilmer's inspired pen  
 Laid all God's trees in all men's ken;  
 Keened to view by spiritual eye  
 What roots build strong and high to sky.

Lacy Willow, Lady of the Lawn,  
 Arms playing wildly since early dawn  
 Reminds the soul that God breathes life  
 To trees, as to men, thru noble strife.

—Muriel Collins Lambert

\*\*\*\*\*

## UNWED MOTHER

Sir, you are a villain!  
 Sir, you are a cad!  
 Sir, you have made a Dishonorable Woman  
 of me---  
 And I am hornet-mad!

I have been a pgrl;  
 I have been a prude;  
 I have been so strait-laced  
 That I have bordered on being rude...  
 me

And now you've made an unwed lassie of/  
 After seven marital years;  
 And 'tis this sad state of affairs  
 That drives me to outraged tears:

I wouldn't mind being a divorcee---  
 Gay, or sad, or beguiling, or any other---  
 If only I did not have to explain to my  
 babes  
 That you have made a spinster of their  
 mother!

—Eula B. Christian

## Literary Newsette

#288

Roanoke, Va.

11/18/48

## NEWS NOTES

Emerson Duerr writes that on Dec. 7th he is taking up residence next door to Unk Ebenezer in Chicago; his family will live in Milwaukee until they find an apartment or house in Chicago.

Emerson just send me another carton of the Ahlhauser collection, among which I find papers titled The Eternal Feminine (1906); Searchlight (1904); The Amateur Scribe (1912) and a News Directory of 1907 listing titles of all amateur papers including two published (by different editors) today; Hobo (now by Ted Payer) was W. A. Feather's magazine (and both of them from Cleveland!) and Leaves. The oldest journals were Dunlop's Magazine (1838) and Truth (1890).

Good news about Viola Payne whom we previously reported in the hospital in Galveston, Texas; she was taken home early in November definitely improved.

Springfield and Columbus amateurs had a chance to hear the tapes of the Los Angeles convention at an impromptu meeting in Alma Weixelbaum's office early in November; they were sent to June Wynters' in time for her Thanksgiving dinner but no machine was available.

That Thanksgiving dinner was tops, as usual; I think all the talking and laughing I did was responsible for the raw throat which brought on my cold, but as I remarked, it was worth it. Dale Stump remarked that we were all normal when we came in, but Miss June's ability to make us all have a good time was at the peak of its form. Not exceeding, (over)

\*\*\*\*\*  
 LITERARY NEWSETTE is published monthly for the National Amateur Press Assn. and broadcasts a call for literary material. Send to

WILLAMETTA KEFFER

Shady Acre, R#5, Box 208 - Roanoke, Va.



X-PN 4827



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# LEVEL PEBBLE

FROM FLAT ROCK

No. 3      Flat Rock, Michigan      February, 1949

## The Editor Explains

When the first issue of *Level Pebble* was printed, the masthead carried the notation "published monthly". Monthly publication lasted two months. This is the first issue after February 1947. There are many excuses for this lax in publication. After the February issue, the job printing load in my shop became so heavy I did not have much time for a lay. During the summer I spent much of my time planning for college. After I entered Hillsdale College in September there was even less time for amateur work.

I planned to put out paper during the Christmas vacation, but the lure of money put the blink on that. I worked in the composing room of the *Carleton Messenger* during much of the two-week vacation.

This issue is being written during a few moments pilfered from my studying. The mechanical work will be done during my infrequent week ends at home.

"FOR PEACE OF OUR WORLD"

# The Lamplighter

TRUTH  
KNOWLEDGE HOPE  
Humanity Life & World  
Number Five Winter 1949



## LOVESONG

Clara Lundie Crawford

I love you. Without pretense or sham  
my heart is yours, and yours alone.  
I love you. Because I do, I must be  
proud to be your own.  
I love you, and my love is like a flag  
I swear allegiance to, a standard high.  
I love you, and my love must never  
touch  
the dust,  
Nor hide in shame, nor live a lie.  
I love you, and if you loved me less  
there could be no happiness!

## BRIDGE

Mary Lucetta Barker

Your world, so far removed from mine,  
And mine, remote from this,  
Can both be bridged by love divine  
And one small, tender kiss.

**"SCIENTIFIC JUDGERS"**  
All kinds of devices will appear everywhere made from scientific means, all for the purpose of acquiring material value. Be aware of them for they only take our attention, to be entertained; with all we have of them still no satisfaction will come. This results in the rapid rush of our life, causing the many sickness and disease.

A Rhythm in the Earth,  
\*\* A Rhythm for all. \$\$\$ \*\*

## LOVE IS UNDERSTANDING

By Ester G. Gaudiel

In order for us to have love we must have understanding of our life and our fellowman. Life is ours and we have to make the best of it. Peace & Happiness is in ourselves and in each individual; to know the dread of bloodshed and learn the treasure we call peace. Love, Sympathy, must be planted or sowed in every individual heart. To depict to them that we are all brothers and must love each other.

555555

## PREPARE!



THE REASON

... Firm on your solid faith  
you stand,  
A rock from which you never  
roam.  
The lamp, held steady in your  
hand,  
Still casts its flame upward  
the night;  
And well I know that guiding  
light  
At last will lead me home.

- J. Clarkson Miller

5 Fairmont Ave., Hastings-on-  
Hudson, New York, U.S.A.  
Courtesy, The AMERICAN COUNCIL

**EVERYONE WILL HAVE HIS SHARE!**  
The mastery (knowledge) of  
life is never achieved un-  
less the present existence  
in man is not known.

Everyone will go through all  
that is in life, all that life  
has stored for us, for us to know  
and understand ourselves, our  
life and world. For being where  
we are, it is there that we are  
in the step of the ladder that  
we have to climb in life, to obtain  
the right knowledge and percep-  
tion, which will give us the  
truth and light of our world, be  
prepared to face anything that

## PERSISTENCE IS LIFE

The only persistence in our  
world, is ourselves, our life,  
as long as we are all still in  
life. Wherever we might be, our  
course is to carry on and on  
unto life and to harness the  
fruitful knowledge stored for  
us to know ourselves and our  
purpose in life.

## OUR LIFE GOES ON & ON

Without everything of the  
past, our present life wouldn't  
be possible. All are mankind, as  
in the past, to the present and  
in the future. From them to us  
and then to them, our children,  
they'll follow us—the mankind of  
tomorrow, all are one, in one song  
of music, without any divisions  
of creed, color or name. We  
are the children of yesterday,  
the mankind of today and the  
mankind of tomorrow, will be our  
children of today. Then of yester-  
day made our life for us to-  
day, and we are the ones to take  
for them of tomorrow, our  
children. Our children of tomor-  
row (mankind) depends upon us  
for guidance, as we have depen-  
ded upon them, mankind of yester-  
day, for guidance. Everyone  
belongs to each other, as all  
the children are the children of  
all.

May come and be thankful for hav-  
ing come thus far; it is our  
share that we have to partake,  
for the love that we have of  
life and our fellowman, that we  
at our fellowman is partaking,  
too, their love for all of us.  
With our knowledge of this, hav-  
ing faith in it, wherever we  
regain happiness is with us, be-  
cause we know that our fellow-  
man has also that love we have,  
that we give our share for all  
of us. No one is a stranger to  
no one as we are but together—  
for one another as one.

Each individual has in his self  
a complete education of life.—  
Himself is a knowledge—much  
more greater than any school  
or colleges. 555555555555



# Little Sunshine

Thelma E. Stacy  
1020 Southwest Blvd., Kansas City, Kansas.  
On The River Kaw

Vol. 1.

July-1949

No. 2



We have been beaten low, I'll admit, but  
won't all you mimeographers put forth some  
real effort and let us see the very best  
these confounded duplicators can produce ?

X-PN 0827



## The LOVECRAFT Collector

"...many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore--" Poe

January, 1949

### About the Collecting of Lovecraft

By Ray H. Zorn

If Sherlock Holmes were practicing his art today he would be expected to interest himself in investigating the disappearance of the book edition of *The Shunned House* by Howard Phillips Lovecraft; attempting to learn the title of the possibly unpublished Lovecraft manuscript destroyed in a mad moment by an amateur publisher; trying to locate Harold Farnese, a California composer who has vanished and seemingly taken important portions of his work with him;—or the good sleuth might even be put to composing a list of *all* the pseudonyms HPL used.

These and other mysteries confront the bibliographer who hopes to arrange in definitive description the original components of the collected and uncollected works of H. P. Lovecraft.

Lovecraft began writing at the age of seven. He was "publishing" at thirteen. Some of this early material has been preserved; much of it has been irretrievably lost, either destroyed by his own hand or absorbed into the obliterating maw of time and neglect.

In the original publication of it, a great deal of his work must be classed as ephemera. During his lifetime, his writings appeared almost exclusively in amateur journals and pulp magazines, in the latter class principally in *Weird Tales*. The preservation of such publications is a matter of interest only to devotees, and of these the constant are too few. Indeed, the physical attributes of these forms of literature

make their preservation difficult. Finding some of these items after a mere ten years is a troublesome task.

Even the appearance of Lovecraft's work in collected volumes has not made the collector's way too easy. These omnibus volumes are the backbone of any Lovecraft collection, beautifully and solidly made so that their preservation is assured, but the limitation of the editions may leave the new enthusiast luckless when he looks for a copy to preserve. The true collector must of course also seek out "first appearances"—the pre-collection items—and there he starts upon a search that will not soon end!

It is toward the goal of the Lovecraft completist that I aim. I may never attain that end—in truth, it is an unlikely end—but with the help of other collectors I hope to get within sight of that goal, close enough to compile a bibliography that will be reasonably definitive. Meanwhile this journal, *The Lovecraft Collector*, solicits and publishes information on Lovecraftiana, and hopes to aid in the enlarging of collections.

You may ask: why attempt to collect Lovecraft when the admitted difficulties are so many? when the man is probably an unimportant writer anyway? If you ask thus, you brand yourself as the dull clod who has never collected anything! (There must be only one of you in the world.) Your first query does not deserve an answer. If you ask the second question, you do

(Turn to page 3)

## The LOVECRAFT Collector

"... mirages of hallucination and effects of terror..." Huysmans

May, 1949

No. 2

### Myths About Lovecraft

By August Derleth

Within a year of the death of Howard Phillips Lovecraft on March 15, 1937, the myths about him began to grow. Perhaps there is no more valid testimony of his place—a minor one, to be sure, but a secure one—in the roster of notable Americans in literature than the fact that in the dozen years since his untimely passing, he has become an almost legendary figure, lending credence to Vincent Starrett's early judgment that Lovecraft was "his own most fantastic creation." Moreover, the myths have spread to become associated with all who have had to do with Lovecraft or his work, and, like most such myths, they do him and his friends injustice either on the right or the left. An examination of them—or some of them—at this point, with a view to publishing the facts pertinent thereto, is appropos.

1) *That Lovecraft died of starvation.* Lovecraft had been an invalid through most of his early years, and he was not well during most of his life. He suffered from an allergy to cold and all its complications, and he died eventually at the Jane Brown Memorial Hospital in Providence of a combination of cancer of the intestine and Bright's disease. That Lovecraft spent days and perhaps weeks at a time in a state of undernourishment is probably true; it might be said that his condition was occasionally aggra-

vated by the irregularity of his eating habits; but that he died of starvation is untrue, and it would be going too far to suggest that Lovecraft lived in a state of chronic undernourishment, as some writers have suggested he did. To this legend, Lovecraft's one-time wife gave some unjustifiable support, for, while he attained some girth and was for a time almost fat during his marriage, his increased weight began in 1922, during which year his letters refer almost with embarrassment to his need for having his clothes altered, and not in 1924, the year of his marriage. Lovecraft lived with his wife less than two years, and his gained weight did not outlast his marriage. He was normally thin rather than heavy, though his aunt, with whom he spent his last years, was a plump woman, shorter in stature than he. His eating habits were often dictated by necessity, but just as often by choice.

2) *That Lovecraft committed suicide.* This legend was actually propagated by people who belong to that curious group of mentally unbalanced souls who are always somehow mysteriously "in the know" of facts or so-called facts no one else can ascertain. Fortunately, the records of the Jane Brown Memorial Hospital contain all the necessary details substan-

(Turn to page 3)

## The LOVECRAFT Collector

*Oh, I would like to be a ghoul  
And ruffle the poet's mound,  
To dig up the rymes he laid aside  
For the sake of another sound*  
Nathalia Crane

October, 1949

No. 3

### LOVECRAFT'S ASTRONOMICAL NOTEBOOK

By David H. Keller

In my Underwood library reposes a Lovecraft document which gives most interesting information concerning his interest in astronomy. His love of the science has been noted by several of his biographers but many details contained in his notebook have not been given and should be of interest. In this small notebook, four by seven inches, Lovecraft went into detail concerning his observations of the habitants of the skies. This book, in his own handwriting (with the exception of one small printed item), also contains drawings of celestial phenomena such as Halley's and Delavan's Comets.

Laid in is a small printed notice, yellowed by time. It reads:

**PRO. ASTRONOMICAL SCY.**

1904. H. P. Lovecraft, Pres't.

An organization destined to encourage the study of the heavens.

All persons interested in Astronomy should at once join, as this society affords valuable instruction and cooperation. All business transacted by mail so those far away from Providence may join. Persons unfamiliar with the science are taught. Members are required only to send in monthly reports. **ALL FREE.**

Write for directions and membership certificate NOW.  
598 Angell St. Providence R.I., U.S.A.

Lovecraft was fourteen years old when this was printed. (Editor's Note: It has been suggested that Lovecraft may have printed this notice himself, but so far as is known he did not own a printing press in 1904. The lines are

printed here in the same arrangement as on the original copy. Interesting to note is the incorrect hyphenation of "afford", an error that the meticulous Lovecraft would hardly have made if he had set the type himself.)

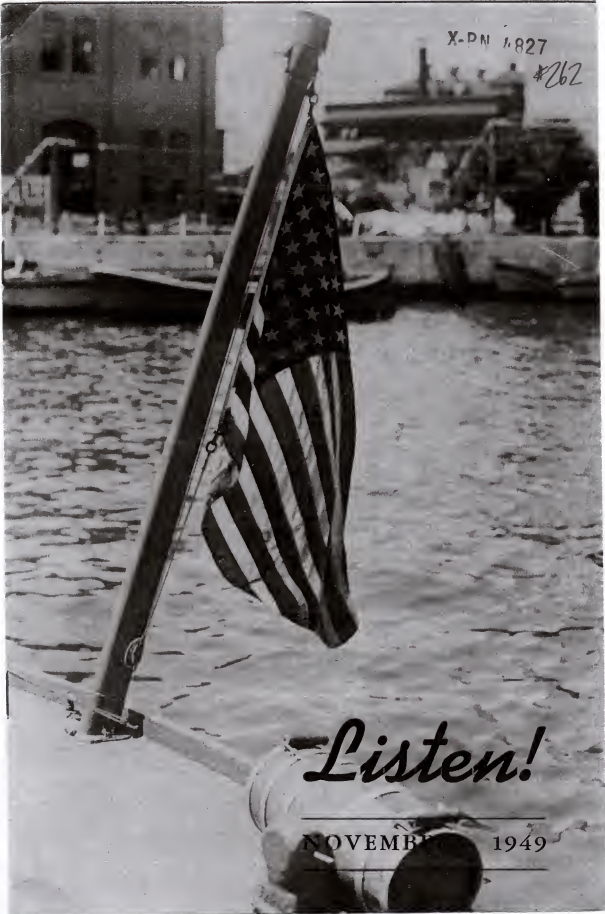
# Listen

W-OW 1927

#261

SEPTEMBER, 1949

Over the Editor's Desk.....	2
Special Letter from Cam.....	3
Don't Kid Yourself.....	4
Jesus Sits by the Treasury.....	6
The Question Box.....	8
Treasures Old and New.....	9
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Roman Bible Versus Gideon Bible.....	11
Your Own Library (Letter).....	12

A black and white photograph of a harbor scene. In the foreground, an American flag is attached to a wooden pole and hangs vertically. The background shows a body of water with several boats and a large building on the left. The text 'X-PN 1827' is printed in the upper right corner, and '#262' is handwritten next to it. At the bottom, the word 'Listen!' is written in a large, stylized script, followed by 'NOVEMBER 1949' in a smaller, sans-serif font.

X-PN 1827

#262

*Listen!*

NOVEMBER 1949



# The First Christmas Gift

For God so loved the world,  
that he gave his only begotten son,  
that whosoever believeth in him  
should not perish, but have  
everlasting life.

John 3:16.

X-PN 4827

#263



## *Listen!*

DECEMBER, 1949



L.J.N.

No 5

Sept. 1949

How I Did It!

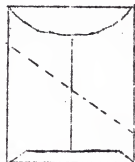
## Filing My Ajay Journals

The date is Sunday, July 31, 1949. The time in two minutes will be 8:00 p.m. I started out the afternoon intending to work on my ajay collection. Yes, I did accomplish a little. But in general I fell into the age old ajay collector's habit of lapsing into periods of reading when the work at hand was forgotten. At any rate, I am writing the article to follow to enable other ajays to easily become collectors and develop the same habit.

My decision to collect my ajay journals wasn't a recent decision. I reached it back in 1946, one year after entering the hobby. Since then I have waged a losing battle trying to keep the journals of 2 to 4 associations sorted out. I did manage to keep them in alphabetical order the first six months but after that it was a losing battle because of the sad lack of any filing equipment to keep the papers in.

When we moved the papers were packed in a box despite my father's dissertations on 'junk' and 'taking up all the space'. My accumulations of Franklin got the same treatment when we moved here. By this time the collection was getting out of hand and I began in earnest to look for some means to control the horde of National Amateurs, American Amateurs, Literary Newsettes, and the rest. By May I had reached the decision that the tree was getting out of hand so I got out the big wastebasket and did some pruning. I kept all of the important papers and all of them that I liked for one reason or another, but I got rid of a lot of trash that didn't have a chance to develop into anything. Now my problem was smaller but I still had the question of "What to do with it?" Finally I went into the office supply store and inquired about prices on a few items. The prices were higher than I liked but I decided that it was the best I could do. I bought some fibre board expandable covers with three metal rings to page 2---

(A)



A - the kraft envelope.  
B - the punched sheet with the pocket attached and journal in place. Note staples.

← Cut here

(B)



# LIGHT AND SHADE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS OF AMERICA

AUDITORIUM

THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE.

115 EAST 40TH ST. N. Y. C.

APRIL • 1949

COMMUNICATIONS

SAMUEL GRIERSON, SECRETARY-TREAS.

1155 DEAN ST. BROOKLYN, 16, N. Y. C.

## CATCH THEM YOUNG...

By DON BENNETT

There are a variety of sayings that start "Catch them young," but none have been photographic. In fact, youth has been rather neglected. Many camera clubs restrict their membership to adults, some even to adult males. Except for school camera clubs, too little attention has been given to photographic youth.

Since most authorities agree that it is the idle hands of youth that breed mischief, and keeping those hands and minds occupied with interesting things will reduce juvenile delinquency (also called parent delinquency) sports and hobbies loom important in the scheme of things.

Since last April a nationally-circulated magazine, *Perspective*, has been devoting a large section of its editorial content to youth. Written around the experience of a ten year old learning photography, the articles have been devoted to simple equipment and good practices. Out of the series, which have attracted wide attention, has grown a national organization called Camera Cubs. Tailored to fit the interests of girls and boys who have not passed their fifteenth birthday. Camera

Cubs encourages the formation of local, even neighborhood chapters. These Chapters are restricted to this age group, but an adult adviser, either an amateur or a professional, is recommended.

*Perspective* devotes considerable space to a contest it conducts exclusively for the youngsters and also to news of Chapter activities. In addition a special Cub Manual has been printed which tells how to organize and operate a chapter, furnishes program suggestions and even contains details of "photo-magic." To appeal to the young heart, a "secret sign" and "password" is furnished, and being a secret, cannot be told here where adult eyes might see it! Membership cards are also provided, all of this without cost to the members.

Arrangements are being made to have manufacturers' representatives address Chapter meetings when their regular travel to a town coincides with a Chapter meeting. Local sponsorship for Chapters is provided by photo dealers, Boys Clubs, schools and PAL's. Some Chapters are also

being organized as an adjunct to Boy and Girl Scout and CYO units.

It is hoped that senior camera clubs will cooperate with the Camera Cubs, perhaps to the extent of extending them junior membership privileges, or providing them with speakers, demonstrators and inviting them on camera trips. The idea is not to just keep idle hands out of mischief, but to guide them into a hobby which can provide lifelong enjoyment and perhaps even a livelihood.

Remington Rand has cooperated with "Camera Cubs" since it was started and has had the distinct pleasure of providing RRembrandt paper as second prize in the monthly print contest. (First prize is a flash camera). We would like to see the idea grow and spread, and if you have children or young friends you can help by suggesting they write *Perspective*, 7 West 8th Street, New York 11, N. Y., asking for details about the Camera Cubs. If you'd like to know more yourself, *Perspective* will send you a sample copy and a copy of the Cub Manual on request.

RRembrandt  
NEWSLETTER

DECEMBER 1948

THE NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, MARCH 20, 1949.

## CHILDREN'S PICTURES

Book by a Psychologist  
Offers Advice on Posing

By JACOB DESCHIN

THE first modern book to be published in popular language on child photography based on principles of psy-

chology has just appeared. It is "Child Photography the Modern Way" (Baltimore: The Camera Magazine. \$4.95) and it describes in practical, how-to-do-it terms how Josef Schneider, once a child psychologist but now a professional photographer of babies, gets his subjects to react the way he wants them to.

Mr. Schneider takes the reader into his studio and shows in sketches and photographs how even the most difficult problems can be overcome by simple maneuvers within the capacity of any photographer who likes children. These

maneuvers take in every situation from stubborn uncooperativeness to unmanageable exuberance.

The author presents problems and solutions in chronological fashion. He divides his subjects into the six-to-nine months group; nine months to a year; one year to eighteen months; eighteen months to two years, and two years to three. The special problem of the baby under six months is treated separately.

Mr. Schneider draws from nine years' activity in baby photography a varied and rich fund of tricks and methods of persuasion that

have proved successful in getting subjects of assorted temperaments to yield desired expressions and attitudes. These methods are based on understanding of what interests babies at different age levels, the patience and imagination to supply that interest, and the appreciation of the child's world Mr. Schneider has gained from his experience as the father of three children.

The book also includes guidance on how to photograph children

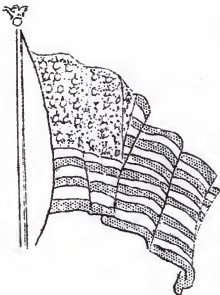
(continued on page 3)

# Literary Newsette

No. 294

Roanoke, Va.

Feb. 15, 1949



#266

## WHAT SO PROUDLY WE HAIL

The authentic romance of biography and autobiography has caused many a discriminating reader to select them to bring the personal and intimate sense of history. A correlative flavor, something like hors d'oeuvre to arouse and tempt the appetite, is found in Frank Earle Schermerhorn's "American and French Flags of the Revolution, 1775-1783," which was published this winter by the Pennsylvania Society of Sons of the Revolution.

To review the book realistically we'd have to say it is a catalog of flags, with drawings in color, and a short history or explanation of how each flag developed, the whole extensively annotated. But this is a book no perceptive reader can approach prosaically; it challenges the imagination, it tantalizes and delights. Tucked into various chapters are vignettes of history and character; unsolved mysteries are presented. Though designed as a definitive historical treatise, it is one of the best source book for fact articles and for plot suggestions presented in a decade.

In a letter explaining how the book came to be printed the author said he had had no thought of publication but merely wanted to preserve the data and collection of source information but some members of the Society insisted it be published. He writes "The data for the book was collected little by little, over some twenty years....For 27 years I was lieutenant and later, captain of a selected group of our Pennsylvania Society of Sons of the Revolution called the Color Guard. We were custodians of the flags of the society, some twenty or twenty-five at first: stars and stripes,

## FLAGS OF THE REVOLUTION

What do they mean, these ancient flags,  
The few that still remain,  
Of men and ships that carried on  
Uncheered, yet not in vain?

Dare we forget the shrinking cold,  
The fevered, blistering sun,  
Which they with dwindling ranks endured  
Till Freedom's cause they won?

— Frank Earle Schermerhorn

\*\*\* \*\*

## THE WOUNDED SOLDIER RETURNS

Have only one candle burning  
And fire in the grate,  
But have no other light at my returning.  
I will hesitate  
To enter where the rooms are bright  
And too far different from night.

The candlelight will be more kind  
To me and what I have today —  
There are some things I left behind  
Me, half a world away.  
First, in a shadow let me bear  
Your judgment; then perhaps I'll dare  
Attack the light of day.

— Ray H. Zorn

\*\*\* \*\*

Margaret Gawthrop is sailing from New York for Europe on April 13th and I am to see her off; we'll be in town for several days and see "Life With Mother" and a broadcast or two, and visit with such amateurs who can get to our hotel.

Published under seasonal difficulties by

Willametta Keffer

Shady Acre, R#5, Box 208 -- Roanoke, Va.

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THE LADY IN THE YASHMAK  
Peered at by Emerson Duerr

What is this vision of delight here depicted? She is a figure of speech familiar to everyone. She is a veiled allusion.

It is the veil which distinguishes her from the feminine lovelies who adorn the latest Esquire calendar. Our subject is suggestive (why, Emerson!) of the romantic (Oh!) mysterious East. The one on the calendar cover sets me to dreaming only of green pastures and butterfat content. (You're over the hill, brother!)

Why is she veiled? That I would not know. Mayhap she has braces on her teeth, or else her molars, bicuspid and incisors have been extracted and she awaits a pair of dentures from Sears, Roebuck. (A revolting possibility.) Or she has a cleft palate, a mustache, or --perish the thought!-- a beard.

These conjectures I can but pass along to the reader with the suggestion that to achieve the greatest effect, allusions are veiled. Is this little girl affecting you (or is it "affecting")?

What intrigues me is whether she lives at Shady Acre with Martin and Willametta. Does she feed their chickens and milk their cows? (What cows?) Does she flit coyly from tree to tree in the sylvan glades of the Keffers' estate?

Does she --? But enough of this idle chitter-chatter. Leave us not waste our time standing here. How much does a one-way ticket to Roanoke cost?

(We assure you that is also chitter-chatter, as you'd know if you'd ever seen the beautiful femme he married.)

# LITERARY NEWSLETTE

No. 296

Roanoke, Va.

Mar. 15, 1949

## A VISIT TO MT. BABEL Earle Cornwall

Mt. Babel stands at the head of a lovely green valley running north and south. The view from where I sit is all southward, a long vista of over-lapping hills with patches of woodland growing greyer and dimmer until distance merges with the haze of far off yonder.

Naturally, on a sunny afternoon like this, I am always conscious of the longer view; but that is not my reason for stopping again today to sit on my camp-chair along the trail winding around towering Mt. Babel.

I shall sit, as often before, quietly ---perhaps for hours--- to study the village which lies before me, in the jargon of the hillside folks known as NAPA-Napa. Let no one think I view this picture

--over--

\*\*\* \*\*

BIG NEWS AT SHADY ACRE this month was the visit of the Shattucks to Roanoke Feb. 28th to March 5th; we had just had our third little snow of the season but it warmed up for our First Family.

Ex-President Sesta Matheison followed in mid-March the trail blazed by Jeanne Sullivan several years ago when she visited in Florida and went by plane to Cuba; Margaret Gawthrop made the same trip last year, so maybe it's catching.  
\*\* \*\*

Published amid the distractions of my second glorious spring in the Blue Ridge Mountains where flowers bloom earlier and lovelier, and birds sing longer and louder, and muscles don't ache as I dig harder and deeper.

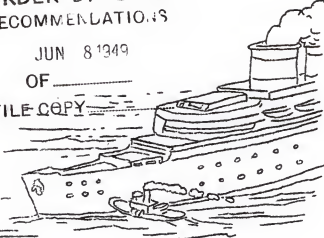
Willametta Keffer  
Shady Acre, R#5, Box 208 Roanoke, Va.

# ORDER DIVISION RECOMMENDATIONS

JUN 8 1949

OF \_\_\_\_\_

FILE COPY \_\_\_\_\_



# Literary Newsette

No. 208

New York City 4/15/49

## Hi-Ya MANHATTAN

LITNEWS' schedule has been disrupted by a series of pleasant events, combined with the sheer pleasure of living. Winter, which curtails outside activities, provides a little spare time, but come spring the normal duties of Shady Acre keep us busy. This year we ventured into a slight touch of poultry raising, which wouldn't take much time except that I find ducks and chickens so fascinating. Then Margaret Gawthrop decided to take a trip to Europe and naturally I had to go to New York to wave goodbye. We left Virginia Sunday night, April 10th, expecting her ship, the Queen Elizabeth, to leave Wed afternoon, but it left Tuesday midnight and barely gave Margaret time to meet Vondy and Emily Shattuck.

I stayed in New York the rest of the week and had an exciting time and met two wonderful people: Randy Jennings and Sheldon Wesson, Jr. And of course their parents, —relatively unimportant! Also saw Alexia Rosbrook and Roy Lindberg; & came home eager for the convention.

\*\*\*\*\*

## PLEASE NOTE

The British Amateur Press Association has appointed NAPA member Mrs. Olive Teugels to act as Director of Overseas Affairs; the American representative is Ed Harler. Mrs. Teugels advises that her house number has been changed to 95 Bradford Road, Brighouse, Yorkshire, England.

In addition to her a. j. activities Mrs. Teugels is making postage stamp collections for her two young sons and will appreciate any stamps you might care to send.

## LITNEWS IS VOTING THIS TICKET:

President . . . . . Harold Ellis  
Vice-president . . . . . Robert Carrier  
Official Editor . . . . . Ralph Babcock  
Recorder . . . . . Warren Rosenberger  
Executive Judge . . . Chas. A. Shattuck  
(and 2 other qualified members  
who will serve)

Convention City . . . . . Who Wants Us  
\*\*\*\*\*

## WE PROMISED, BUT . . .

G. W. Sheldon writes that he has found it impossible to publish the 24-page of Silver and Gold at this time. He attends the University of Oregon and printed 8 pages during spring vacation, but when school is out he goes to a summer job at Payetta Lake until Sept. 1 and will have no press there so S&G is delayed.

My excuse for the non-appearance of the scheduled May issue of Shady Acre Sampler is simply "more work than time." It'll be out this fall; our unexpectedly mild winter didn't keep me in as much as I'd anticipated.

We have been watching by snapshots, the progress of Bob Telschow's home in Hawthorne which is being built in the spare hours of his son and son-in-law; the house is beginning to look attractive, but it has meant a lot of planning and work.

Progress of another sort is reported from Cleveland, Tenn. where Eula Christian's Terrible Trio is systematically going thru the list of children's diseases. So far Eula's famous sense-of-humor has escaped quarantine.

Please turn overleaf



# Literary Newsette

No. 299

Roanoke, Virginia

5/1/49



## BROOKLYN IN JULY

Advance reports are that Harold Ellis, Emory Moore, Bob Carrier and the Mathesons will be at the Convention, so naturally I can't miss it, and hope you won't. Be at Hotel St. George in Brooklyn July first to fourth.

Walter T. Vaughan, who became an octogenarian April 10th, had hoped to attend, but lately has been losing weight so is not certain he can come.

\*\*\*\*\*

## CONVERT

He was a simple island chief,  
A nude and noble savage.  
He wanted to have all things free,  
For it made him sick to ravage.

So he divided up his land  
With captains, mates and cooks.  
For each square mile he gave away  
He got four dirty looks.

He tried to give his youngest wife  
To a pious missionary.  
The missionary told him why  
Saint Paul would never marry.

He gave up land and wives and gods  
For us, heaven's new elect,  
He gave up everything he had  
And won our Christ's respect.

— Kelly Janes

## DAD'S LUXURY

Some would like to drive in a car  
Viewing scenery near and far.  
Give me a garden, hoe and spade,  
My pipe and the maple's ample shade.  
I'll work a while, then rest by the tree.  
That's luxury for me.

Some would like to sail on a ship  
Around the world on a pleasure trip.  
Give me a pole, a line and hook,  
And a clear, cool murmuring mountain brook,  
Green mossy banks and an age-old tree.  
That's luxury for me.

Some play golf or go to the fairs  
Or dress in style with a lot of airs.  
Give me a night with a silvery moon,  
And let me listen to the fox hound's tune  
Till the fox holes up in a black gum tree.  
That's luxury for me.

— Julia Charlton

\*\*\*\*\*

## REST

I saw the sunlight, red through autumn leaves,  
That warmed a hillside, beaming from the west.  
The wind was still, and golden, silent sheaves  
Adorned the valley. Nature was at rest.

— Frank Earle Schermerhorn

\*\*\*\*\*  
Published in the Blue Ridge Mountains near the  
"city that owns a mountaintop" by

Willametta Keffer

Shady Acre, Route #5, Box 208 — Roanoke, Va.

here's your number 300 of

# LITERARY NEWSLETTE

Actually due June 15, 1949 - from Roanoke, Va.

## Just Judgment

How can they know the temptings of the cup  
Whose lips ne'er touched the brim?  
How can they know the bitterness of tears  
Whose eyes were never dim?  
How can they know the scorching of a flame  
Who never faced a fire?  
How can they know the craving of a man  
Who never felt desire?

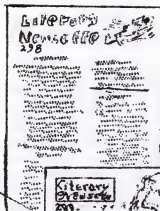
How can they know a martyr's agony  
Who never faced a cross?  
How can they know the bitterness of death  
Who never felt a loss?  
How can they know the hunger of the poor  
Who never starved for food?  
How can they justly judge the bad  
Whose lives were always good?

— Dora Hepner Meitoret

## LOVE'S DEATH

Hateful tongue spit forth thy fury,  
Burn the delicate tissues of love.  
Impatience goaded thee on.  
But when love is dead,  
After you've burnt every delicate fibre,  
Then, will you have patience?  
Will you sooth instead of lash,  
Will you be balm instead of fire,  
Will you quit searing my soul?

— Camille Scontrino  
NAPA MB



ESET THOUGH WE'VE BEEN  
WITH DELAYS AND SETBACKS,  
HERE WE ARE WITH OUR SPEC-  
IAL ISSUE DATED JUNE. BUT  
PUBLISHED IN MARCH, 1950!

Off hand I can't say how many —  
if any— amateur press publications  
have reached number 300 with full in-  
tentions of making it 500.

As before, we offer space first to  
new members for contributions and/or  
personalities; second to inactive or  
non-publishing members. We hope to  
continue publishing news items and  
comments. Until time and pocketbook  
permit otherwise we will continue  
our policy of using only short items.



X-44 4827

#271



# Literary Newsette

No. 302

Roanoke, Virginia

8/1/49

## FARMERS ARE PAMPERED PEOPLE

Someone, reading what I'd been doing, asked me if I married a farmer. Mart retorted, "I'M the one who married a farmer, I think." And I'm beginning to feel that being a farmer would be to excel in a favored group. I didn't know, until we acquired a rural address, how many advantages are available to the farmer. Even to such strictly limited ones as we there are extended all sorts of advice; the agricultural stations are available to all, but who in the city would want a fruit-tree spraying program, or be interested in how to build chicken houses, or want their soil tested? But our local station at VPI (Virginia Polytechnic Institute) goes further than merely sending out pamphlets; if you get stuck on any problem from draining a septic tank to building a coal guard for your bin (two examples of Shady Acre problems) they'll write you letters of advice so concerned that you feel obliged to reply.

They maintain experimental stations in agriculture, animal husbandry, food and nutrition, and others I haven't yet had to consult. They send their experts to address and instruct groups of people interested in various subjects; and at present they are particularly interested in exploring the possibilities of home freezers. A home freezer is one of the greatest boosts to a standard of living and to me it seems significant that the largest percent of them are found in farm homes; city dwellers will tell you it is because we rural people raise vegetables and fowls and have more need for them, but they just haven't read the experiments. But don't get me started on that, for what I meant to bring out was if I'm a farmer Gee! but I'm lucky! And confidentially, Mart agrees.

## THE SPIRIT OF '76

The beating drums of pioneers,  
 The fifes of Liberty,  
 Led nations on to new careers,  
 For men who must be free.  
 None then too old with bandaged head  
 To rouse the lagging host,  
 And none, beside the battle dead,  
 Too young to halt the boast  
 Of marching foes with stubborn shrill  
 Of wilder music, borne  
 From lips inspired by gallant will  
 To conquer though forlorn....  
 Their spirit now shall lead the van  
 Through time's adversity,  
 And brave the wars of hungered man  
 For life and industry.

--Frank E. Schermerhorn

\*\*\*\*\*

## COLOPHON

Back in August I was optimistic; I began this issue, cut most of it and then the events related in #305 rearranged my plans. In looking for material to finish out the space I discovered that I have a plethora of material --- all of it too long, or ---in the case of poetry--- too wide for one column. I've sent out calls for material with the result that I get more out-sized material; haven't we any tailors in the association who can provide me with half or single-column mss?

LITERARY NEWSETTE is published in the interests of the National Amateur Press Association in the Star City of America by Willametta Keffer Shady Acre, R#5, Box 208 -- Roanoke, Va.



# Literary Newspaper

No. 305 (ULN #22)

Roanoke, Va.

10/28/49

## TOIL AND TROUBLE?

Those witches think they got trouble! They should hang around Shady Acre! Not that it is TROUBLE. My "trouble" is in hours having only 60 minutes, and weeks only seven days.

In NaPrexy Ellis' Yack Yack he says we can always find time to do the thing we actually want to do; and 99 times out of 100 I'd agree, but no one enjoys amateur journalism more than I. My second trouble is that I have too much zest for living, am interested in too many things and there's a saturation point. I decided I'd cut out things I don't enjoy, but that included only dish washing.

I've acknowledged few journals (tho I read them and composed comments): I owe letters to everyone I know, and when I do write I fill two pages with excuses; so I've decided to stencil my excuses & spend no more time on them. To begin: when the AAPA held its 1947 convention here I met Mrs. Anne Parker who conducts "The Radio Bookshelf" and she mentioned that Roanoke had no writers' club and we decided to start one when I had time to assist her. This past winter we decided there was no time like the present, so we had some preliminary meetings, finally called our prospects and now the club meets monthly; as a co-parent I'm obligated to attend but I did refuse office (a fact Mart and my parents find hard to believe). Last Friday (Oct. 21st) we had a small dinner for Dr. Frank Slaughter at Hotel Roanoke; he was a local surgeon before he became a successful novelist; his latest ("The Divine Mistress") was released last week. Introducing him after dinner, Nelson Bond remarked he was

the butcher, after the lambs were fed he was now leading us to Slaughter. Bond is another local writer well known to fantasy fans, his "Thirty-first of February" was released this spring, and "Exiles of Time" this week.

Mart belongs to the Elbestian Legion (a fraternity of former Lone Scouts including such amateur journalists as Helm Spink, Joe Gudonis, Russ Paxton, Ray Albert, Marvin Neel, etc.) which plans to hold its 1950 convention in Roanoke. The local members have been holding planning meetings for months (Nov. 12th they meet at Shady Acre) and to occupy more of my time they made me Secretary.

Another organization which started out innocently requiring only one day a month is the Home Demonstration Club, but within a month I was made a Leader, which meant an additional day a month to attend Leader Training Meetings. Last year I was on the County Yearbook Committee (which is somewhat like being assistant Official Editor) and this year I was made Chairman. On the excuse of that Chairmanship I expected to escape holding office in my individual club, but I was elected Secretary AND Leader and I suspect I'll also continue being the Publicity Chairman. Some issue I'll write up the H.D. Clubs; when I lived in the city I did not know such activity existed. As part of my activity I made a rug, and naturally I couldn't be satisfied until I dyed material and evolved a design (a genuine "primitive"); I also made a purse and some towels by Spanish weaving; and embroidered covers. All these were exhibited in our October Achievement Day and I was surprised and stunned when I placed first in the Art Handwork Division; my prize was ten yards of material from the silk mills at Rocky Mount; so

X-PN 4827



## **Leaves**

Published by Warren Rosenberger  
Box 608 Cresskill, N. J.

No. 36

Oct. 15, 1950

### **Editor's Comment**

**Back in the** When I read (and  
**Bundle** enjoy) the papers  
in the bundle, I have a feeling of  
guilt because I do not contribute.  
When it was announced that 260  
copies are needed for the Mailer,  
I decided to take advantage of the  
fewer copies required.

This is a break for publishers.  
Why not levy a bundle tax for all  
members not qualifying for the  
right to vote? Thus copies would  
go only to deserving members.

4827

#274



## Leaves

Published by Warren Rosenberger  
Box 608 Creskill, N. J.

No. 37

December 1950

### EDITOR'S COMMENT

Amateur journalists, by and large, have one thing in common. They finish what they start. I venture to say this accounts for the existence of the hobby today.

Strengthening of all AJ groups would result, however, if more members would get the urge to make a start. This would seem to be the *sine qua non* of continued progress. As Harry Lauder used to sing: "Keep on to the end; keep on to the end of the road."

No. 44 4827 Berk. Collection.  
Ran. Berk.



#275

LAVELLE

*Autumn, 1950*

*Number One*

---

The Dog - - in life  
the firmest friend,  
the first to welcome,  
foremost to defend.

### THANK YOU, LITTLE DOG!

*by Ruth Shartel*

THANK YOU for coming to our house, little dog.  
You never asked if we were rich or poor, good or bad,  
but accepted us gladly, putting a soft, cold nose in our  
hands as a sign of adoption.

We are wondering, now, if we are worthy of you.  
Perhaps if you knew us better, you would not make  
heroes of us. There would be less eagerness to lick our  
hands and to come running joyfully at our command.

X-PN 4827

\*276



No. 6

January 1950

## Get A Collection and enjoy the hobby

There are many people in amateur journalism today that are missing one of the greatest thrills and spirit lifters in the hobby. They are the amateurs that do not have collections; and even some of those that do have collections but aren't able to find a certain journal at will.

Last night I was reading copies of The National Amateur. The files of 1940-41. Just reading about the things that went on gives you a feeling of being there.

Or reading the file of Campagne this afternoon. The politics of a few years back, the articles on the various print shops, the articles on the conventions.

Or perhaps reading the file of Literary Newsette. The news, the happenings, the comments of the past few years wrapped up in one journal.

You can't duplicate it anywhere! Just start a collection and prove it to yourself!

No. 308

LITERARY  
NEWSETTE

V/V50

And a Happy New Year to you all

WE NEED YOU NOW

## LOVE IS ABROAD

Now down the street  
Through slush and sleet,  
December winds chill blowing,  
Unmindful of  
The grey above,  
A happy throng is going.

Another day  
Of gloom and gray,  
And feet might seem more weary,  
But not today!  
No, not that way  
Go Christmas shoppers choosy.

Now grey and gloom  
Can find no room  
And blues must die a-borning,  
For down the street  
Through slush and sleet,  
Love is abroad this morning.

-- Dora Hepner Moitoret

## FEAR

I scorn thee who let the lashing tongues  
of others  
Slash and destroy the sunlit path you trod.  
The road is smooth and the sun shines warm;  
And no man-made cloud can darken paths  
That God's sun warms and God's earth pads.

NAPA M.B.

-- Camille Scontrino

If we didn't know before, we realize now that the Secretary is the heart of the Association, and when he hibernates the whole Association feels the effects. Those effects, as of now, were proclaimed in The Kitten, No. 32. The question follows: "What can we do?"

Almost all dues are payable January 1st; as of the 5th, Bernice had not yet received the records promised her Dec. first and could not send the bills; so why don't we all just mail in our dues and why not also include an extra dollar "For the National Amateur"? Life members and ex-presidents could just send in the dollar. Yes, I've done so already.

There are other ways we can overcome our misfortune in having an inactive secretary:

(1) If you have recruited a new member in the past year, send full information to the new Secretary (Mrs. Bernice Spink, 1900 Ansel Road, Cleveland 6, O.)

(2) Send some material in to the Manuscript Bureau.

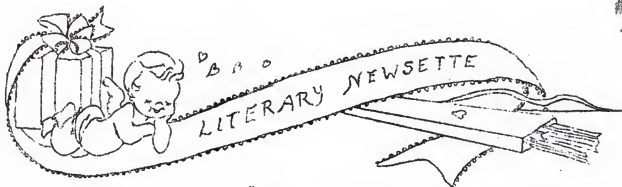
(3) Publish a paper at once and help renew the life-blood.

(4) Urge renewal of their membership to any former member you know.

(5) Recruit a new member

In short, we have come upon desperate days and the Association needs you. We can't let one man do this to us! Let's get out our papers, and get out of the depression.





#310

Roanoke, Va.

Feb. 15, 1950

## WILL YOU BE MY TURPENTINE?

WELCOME! WELCOME!

Valentine, that good old saint,  
Sure knows how to sling the paint,  
He's got more cards than Culberson  
And keeps the postman on the run.

He sits up nights to write 'em out,  
I guess he spends all year, about,  
To make 'em up for us to send  
To sweetheart, enemy or friend.

He lays 'em out in grand array  
For our selection on his day.  
We buy 'em by the gross, because  
Old Valentine does as he does.

The store-bought cards may be O.K.  
But I'd much rather have my say,  
And write it out in my own ink,  
To tell my sweetie what I think.

— Al G. Sharp

\*\*\*\*\*

"A kiss bestowed upon the lips of the  
beloved, holds the strength of the lover"

## THE FLAME BURNS ON

A silent wish, a vision, and a soft breeze awakens the  
knowledge that a flame has ignited and blazed forth  
with the strength of a volcanic eruption.

The glory of it all left a bewilderment only to evaporate  
into ecstatic heights and the trembling nerves were  
pillowed in the name LOVE.

Tongues of flame grasped eagerly at the food of the body,  
feeding upon it until its hunger was satisfied, leaving  
the crumbs of passion.

With its fulfillment came also the unrest, for it repeat-  
edly grasped for more and more, and for its greediness  
it left only the shell.

Upon gazing at the shell a flame somewhat condensed still  
burned in victorious glory as the passion had subsided,  
leaving the flame of an undying love.

— Stephany Marjeff M.B.

On February 9th, Alan Autry Moitoret selected Vic and Rowena for his parents, and Carolyn for his sister; having met all three of them we are able to comment that he is a smart baby. Grandmother Dora arrived shortly thereafter from Seattle and plans to make her home in the East, probably Ohio. She is considering buying a car and making a trip through the Shenandoah valley to look over the ancestral stamping grounds. Shady Acre has already dusted off the driveway! Vic is home from the hospital now recovering from jaundice.

\*\*\*\*\*

On March 2nd, a New Edition publication notice was sent out announcing Edwin Curtis Harler, III, whose choice was Jan and Ed. We are willing to give you odds that there isn't a happier or more pleased family in the country.

\*\*\*\*\*

Published for the

NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS

ASSOCIATION by

Willametta Keffer  
Shady Acre  
Route #5, Box 208  
Roanoke, Virginia

\*

"The Star City of the  
South"

\*

A-PN 4827

#279

## Leaves

Published by Warren Rosenberger  
Box 608 Cresskill, N. J.

No. 38 Jan. 31, 1951

### EDITOR'S COMMENT

That a group of active printers is planning to organize a new association is hinted in a recent *New Estate*. Obviously, the reference is to the A. P. C.

It is strange that threats of a secession of this potent group should arise when our papers are talking one united association. It would be a serious blow to this promising movement.

Our stalwarts of the A. P. C. should be dissuaded from this ill-advised venture.

X-PN 4827

#280

## Leaves

Published by Warren Rosenberger  
Box 608 Cresskill, N. J.

No. 39

Feb. 15, 1951

### EDITOR'S COMMENT

A recent survey shows that most people are unhappy in their present hobbies. To them we respectfully urge consideration of the Prince of Hobbies, Amateur Journalism.

Other hobbies have limitations. Mountain-climbing is hazardous; one may get "shot" by an amateur photographer; collecting buttons is hard on shirts.

Let each member spread the good word about our hobby to all who are seeking a better one.

X-PN L827

#281

## Locus

Number 4 — March, 1951

Diamond Jubilee Convention — Philadelphia, July 4-5-6

U U U U U U U U U U U U U U U

### The Four Horsemen

By Dora Hepner Moitoret

Never four horsemen rode across the land with such arrant knighthood, with banners so bravely streaming, with hearts so singingly high, with faces so shining, as rode The Four into the Cleveland convention. True, the banners streaming from the Wesson station wagon may have been strands of poison ivy caught from the trees beneath which Sir Shep and Sir Cockerel slept near Hamburg, Pennsylvania. Alike in truth, the banners waving from the Segal chariot may have been only wreaths of smoke from Harold's pipe — those from the Moitoret convertible may have been diapers drying in the breeze, but the chargers hurled themselves forward to the battlements of the tournaments.

Four Horsemen of the APoCalypse, representing some of the fine qualities of amateur journalism today. It has been a long time, fifteen years in fact, since Ralph Babcock rose to preside at the convention in Oakland, California, and spoke with trembling lips and misty eyes, so nervous

X-PN 4827



#282

# Locus

1950 -- Teamwork Year -- 1951

Vol. 1, No. 2      August, 1950      Whole No. 2

U U U U U U U U U U U U U U U U

## Presidential Appointments

In accordance with Article V, paragraph 4 of the Constitution, I have made the following appointments of NAPA officers for 1950-51:

*Manager of the Mailing Bureau*---Hazel Segal, 4528 Shelmire Ave., Phila. 36, Pa. Mrs. Segal will be assisted by other PAPA members in doing an efficient job.

*Historian*---Edna Hyde McDonald, 1974 University Ave., New York 53, N. Y. Vondy plans innovations including a study of recent NAPA trends.

*Librarian*---Nita Gerner Smith, 301 Laurel Court, Point Pleasant, N. J. Actually, as Helm Spink would point out, I didn't make this appointment; in any case, I applaud Nita's continuing hard work for the association.

*Manager of the Script Bureau*---Earle Cornwall, 827 W. Colden, Los Angeles 44, Calif. Duke will forge this



# Literary Newsette

No. 321

Roanoke, Virginia

Dec. 15, 1951

## IT'S A SMALL WORLD DEPARTMENT

By Cmdr. Victor A. Moitoret

Navy Lieutenant (jg) Gene Courtney, new friend who is stationed at the Hydrographic Office now after having been recalled to active duty from his post as Assistant Professor at the University of Kansas (see CAPC Crier No. 2) knew I was a stamp collector because he lived with us for two weeks before he went west to bring his family back here to live. So he knew I would be interested when he found that a civilian employee of the Hydrographic Office who lived in the same apartment as the Courtneys was also a stamp collector, who, according to Gene, had even more albums and more stamps than I did. I lost little time in meeting the man—and it was true—his collection includes about 40,000 stamps while mine numbers only slightly more than 20,000. But we made an early date for a swapping session.

Thus it was that William H. Littlewood and I were busily engaged in trading duplicates and admiring items in each other's collections when the phone rang and Rowena began a chat with Washington member Al Magnuson. From the depths of our considerations of perforations and watermarks we overheard some of the conversation and the word "Fossil" made Bill stop and look up. As a biologist, zoologist, and oceanographer, he was interested in fossils.

I explained to him, then, that these Fossils were all still alive and what they were. He got a quick introduction to amateur journalism along with it, of course. Then he came back with, "I used to know a fellow who was an amateur editor and a stamp collector, too—one of my best friends—his name was Burton J. Smith."

"WHAT?" Rowena and I gasped, and then addressed a rapid string of questions—

*Merry Xmas  
to you all from*

*Mart + Williametta*

## THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Our weather's changing like the times—  
The winters warm, the summers cold;  
There's nothing like it used to be,  
In happy carefree days of old.

We used to wear our summer clothes  
When good old summer time was here;  
Now minus hats, hose and few clothes,  
We wander forth all through the year.

In winter time the sleigh bells rang;  
A cheery, merry sound to hear;  
Now automobiles honk their horns—  
You leap across the streets with fear.

The good old days, the good old days—  
When life was not so full of things  
That clutter up the mind and time;  
Change, unrest, progress always brings.

— May M. Duffee

## TO A CHILD

I saw the breezes braid your hair,  
I felt your baby kiss.  
I'll never doubt a miracle  
After one like this.

— Viola Autry Payne

# Literary Newsette

No. 320

Roanoke, Virginia

Nov. 25, 1951

## COMMENTS & SUGGESTIONS

By Beecher Ogden

I am not very familiar with the early history of the NAPA but I know definitely that amateur politics have been a feature of the hobby since the first days. The view you express that we have become fed up on it and may spontaneously concentrate on literature is hopeful, but, frankly, I do not think it will be realized. In the NAPA there seems to be a group which likes to play at parliamentary procedure. They know something of its technicalities but do not observe the simplest elementary rules. The first is that the member recognized by the chair has the floor; the other is that anything that is said should be addressed to the chairman. And it is commonly understood that one acts as a gentleman.

I understand that a total of about fourteen hours was spent on the amendments and that two were passed. I was not present but just the length of time shows clearly that the proceedings were probably along the same line as other matters that are talked about. If the chairman understood parliamentary procedure and had exercised his power as chairman the fourteen hours could have been cut to fourteen minutes.

My personal opinion is that the NAPA needs an entirely different form of organization. The business should be conducted by the officers as a Board. The business of the convention should be limited to hearing reports of the officers. Amendments should be submitted to the Board and reported to the members for approval or disapproval — just a vote. Discussion should be before the Board acting just as a committee would act. The programme for the meeting should include matters pertaining to A.J., and could be broken into several meetings or groups on different subjects at the same time. A substantial part of the time should be free for members for anything

-over-

## NEWS NOTES

The George Freitags have a son, born Oct. 5th and named Mark Edward Freitag.

Horace E. Freeman, NAPA ex-prexy who was elected at the New York convention of 1898, died August 20th at his home in East Orange, New Jersey.

We haven't seen much mention of the death of David W. Cade of Brooklyn, N.Y. He died after a very brief illness at his home on March 22nd, 1951. He was born in Washington, D. C., the son of Capt. John T. Cade who served with distinction in the Union Army in the War Between the States. His only survivor is his widow, Charlotte.

New member, Clarence Thompson of Pasadena has a small platen press in his home and we think he should be talked into publishing; how about a concentrated campaign? And Chet Whelan, too, while you are about it; he is witty and a publication by him would be a tonic.

I'm still disappointed that Elmer K. Lyon (of Maine) has never gotten around to printing; he says that he has been kept so busy with Grange and Lodge that he hasn't had the chance to print, and he also does job printing, so if you are looking for a printer he may be able to take care of you. Might query him.

A note from member F. F. Thomas, Jr. of Berkeley in May was postmarked Saranac Lake, N.Y. & explained that his son, Bill, who is a doctor, has a position on the Medical Staff of Trudeau Sanatorium just outside the village. Bill's wife, Shirley, and their son, Peter Folger Thomas (who will be two on January 23rd) have an apartment near Hotel Saranac, where Mr. and Mrs. Thomas stayed.

Eula Christian received a citation for "meritorious service" from the Disabled American Veterans of Tennessee in June during their state convention at Cleveland, Tenn. Ever since her visit to the Veterans' Hospital in Roanoke during her visit to Shady Acre two years ago she has been active for the veterans.





#313 Feb. 14, 1951

# Literary Newsette

WHAT'S THE NEWS?

## STRICTLY DISTAFF STUFF

Feb. 9, 1951

A talented writer once remarked in a class I attended, that every successful author had had an unhappy childhood in one way or another. Implying, perhaps, that writing is one form of encasing the seed of our discontent in nacre. The inference by contradistinction naturally is that the completely happy individual is less inclined to write.

If these are true, that may explain why LITNEWS achieves such a spasmodic publication. Equally, however, LN may merely illustrate a basic law of physics: inertia. When you haven't published for months it is hard to force yourself to it, even with a drawer full of contributions. We keep thinking of the explanations we must make for our delays, and since there are so many pleasanter occupations than making excuses, we turn to them, and the deadline for getting the paper to Hazel has passed and we think we'll wait 'til nearer next month which manages to slip upon us with incredible speed.

Actually, inertia was overcome last autumn to the extent that we procured a supply of paper and cut some appropriate headings. One issue of United Lit-News and an LN were mailed off, and we even sent Hazel the fee for #313, assuring her it would soon be mailed.

A rounded rock lining our driveway was my downfall. Running down the lane for the mail on December 4th, I stepped the wrong way on the rock and the result was a sprained ankle. The accident happened mid-morning of a cold day and since there was no one around I was obliged to get back to the house alone,

-over-

LN hates missing publication, especially when we have a scoop, as we did last year when Jim Guinane was married, so we hasten to report that during January a son, David Anthony, was born to Jim and Norma Guinane.

We haven't the date, but in 1950 Jud and Margaret Compton added a boy, Bill, to the family circle.

Margaret Gawthrop sailed on a Mediterranean cruise on the Oslofjord from New York, February 7th. Vondy and Emily Shattuck were her dinner guests on the 5th. She will be gone two months.

Mrs. Alice Boorman Williamson had a collection of poems published by Dietz Press of Richmond, Va. Titled "Cinderella's Slippers" they range from solemn to the lightly whimsical.

Paul Heir, our newest Chicago member, owns a place at Mill Spring, No. Carolina and may eventually be practically a neighbor of ours. He is an enthusiastic member and beginning to publish; keep your eye on him.

Mart has had three pages of Martini ready but has been begging for a page of prose to complete it.

\*\*\*\*\*

Feb. 15th

The N & W offices where Mart works have been completely rebuilt and new air conditioners installed. These have mixed their seasons and persist in delivering cooling zephyrs which have broadcast colds. Mart was home again for several days this week and again the running of LN was delayed. A stack of seed catalogs is tantalizingly at hand but will be ignored while this issue is run off by

Willametta Keffer

Shady Acre, R#5, Box 208 -- Roanoke, Va.

# The Los Angeles 7 #286

## Weekly Newsance

A Noose-Paper Appearing At Irregular Intervals

\*\*\* ISSUE NO 10 \*\*\* FEBRUARY, 1962 \*\*\* MEMBERS U.A.P.A. & A.A.P.A. \*\*\* 7th Year  
LYON DARRAT, EDITOR 1560 WILSON BLVD., LOS ANGELES 7, CALIF.

### A MATTER OF LEGIBILITY

Here's a hint borrowed from the photocopy experts: When you have difficulty in reading material mimeographed or printed on both sides of the sheet, simply procure a sheet of black paper or a piece of black cloth and lay the sheet over it. This usually kills the "show-through".

### AND NOW THE AMERICAN

For over five years a privately-circulated paper, just among friends, relatives, and acquaintances, the *Weekly Newsance* has at last discovered and joined the ranks of organized amateur journalism (a.j. for short). Last Summer we joined the United Amateur Press Association, of some 350 members, and then we were recommended for the American Amateur Press Association, which we recently joined. Scattered about the country, though mainly in the East, the American A.P.A. is quite an active group, of about 155 souls at last counting. Our circulation thus takes a jump to the dizzy figure of 750 copies.

### TRUE OR FALSE ?

The other day a friend of ours asked us: "Wasn't it General Semantics who captured Fort Korzybski on Nulay Hill during the last war?" ...To find out whether he was right, turn to page 3 of this issue.

### EXTRA!! EVOLUTION SPEEDS UP!

In E. T. Carter's *Walloo Wallo* Magazine, an A.A.P.A. publication from Washington State, there was a delightful account a couple of issues ago about a fish who was happy to be eaten, as much so as the pelican who was eating him, for he was saving millions of years and making a tremendous evolutionary progress in just one gulp! The fish's only regret was, how much greater a jump he could have made up the scale, had he been eaten by a man. The article was cleverly illustrated.

### IT'S EITHER NOT ENOUGH RAIN OR TOO MUCH

The Southern California dry spell of some years' standing was broken recently by a series of torrential downpours, and although this part of Los Angeles rode out the storm fairly well, several other districts, particularly the San Fernando Valley, were severely flooded. The Leach cottage belonging to our friends the E. Lindams, located at the entrance to Topanga Canyon, a few miles north of Santa Monica, was swept into the sea by the flood waters.

### among the bundles

The U.A.P.A. had just about the largest number of papers ever in its two December mailings. Notable were the many multi-colored greeting cards, with individual messages and often appropriate verses. In keeping with the New Year's approach was "Star Lines No. 1" a little magazine containing this issue the winning entries in a verse contest, the assigned subject being life in 3000 A.D. Alex Graftie, a handsomely-printed paper by Martin Sanj of San Francisco, contained a provocative article on the "decline" of amateur journalism, but other papers could seem to indicate that the spirit is by no means as dead as all that.

X-PN4827  
DEC 7 1960  
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COPY  
#289

# Lone-Star Scripts

UAPA Publication  
Creative Writing Club  
Snyder High School, Snyder, Texas

Vol. III, No. 1

Fall, 1960

## President's Message

We of Snyder High School who have an innate desire to develop our creative writing abilities have joined together for the third consecutive year in an organization known as the Creative Writing Club, under the direction and counsel of Mrs. M. M. O'Rear, an English instructor in our high school.

We request the indulgence of the adult members of UAPA. Please accept our immature offerings as we contribute to the "bundles." To open this club year, we respectfully submit our first 1960-61 issue of LONE-STAR SCRIPTS for your approval.

—Dick Martin  
President of CWC

---

## OFFICERS

President: Dick Martin	Editor: Sue Taylor
Vice President: Ann Byrd	Assistant Editor: Judy Wallace
Sponsor: Mrs. M. M. O'Rear	Sec.-Treas.: Joyce Langridge

X-PN 4827 #255  
**Leaves**

Vol. 1

No. 2

***A Short Walk To A  
Neighboring Town***

After crossing the highway you walk along a curving macadam road lined with trees.

A pause on the bridge gives a moment to view a charming winter landscape. A stream courses through dead matted grass and frozen ground with fringes of ice along its banks.

You cross the railroad with its ribbon of steel reaching into the distance, then past the low sprawling bronze factory.

Soon you reach the attractive, well-kept homes on the outskirts of the town.



## Leaves



Old Oaken Bucket  
Pray, do tell!  
Hole in the ground  
Well, Well, Well!

No. 3

X-PN 4827

#290

This issue of  
**THE LOST CHORD**  
is dedicated to  
**VINCENT HAGGERTY**

.... because when I was scribbling down the copy for this number, I felt as though Vince was standing beside me, his hands in his pockets, watching me write, and chuckling. I did not know what to make of this feeling.... so decided to dedicate this issue to Vince.

—Joseph J. Gudonis

X-PN 4927

#291

L



Christmas  
Joy



# LITERARY Newzette

THE BURTON J. SMITH MEMORIAL LIBRARY  
By Willametta Turnpseed, President of The  
National Amateur Press Assn. Springfield, O.



Lt. Burton J. Smith

Physically the Library consists of 45 corrugated cartons in the attic of Burton Jay Smith's aunt in Wyandott, Michigan. Much of it was sorted and roughly indexed before he went to war. There are several complete collections, plus rare items sent him by older members. Choice journals sent his co-editor of LITERARY NEWZETTE (me!) are destined to be included in the library. There is also a growing collection of newspaper clippings, and I am gathering photographs of amateurs.

All collecting is continuing, but I have not asked his aunt to forward his journals since war scarcities makes it temporarily impossible to get materials to make dust-proof boxes. These he had planned to tailor to size, and to cover with imitation leather to give the appearance of bound volumes without mutilating the journals. We had planned card indices with elaborate cross-indexing so as to find material on every subject, event, or personality upon demand. For this was to be a living library, to be used for reference and for source material.

Much of the zest is gone, since he is not here to share the work and the satisfaction, but if one small obstacle can be overcome I shall do more than merely catalog and for



X-PN4827

L

AUG 15 1962

SOURCE UNKNOWN

VOLUME FOUR.

NUMBER TWENTY.

Copy

New Years Number.

LITERIS.

AN AMATEUR MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF ORIGINAL WRITINGS.

JANUARY, 1900.

2  
CENTS  
A  
COPY.

PUBLISHED BY  
EDWARD L. BOWERMAN,  
11 S. Elizabeth Street.  
Chicago, Ill.,

15  
CENTS  
A  
YEAR.

x PV4827.2

#294

VOLUME FOUR.

NUMBER TWENTY-ONE.

It is the glorious doom of literature, that the evil perishes  
and the good remains.--Lytton.

## LITERIS.

An Amateur Monthly Magazine of Original Writings.

FEBRUARY, 1900.

EDITED & PUBLISHED BY,  
EDWARD L. BOWERMAN.  
11 S. Elizabeth St., Chicago, Ill.,

X-4N4827L

SOURCE UNKNOWN

AUG 15 1962

VOLUME FOUR.

NUMBER TWENTY-TWO

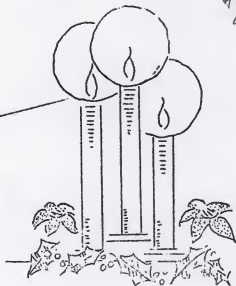
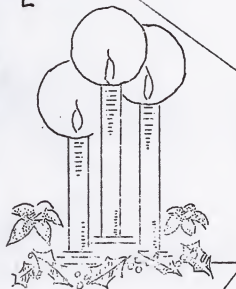


#295

# LITERIS.

MARCH, 1900.

PUBLISHED BY  
**LITERIS PUBLISHING CO.**  
11 S. Elizabeth St., Chicago, Ill.,



Although within the Christmas wreath of LITERARY NEWSETTE there glows a gold star in memory of our co-editor, 1st. Lt. Burton Jay Smith, who died in the crash of his B-24 Liberator in England on September 1st, we know that our world is the better for his having shared it, and for himself as well as us we send the greetings of the season to all who enjoy the hobby he loved,

and as PRESIDENT of the NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS  
ASSOCIATION

here's a special



Merry  
Christmas



from

Willametta

X- IN 4827  
L

# FOR PEACE OF OUR WORLD The Lamplighter

TRUTH

KNOWLEDGE HOPE Mankind Life & World  
Number Published by Cleuterio, Trope, Member, United  
Four National and American Amateur Press Associations.  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.



#297

FROM CORNERS OF THE EARTH SHAKING :

Rumors of war everywhere are warning calls that we daily feel like bugles calling from everywhere. Either from the deep hills somewhere in the vast cities or from the remote jungles, all of Mankind takes the share that goes on and what are to be expected. Uncertainties and fears vibrate in each individual in every corner of the earth. Shaking rigidly into a tension of nervousness, every one feels the emotion that are carried on along everywhere. Without anyone to escape away from; all in a turbulent of hope and fear. It is either to boil down into nothingness..or the one to be expected will be calmness and peace, into a temperature fitting enough for all to live;

thus comes the harmony and order in a glorious world where everyone will love one another through the guidance of faith and understanding. There is nothing to fear in our world when we have such faith, and the belief that our fellowman has what we need today, Peace and love. Not one wants war nor any kind of conflict. The faith that we have would conquer any kind of appraisals or conflict that may befall on us. In our daily life, it is the love that we belong and where our duty exhorts us to do, to share the good and love for which we have of our life and our fellowman.

\*\*\*\*\*

## THE ONLY CREED

REAL EDUCATION is to know ourselves; to know all that we do and say, to know who, what and why we are here; the purpose of our being in life; To know the reason of all things. It is to know how to face life and guide ourselves better. In all, it is to know the Truth.

To just forgive the unkind acts that some may do to you  
Forget that those you thought were friends,  
Have proved themselves untrue.

To ask a blessing on those souls,  
Who failed you in your need,  
And still have faith in ALL MANKIND".  
This is the only CREED:  
Ada Mae Heffrek

## OF A SUCCESSFUL "MARRIAGE"

It is love that everyone looks for (which is good and lasting); marriage seems only the solution. Those who sees marriage as only the way... are mostly in desperate need for it, while those aware of the many varying results of marriage life, lays off and waits. Unlike our forefathers life when there wasn't so much rush, and our world not as small as now (through transportation), marriage life was practical. Today, everyone sees one another through the ventures we have come and the natural courses of life coming along with it. Freedom for ones being into the world he lives and belongs, is what everyone principle, in marriage - both the husband and wife wants freedom for each life belongs not to each other alone but for life, a love for the world he lives in. For such successful marriage it is love of all and understanding, which would make it possible

## SOUNDING EVENTS TO COME

Everywhere strikes and all kinds of revolts will arise; this is to ask for more. When the rise of wages is granted, prices of commodities also will rise, when it does, again strikes will arise, without satisfaction on either side. Final results will be chaos and corruption.

## WE ARE DOING TO OURSELVES WHAT WE DO TO THE OTHERS

WHEN we try to pass the time away, we'll have passed yet and time will still be here. Time is indefinite, it has no beginning nor end. It is measureless. While in life it's for us to make its worth, to do our purpura.

LOVE IS LIFE ITSELF, IT'S PEACE, GOOD AND HARMONY OF OUR LIFE.....  
\*\*\*\*\*

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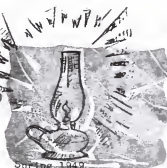
#298

# FOR PEACE OF OUR WORLD

## The Lamplighter

TRUTH

KNOWLEDGE HOPE Mankind, Life & World  
 Number Published by Eleuterio C. Trope, Member, United  
 Four National and American Amateur Press Associations.  
 Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, U. S. A. Spring 1949



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\*\*\*\*\*



"FOR PEACE OF OUR WORLD"

# The Lamplighter

TRUTH

KNOWLEDGE

HOPE

Mankind

Life &amp; Works

Winter 1949

Number Five

## LOVESONG

Clara Lundy Crawford

I love you. Without pretense or sham  
my heart is yours, and yours alone.  
I love you. Because I do, I must be  
proud to be your own.

I love you, and my love is like a flag  
I swear allegiance to, a standard high.  
I love you, and my love must never  
touch

the dust,  
Nor hide in shame, nor live a lie.  
I love you, and if you loved me less  
there could be no happiness!

## BRIDGE

Mary Lucetta Barker

Your world, so far removed from mine,  
And mine, remote from this,  
Can both be bridged by love divine  
And one small, tender kiss.

## "SCIENTIFIC WONDERS"

All kinds of devices will appear everywhere made from scientific means, all for the purpose of acquiring material value. Be aware of them for they only take our attention, to be entertained; with all we have of them still no satisfaction will come. This results in the rapid rush of our life, causing the many sickness and disease.

A Rhythm in the Earth.  
\*\* A Rhythm for all. \$\$\$ \*\*

## LOVE IS UNDERSTANDING

By Ester G. Gaudiel

In order for us to have love we must have understanding of our life and our fellowman. Life is ours and we have to make the best of it. Peace & Happiness is in ourselves and in each individual; to know the dread of bloodshed and learn the treasure we call peace. Love, Sympathy, must be planted or sowed in every individual's heart. To depict to them that we are all brothers and must love each other.

\$\$\$\$\$

## PREPARE!



THE REASON

... Firm on your solid faith  
you stand,  
A rock from which you never  
room.  
The lamp held steady in your  
hand,  
Still casts its flame against  
the night;  
And well I know that guiding  
light  
At last will lead me home.

- J. Clarkson Miller

3 Fairmont Ave., Hastings-on-  
Hudson, New York, U.S.A.  
Courtesy, The AMERICAN COUNCIL

## EVERYONE WILL HAVE HIS SHARE

The mastery (knowledge) of  
life is never achieved un-  
less the present existence  
in Man is not known.

Everyone will go through all  
that is in life, all that life  
has stored for us, for us to know  
and understand ourselves, our  
life and world. For being where  
we are, it is there that we are  
in the step of the ladder that  
we have to climb in life, to at-  
tain the right knowledge and pro-  
pation, which will give us the  
truth and light of our world. We  
prepare to face anything that

## PERSISTENCE IS LIFE

The only permanence in our  
world, is ourselves, our life,  
as long as we are all still in  
life. Wherever we might be, our  
course is to carry on and on  
unto life and to harness the -  
fruitful knowledge stored for  
us; to know ourselves and our  
purpose in life.

## OUR LIFE GOES ON & ON

Without everything of the  
past, our present life wouldn't  
be possible. All are Mankind, as  
in the past, to the present and  
in the future. From them to us  
and then to them, our children,  
we'll follow us - the Mankind of  
tomorrow. All are one, in one  
ring of music, without any divi-  
sions of creed, color or name. We  
are the children of yesterday,  
the Mankind of today, and the  
Mankind of tomorrow, will be our  
children of today. Them of yester-  
day made our life for us to-  
day, and we are the ones to make  
for them of tomorrow. Our  
children. Our children of tomor-  
row (mankind) depends upon us  
for guidance, as we have depen-  
ded upon them, Mankind of yester-  
day, for guidance. Everyone  
belongs to each other, as all  
the children are the children of  
all.

My sons and be thankful for we  
win one thus far; it is our  
share that we have to partake  
for the love that we have of  
life and our fellowman, that we  
at our fellowman is partaking,  
too, their love for all of us.  
With our knowledge of this, hav-  
ing faith in it, wherever we  
maybe happiness is with us, be-  
cause we know that our fellow-  
man has also what love we have,  
that we give our share to for all  
of us. To one is a stranger to  
no one as we are but together -  
for one another as one.

Each individual has in his self  
a complete education of life. -  
Himself is a knowledge much  
more greater than any school  
or colleges. \$\$\$\$\$\$

# LILY OF THE VALLEY

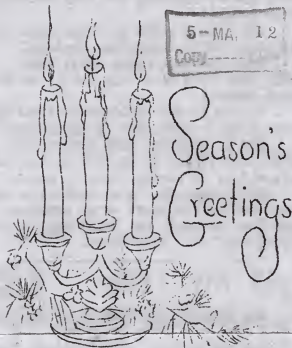
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CHARLES N. UPHAM, 4948 Blackstone Ave., Chicago, Illinois

VOLUME ONE

FALL, 1953

NUMBER FOUR



Season's  
Greetings

## nature

And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good.  
Gen. 1:21.

Man is the Lord's reflection. He had to create something to praise him and say unto him:

All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord; and thy saints shall bless thee.  
Ps. 145:60.

All his creatures were made for God and for man to enjoy. He made people to being about perfection. As he said to Abraham: Walk before me and be then perfect.

My dictionary says: Beauty is a combination of graces and charms pleasing to they eye and gratifying to the esthetic sense.

A white lily, a rose of different hues, a purple violet in the woods, we see the graceful swims, in the bright hues gathered together, parts of the form their natural habitats are all the

(see page two)

## BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS

Cheer and beautiful thought of God through nature.

Our summer days are most over. We are approaching the beautiful autumn time. September is a beautiful month.

Nature takes her pot of paint and paints the leaves on the trees orange, yellow, and red, before she drops them to the ground, and nature retires...while Old Man Winter is busy bringing with him his ice and snow and his biting frost. Even so, Nature has ways and means to beautify the earth with its decorations of frost and snow, on houses, trees, and fences.

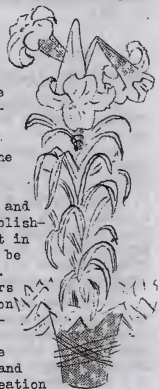
October is the beginning of a hunter's paradise. It is the month of color and falling leaves. Hallowe'en, harvest time. In the spring time nature puts on her dress of green; when autumn comes, she takes it off. She prepares for the long winter's nap.

For thus saith the Lord that created the heavens. God himself that formed the earth and made it; he hath established it, he invented not in vain; he formed it to be inhabited. Isa. 45:18.

This world of ours is a beautiful creation of God. Until man partook of the forbidden fruit, the tree of the devil led ye of good and evil. All of God's creation was and is beautiful.

\* \* \*

REMEMBER THE UAPAA LITERARY HONOR ROLL!!!!



#301

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# Leaves



June 1955

# LITERARY NEWSSETTE

No. 376

Roanoke, Virginia

September 1, 1955

## RAINBEAU

One day I chanced to meet  
A lassie of the town--  
Her girlish form was trim and neat,  
Her smiling eyes were brown.

We said, "Howdy"--lingered long to chat--  
Silver drops began to pelt--  
What a shame for my lassies' hat!  
I knew just how she felt.

I drew her quickly 'neath my wing,  
I raised my old umbrella--  
My heart began to sing,  
"You lucky, lucky fella!"

Shower over -- I could not let her go --  
I must confess my sin--  
Don't blame me--I'd have you know  
'Twas the dimple in her chin!

She forgave me-- What do you know!  
I am really not quite sane--  
For she calls me her rainbeau  
Since I kissed her in the rain!

--Anita Roberta Kirksey

\*\*\*\*\*

LITERARY NEWSSETTE was established in April of 1941 by Burton Jay Smith, who was born January 11, 1916, joined NAPA in 1935, entered the Air Force and died in his plane over England eleven years ago today. With Number 8 we became his co-editor and we continue it as he wished it: newsy, generous of space to contributors, deeply interested in the affairs of the association. We who knew him will not forget him.

Willametta Keffer

Shady Acre, Route 5, Box 606,  
Roanoke, Virginia

MY FIRST YEAR IN NAPA  
By Johnson D.A. Kuewumi

According to Wesson's chronicle, during his term as official Historian, I am the only NAPA member in Africa. The tale of how I became a member was sufficiently publicised in the October, 1953, issue of Carla's Long Live the King. It'll be superfluous to reiterate it. I am mainly concerned in this article with what happened during my first twelve months in our grand --the grandest ajay association.

The reminiscence herein outlined has been in my mind before the Portland convention of 1954. I never could translate it into writing partly owing to procrastination and partly owing to some sort of frustration, or something else. Better late than never. I am determined to write it fully aware that it may never get into print. Since I haven't got my own printing press and as long as NAPA publishers are still behaving with a high sense of discrimination, this may go as far as the file of the Manuscript Bureau Manager and end there.

How I pestered Carla with funny questions at the beginning. Two typical examples will crack any readers' ribs. "Is Hazel Segal a man or a woman?" That was when I received my membership card. Another poser: "...Your letter of 6/7/53.. was ante-dated." All because I forgot to the Americans the date would be interpreted as June 7, 1953; by the English method it would be July 6, 1953!

Carla gave me all worthwhile hints for a start. "...write a personal letter of comment and gratitude when you receive some of the most worthy papers..."

--over--

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# THE LOS ANGELES A-Jay NEWS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Vol. 1, No. 1

January 1956

J. B. Ferguson, Editor

=====

STARTING the New Year with something new is very appropriate. And this is it....a new Amateur Paper for the UAPA bundles!!

But, even at that, I nearly missed the dead-line with this first issue. I've been working at the local Post Office during the Christmas rush and had so little time to work up this issue.

As I announced in the last issue of my UAPA paper....FUMIN-N-FUSSIN!....., this paper is intended to be a co-operative publication containing the writings of UAPA members in the Los Angeles area. We're starting out with but eight pages in this issue, but watch it grow! I hope, to 12 or 16, or more, as other members discover that having an amateur newspaper representing Los Angeles in the UAPA bundles each month is a project worthy of support.

(turn to Page 7)

5 - FEB 24  
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#304

# THE L.A. NEWS -A-Jay NEWS-

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Vol. 1, No. 2

February 1956

J. B. Ferguson, Editor

=====X-PN-4827=====

THE HERO TYPE

By: J. B. Ferguson

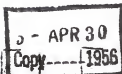
Joe Blow, hot-shot news hound for the Evening Eagle, stood on the street corner impatiently waiting for the light to change.

At first, Joe didn't pay much attention to the girl running down the apartment building steps. But when a fat lady in a flapping bathrobe came chasing after the girl and yelling..."Stop her! She just stole my necklace!" Joe's nose for news began to twitch.

The fat lady motioned frantically to a policeman walking along the sidewalk. "Officer!" she screamed, "stop that girl!...Stop Her!" Her loud shrieking quickly drew a crowd of curious pedestrians. (turn to page 2)

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#305

THE **LOS ANGELES**  
~A-Jay NEWS~

\*\*\*\*\*  
A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Vol. 1, No. 3

April, 1956

J. B. Ferguson, Editor

\*\*\*\*\*

EDITORIAL.....Freedom is a wonderful thing;  
and of those freedoms, FREEDOM OF THE PRESS is  
the one MOST!! cherished by all writers, or  
anyone else who thinks he has something to say.  
It is a freedom of which we should have more  
of in this world today.

But, if there is any place where freedom  
should reign, it is in the AMATEUR PRESS. In  
keeping with this philosophy, it has been our  
aim to exercise no censorship over those who  
write for the pages of this paper. Neither is  
the approval of any one writer of the opinions  
of another necessary. Nor does the fact that  
the work of one standing side by side within  
these pages indicate approval of one by the  
other.

The only requirement of writers is that  
they pay for the space used (since this is a  
co-operative venture) and personally stand be-  
hind their expressed opinions in the event of



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# 306

- ★ **WHAT ABOUT RE-ARMAMENT NOW?**
- ★ **WHAT ABOUT THE EXTRA COST OF LIVING?**
- ★ **WHAT ABOUT OUR RELATIONS WITH AMERICA?**

# ONE WAY ONLY

**A SOCIALIST ANALYSIS OF  
THE PRESENT WORLD CRISIS**

WITH A FOREWORD BY

**ANEURIN BEVAN, HAROLD WILSON &**

**JOHN FREEMAN**

LIBRARY  
THE NATIONAL WAR COLLEGE  
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

**A TRIBUNE PAMPHLET**

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#307

# Lone - Star Scripts

UAPA Publication  
Creative Writing Club  
Snyder High School, Snyder, Texas

Vol. I, No. 2

April, 1959

## March Winds

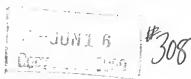
When March winds race across the plain  
And Old Man Sun beams gaily down,  
My heart grows light and young again  
And fragrant blossoms form my crown.  
New zest bursts forth within my heart  
Each time I hear the March winds start.

—Susan Cockrell

## My Love

Your eyes are like the sky of blue;  
Your lips are fresh as morning dew;  
I stroke your lovely auburn hair.  
The loss of you I could not bear.  
I ask you, dear, please tell me true,  
Do you love me as I love you?

—Gretchen Short



# Lone - Star Scripts

UAPA Publication  
Creative Writing Club  
Snyder High School, Snyder, Texas

X-PN4827  
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Vol. I, No. 3

May, 1959

Oh, softly on yon banks of haze,  
Her rosy face the summer lays!

—J. T. Trowbridge

## GOOD-BYE

The school year is drawing to a close and so our editions of *Lone Star Scripts* must be suspended. The editor's staff wants to express its sincere thanks to all the members of the *Creative Writing Club* for their participation which helped make our publication possible. The editor would also like to express appreciation to the members of UAPA who have sent us encouraging messages commenting on our creative work. Flowers must wither to blossom anew; so it is with our creative work. The Creative Writing Club of Snyder High School is looking with great anticipation to another year of creative activity in the output of *Lone Star Scripts* under the direction of a new staff and with many new members as contributors to the activities of the writing club.

—Dan Bohannon, Editor 1959

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#309

# Lone - Star Scripts

UAPA Publication  
Creative Writing Club  
Snyder High School, Snyder, Texas

Vol. II, No. 1



December, 1959

## THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

We, the Creative Writing Club of Snyder High, look forward to this, our second year of association with the UAPA, with even greater zeal than last year. The summer bundles are now being read and enjoyed by each member of our club. We hope this year will be a memorable one as we seek to improve our publication.

—Kenneth Haught

## THE EDITOR'S MESSAGE

With everyone having settled back into the routine of school life, our Creative Writing Club has organized for its second year. Our membership is larger; and with a greater number of contributors, we hope to publish more frequently than last year. We anticipate an enjoyable year in UAPA.

—Carol Strom

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5 -MAR 13

#310

Copy 1959



## Ellisonian Echoes

FROM THE

## Manse of the Muses



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Ellisonian Echoes

FROM THE

Manse of the Muses

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Copy 1959



Ellisonian Echoes

FROM THE  
Manse of the Muses





## Ellisonian Echoes

FROM THE  
Manse of the Muses



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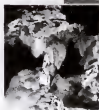
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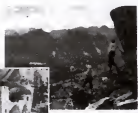
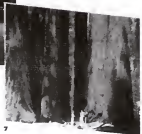
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*Oh Lord*

*How manifold  
are thy works!  
In wisdom hast thou  
made them all.  
The earth is full  
of thy riches.*

PSALM 104:24



## Ellisonian Echoes

FROM THE  
Manse of the Muses

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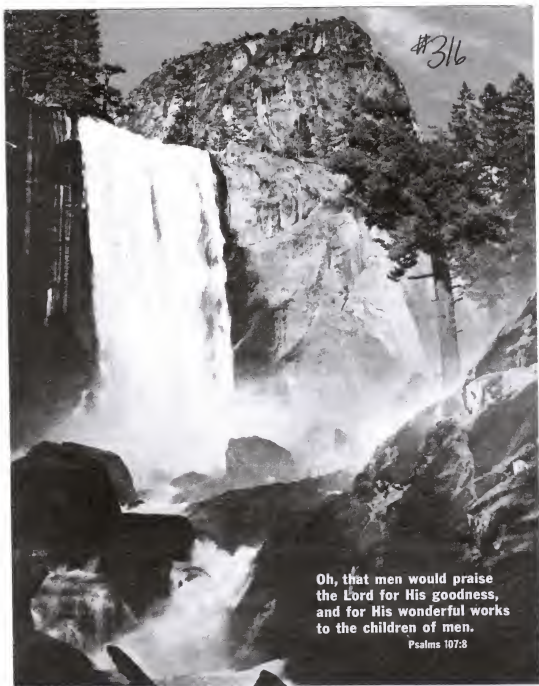
**Ellisonian Echoes** #315

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FROM THE

**Manse of the Muses**





## Ellisonian Echoes

FROM THE  
**Manse of the Muses**

X-PN4827

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#317

# Little Wonder

December, 1960, Vol. 2, No. 23



5 DEC 1960  
CCL

Let us pause  
For a little Spell  
Of fun and Wonder.



Vic Knerr, 17300 Heyden  
Detroit 19, Michigan  
U. S. of A.



X-PN 4827

L

MAY 18 1960

# Lone Star Scripts

UAPA Publication  
Creative Writing Club  
Snyder High School, Snyder, Texas



#318

Vol. II, No. 2

February, 1960

## Editorial

This time of year is a busy season for students with lessons, basketball games, play practice, stage band contest, etc. There are over-due term projects to finish—projects which were pushed into the background for pleasurable holiday activities.

The new year and the new term combine to afford opportunities for the forming of new habits and better plans. It is always refreshing to have finished a school term! Now we have a clean record to chart as we wish.

Many of our club meetings have been spent reading the material in the "bundles." We have found many poems and articles which we liked very much.

We wish to express appreciation to those of you who have written to us. It is so nice to receive these interesting letters and cards.

I would like to extend best wishes from the Creative Writing Club of Snyder High School to all of you.

—Carol Strom, Editor

X-PN4827

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#319

## *Lone-Star Scripts*

UAPA Publication  
Creative Writing Club  
Snyder High School, Snyder, Texas

Vol. II, No. 3

April, 1960

### A NEW DAY

With each new day that comes our way,  
With each new blessing, too,  
We find ourselves with debts to pay  
For things we did not do.

The smile we did not give a friend,  
The hateful tale we told. . .  
To right these things 'ere day is done  
Is worth much more than gold.

As each new day comes to an end  
And as we kneel in prayer,  
The guilt is lifted from our hearts  
To know that God does care.

—Jackie Dean



X-PN4827  
L #320

# Lone-Star Scripts

UAPA Publication  
Creative Writing Club  
Snyder High School, Snyder, Texas

DEC 23 1960

Vol. III, No. 2

December, 1960

## Christmas Night

By Monette Lewallen

The Christmas tree is glowing  
The stars are shining bright,  
The soft church bells are tolling  
On this most hallowed night.

## SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

By Winona McClanahan

I am the spirit of Christmas. Few people know me as I really am. I am the embodiment of the innate desire of man to know God. Symbolically, I am a dream, a prayer, a song, a longing come to life. I can satisfy the deepest hunger, the urgent, burning need of man. The potentials of the oft-sought fountain of youth can always be found in me at Christmas time, for there is no difference in the spirit of youth and age if I am present.

(Continued on Page 4)



Ellisonian Echoes #321

X-PN 4827.L

FROM THE  
**Manse of the Muses**

X-PN4827

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#322

# Little Wonder

January, 1961 Vol. 2, No. 24

5 - FEB - 6

Copy

1961

Let us pause  
For a little Spell  
Of fun and Wonder.



Vic Knerr, 17300 Heyden  
Detroit 19, Michigan  
U. S. of A.



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.L

#323

MAR 3 1961

# Little Wonder

February, 1961 Vol. 2, No. 25



Let us pause  
For a little Spell  
Of fun and Wonder.



Vic Knerr, 17300 Heyden  
Detroit 19, Michigan  
U. S. of A.



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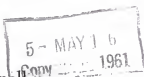
#324

# Little Wonder

April, 1961 Vol. 2, No. 27



Let us pause  
For a little Spell  
Of fun and Wonder.



Vic Knerr, 17300 Heyden  
Detroit 19, Michigan  
U. S. of A.





# Little Wonder

October, 1961 Vol. 4, No. 34



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Let us pause  
For a little Spell  
Of fun and Wonder.

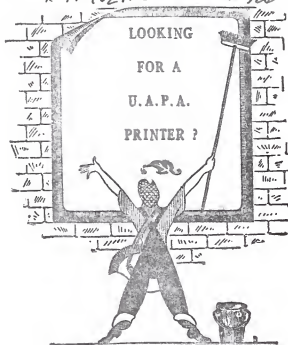


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# 326



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327

# Lone-Star Scripts



UAPA Publication  
Creative Writing Club  
Snyder High School, Snyder, Texas

Vol. III, No. 3

January, 1961

## PROUDLY WE PRESENT

It is a pleasure to introduce our assistant editor, Jackie Dean, to the members of UAPA. Jackie is an attractive brownette with blue-green eyes. She stands 5' 7" in height and balances the scales at 127 pounds. Her personality engulfs all with whom she comes in contact. To know Jackie is to love her.

Miss Dean is a senior who is distinguished among her peers for her creative powers and her leadership ability. Being a member of the school paper and year book staffs, Jackie constantly strives to increase her creative skills. Through her efficiency as an officer in various school clubs and her participation in the youth activities of her church where her father is pastor, she has demonstrated her cooperative spirit and her determination to do her best at all times.

We of the Creative Writing Club of Snyder High School proudly present the 'JACKIE DEAN ISSUE' of "Lone-Star Scripts" for your pleasure and approval.

—Sue Taylor  
Editor

MAR 3 1961

# Lone-Star Scripts #328

UAPA Publication  
Creative Writing Club  
Snyder High School, Snyder, Texas

Vol. III, No. 3

January, 1961

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Editor

X-PN4827

L #329

## LONE-STAR SCRIPTS

UAPA Publication  
Creative Writing Club  
Snyder High School, Snyder, Texas

5-JUN 30  
COPY 1961

Vol. III, No. 5

June, 1961

### Spring And Summer In Sweden

By Evert Carlsson

At this writing, winter in Sweden is just losing its annual battle with spring and the sun. The long winter extended from November to March, but now spring comes fast. Spring is the time when the white winter snow is conversed to small, fast moving, roaring creeks and rivers. It is the time when new life comes to the black, hard soil. Now the whole earth begins to live and breathe. Like Sleeping Beauty, the earth has just awakened from a long sleep. The first flowers are like snowdrops; crocus and hyacinths adorn the fields. Blue anemones, and all the other flowers which we shall enjoy during the summer, begin to shove their green heads through the ground (some of the earlier flowers came up when snow was still on the ground).

Suddenly, it is spring! A great change has taken place: all the leafing trees have green crowns, and the birds sing their songs of praise and joy to the new season. It will not be long until summer.

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## Lone-Star Scripts

LUAPA Publication  
Creative Writing Club  
Snyder High School, Snyder, Texas

Volume IV, Issue 2

December, 1961

### LOVE, THE GREATEST GIFT

"**G**OD so loved... that he gave..." As we go about our Christmas celebration, we must remember that this is the time to thank God for His great gift of love—his Son. In every land mankind rejoices because of God's love. The families of Norway feel this great love as they join hands on Christmas Eve; the children of France remember this love as they build small manger scenes of Mary, Joseph, and the Baby Jesus.

Everywhere His spirit is manifested at this time of year: busy folks visit the sick, carrying food and gifts; children take time to be thoughtful; the wealthy give money to help others. All ages gather in church to sing praises and bow in prayer.

"Christmas love" is wonderful, " We feel anew the love are for Him—gifts which we give to those who cannot reciprocate. Christ would have us keep this Christmas feeling all year. Can we not do so?

—Judy Richardson



**Ellisonian Echoes** #331  
 FROM THE  
 Maunse of the Muses  
 5 - FEB - 6



Ellisonian Echoes

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FROM THE  
Manse of the Muses

# 332

X-PN4827  
#333  
5-JUN 30  
1961

# LITERARY NOTES

Volume II, Number 2

June, 1961

## A HAROLD FREDERIC RESEARCH PROJECT

by Robert H. Woodward

During the autumn and early winter months of 1961-62 I will at long last have time to pursue my investigation of the literary career of Harold Frederic, an American novelist of the 1890s. The State of California has granted me a sabbatical leave from San Jose State College for the first semester of the coming school year, during which time I will work at home writing articles on Frederic. Several that I have outlined relate to his dramatic writings; the genesis of his most famous novel, The Damnation of Theron Ware; his political, journalistic, and personal relationship with Grover Cleveland; his role as a writer of regional fiction; his personal and literary relationship with Stephen Crane; and a biographical and critical review of his entire career, drawing upon my investigations to place him into historical perspective.

Frederic was one of the major American novelists during the 1890s, a period which witnessed a significant change in the direction of American fiction toward a growing attention to realism and the employment of the novel genre for social criticism. Frederic stands now on a level with such writers as Hamlin Garland, Jack London, and Frank Norris, but his writings are only belatedly beginning to be the subject of critical attention.

My work with Frederic began in 1953, when I started research for my doctoral thesis. Since that time I have written a book-length study of his works under the title Harold Frederic: A Critical Study of His Novels, Short Stories, and Plays (Ann Arbor, Michigan University Microfilms, 1958), as well as a number of articles: a summary of my doctoral thesis in Dissertation Abstracts, XVII (January, 1956), 225, reprinted as "The Writings of Harold Frederic," Poetry Broadside, I (October, 1960); "Harold Frederic: A Bibliography," Studies in Bibliography, XIII (1960), 247-257; "Harold Frederic and New York Folklore," New York Folklore Quarterly, XVI (Summer, 1960), 83-

89; and a synopsis of Frederic's play Destiny in Biographical Sketch and Guide to the Writings of Charles Caldwell, M.D., by Emmet Field Horins (Brooks, Ky.: High Acres Press, 1960), p. 117. By the time this issue of Literary Notes is distributed, two more articles will have appeared: "Harold Frederic's Use of British and Irish Folklore," in New York Folklore Quarterly; and "Some Sources for Harold Frederic's The Damnation of Theron Ware," in American Literature.

A thumbnail summary of Frederic's career, reprinted from the announcement of my doctor's oral on April 15, 1957, follows:

"The American novelist Harold Frederic (1856-1898) contributed to several literary genres: historical fiction, the problem novel, the business novel. His greatest work, The Damnation of Theron Ware (1896), is a pioneer study of village provincialism and its effects upon a young minister. Other novels consider the sterility of farm life and the problems of the newly industrialized village. Frederic has been erroneously considered as a naturalist; though his novels voice a firm protest against contemporary conditions and present man as a tool of forces over which he has no control, they lack the essential pessimism and sordidness of the then-developing naturalistic fiction. Rather, Frederic is a realist, utilizing autobiographical material, or, as a London journalist during his creative years, drawing on English and Irish subject matter. His manuscripts and notes reveal his realistic methods. He left unpublished several dramatic works: two dramatizations of his novels, a play about mesmerism, and some fragments."

I would greatly enjoy hearing from anyone who has knowledge of letters, manuscripts, or other biographical material relating to Harold Frederic.

Edited and published by Dr. Robert H. Woodward, 1535 Willowgate Drive, San Jose 24, California, for the U.A.P.A. Whole Number 12.



## LISTEN, OH WORLD, I AM AGE

By

Dr. Nathaniel A. Davis

Listen, Oh World, I am Age!  
 Unmoved by your counting of years.  
 Though rich man or poor man or king on a throne,  
 We, who are aged, have fought for our own.  
 To know how to overcome fears  
 Is the glory of age.

Attend to me, World, I am Age!  
 What of it, if but I am fit?  
 If my sinews are firm, I know how to endure;  
 I have learned how to think, and to plan and be sure,  
 To hasten or patiently wait;  
 Suppose I am Age!

Age has its passion for right.  
 In ripeness and strength it takes pride.  
 Men in their prime as in days of their youth  
 Need the wisdom of age as they seek for the truth;  
 I decline to be cast on one side  
 Because I am age!

I am Age! What of that? I am Age!  
 But because of my right to have work,  
 I denounce all as traitors, by whom I am told;  
 When I offer my services: "You are too old."  
 Why should I shuffle ... or shirk ...  
 Because I am Age?

If I'm fit for the job, it is mine.  
 The bread I would eat, I would earn.  
 If my muscles are strong and my intellect bright,  
 No counting of birthdays may cancel that right.  
 I demand the full right of my turn  
 To have work!

Pay out doles, as is just, to the weak  
 And unfit to bear burdens and toil.  
 But for those who are able life's burdens to share,  
 To plan and achieve, to adventure and dare,  
 In the city, or out on the soil,  
 Life means work.

Listen, Oh World! I AM AGE!  
 I claim constitutional right.  
 Against limitations of this I protest.  
 Toil is as much of a right as is rest!  
 For THIS---not for favors.....I fight!  
 LET ME WORK!

MAR 21 1962

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# Little Wonder

February, 1962 Vol. 4, No. 38

(Have Words. Will Tease)



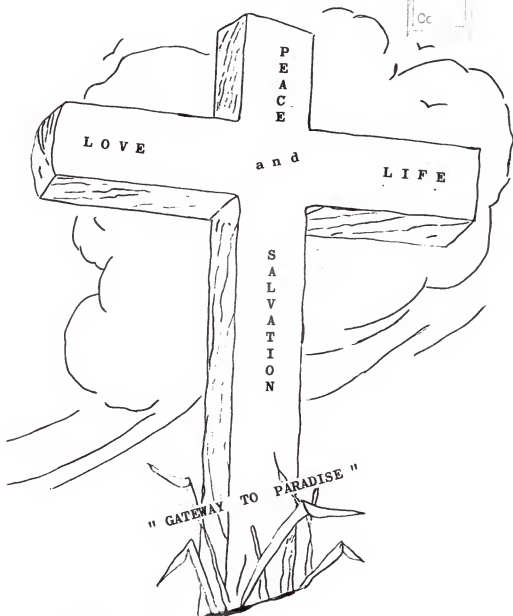
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#336

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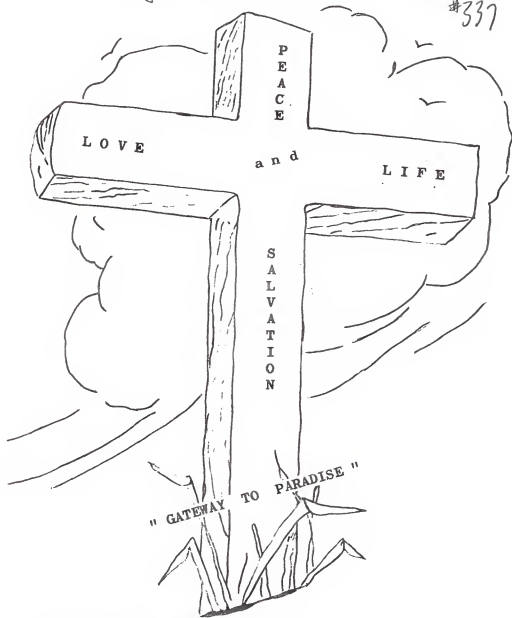
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GLENNVIEW GOSPEL PRESS - Printer

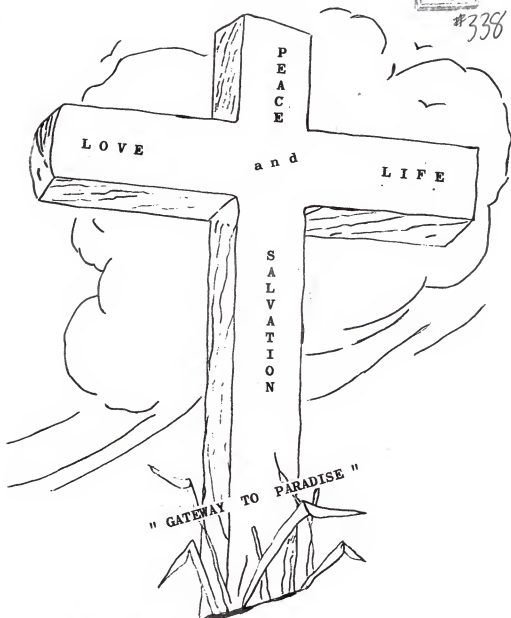
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AAPA PUBLICATION

JANUARY 1963

#1

This is to introduce a new element to AAPA. A publication devoted to lyrics, that for lack of music, are captive in the land of Lyric Limbo.

It would not be fitting, however, to start such a publication with a feeling of futility---  
Lyric Limbo is escapable!

These first three lyrics were written to existing melodies and are already under consideration for use.

There is a great need for outlets for poets and writers and AAPA, as well as being a fun hobby could draw to itself much more participation from sincere writers, who need such an outlet. I believe that our country is on the brink of leading the world in culture to a height never before attained. Poetry, philosophy, music and art is stirring inside of people looking for expression and new concepts are evolving to help us adjust to a world that outwardly may appear hostile.

Through this publication it is hoped that a few melodies and lyrics may be united and contribute to each other, and that those interested may exchange helpful ideas. Lyrics must be published to be copyrighted and it is my plan to offer this service, requesting \$1.00 per acceptable lyric to defer costs, and revert copyrights to the contributor. I believe that if more AAPAers protected the work of their contributors the quality of contributions would be greatly enhanced.

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